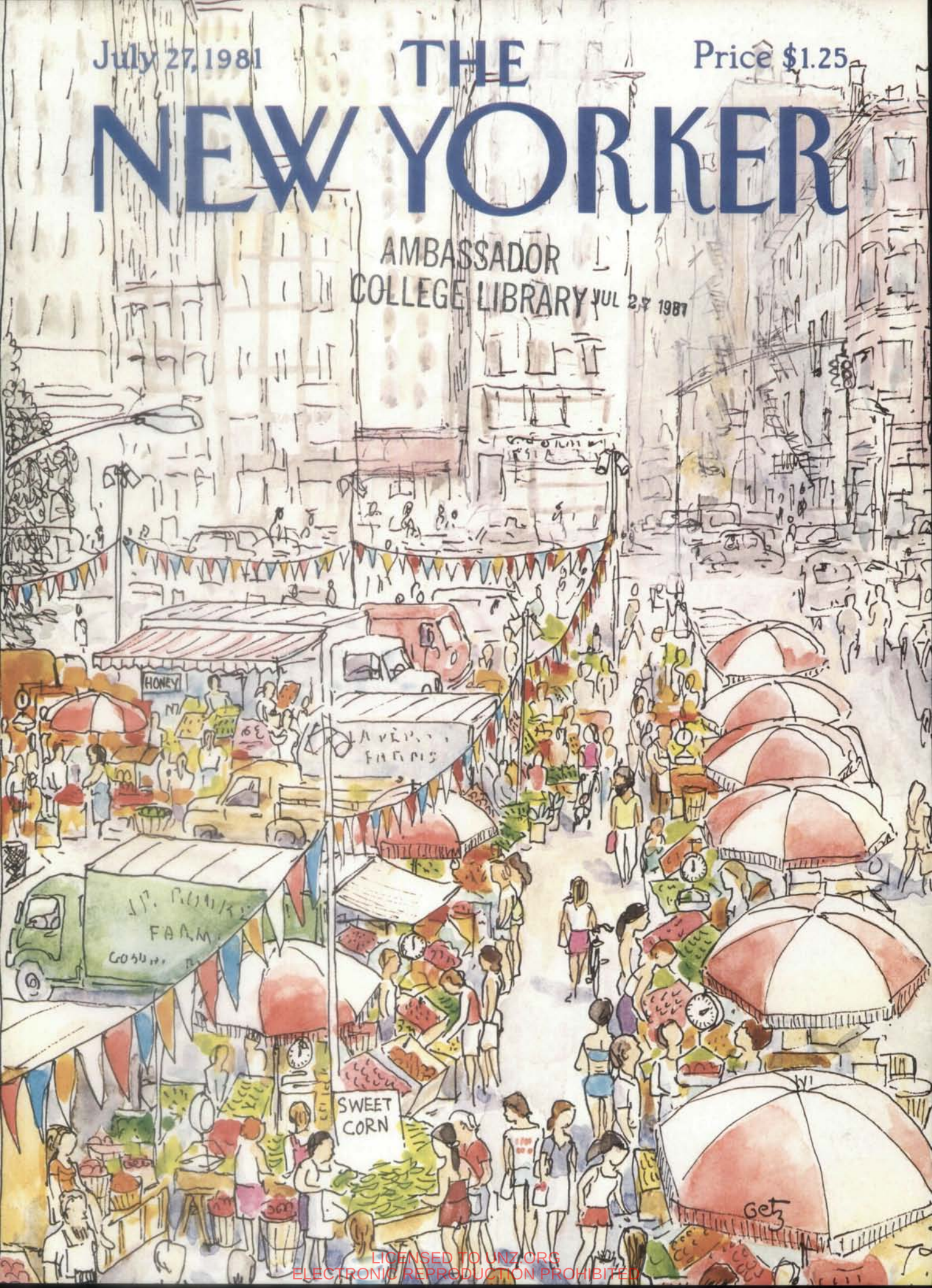


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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

AMADEUS—A highly intelligent Peter Shaffer thriller having to do, on one level, with the possibility that Mozart's early death was a result of his having been poisoned by a rival and, on another level, with that rival's indignant repudiation of God. Ian McKellen plays the villainous putative murderer, Antonio Salieri; Peter Firth plays the hapless Mozart; and Amy Irving plays his pretty, perky wife. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/29/80.) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinéees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

AMERICAN BUFFALO—Al Pacino is a funny, electric Teach in this revival of David Mamet's comedy of crime, although he is something of a loner onstage. Thomas Waites and Clifton James are very good as his cronies. (6/15/81) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinéees Sundays at 2:30.)

CLOUD 9—Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a witty and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is very well performed, under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction, by Veronica Castang, Nicolas Surovy, E. Katherine Kerr, Don Amendolia, Zeljko Ivanek, Concetta Tomei, and Jeffrey Jones, all of them in multiple roles (m. & f.). Effective sets by Lawrence Miller. (6/1/81) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinéees Sundays at 3.)

THE DANCE AND THE RAILROAD—John Lone and Tzi Ma give distinguished performances as a pair of Chinese immigrant railroad builders in nineteenth-century America in this enthralling play by David Henry Hwang. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinéees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

ENTERTAINING MR. SLOANE—A satisfying revival of Joe Orton's astonishing, funny comedy about a handsome young criminal who becomes the sex object of his middle-aged landlady and her homosexual brother. Barbara Bryne, Joseph Maher, Maxwell Caulfield, and Gwyllum Evans are the good actors. John Tillinger is the good director. (7/6/81) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinéees Sundays at 3.)

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF—Herschel Bernardi and Maria Karnilova in a limited engagement of a revival of the Stein-Bock-Harnick musical. Directed by Jerome Robbins. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinéees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 4.)

FIFTH OF JULY—Lanford Wilson manages to combine some of the best features of George S. Kaufman and Tennessee Williams. A merry comedy with grim undertones, admirably acted. The second in the Talley-family series. (11/17/80) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinéees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

I CAN'T KEEP RUNNING IN PLACE—A dismal non-musical about a women's "assertiveness workshop." The setting is a loft in SoHo, but "role-playing" and "sharing" and "caring" and other bits of California patois are tossed around with some abandon in both lyrics and dialogue. There are seven actresses in the company, poor souls. (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tues-

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days through Saturdays at 8. Matinéees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

KEY EXCHANGE—A charming first play by Kevin Wade, with Ben Masters and Brooke Adams as a pair of lovers and Mark Blum as a young bridegroom, all of whom meet on their bicycles in Central Park on Sunday afternoons. The performances, under Barnet Kellman's direction, are all that any dramatist—new or old—could hope for. (6/22/81) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8480. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinéees Sundays at 3.)

LENA HORNE: THE LADY AND HER MUSIC—Singing better than she has ever sung before, Miss Horne gives one of the most sensational performances in recent years. (5/25/81) (Nederlander Theatre, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8 and Sundays at 7.)

LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN—Through Sunday, Aug. 2: Gilbert and Sullivan's **THE SORCERER**. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288.

Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinéees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

THE LITTLE FOXES—A rip-roaring melodrama in which Lillian Hellman examines greed and family life in the Old South. With Elizabeth Taylor, Maureen Stapleton, Tom Aldredge, and Anthony Zerbe, all in fine form. Austin Pendleton directed. (5/18/81) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinéees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MARCH OF THE FALSETTOS—William Finn's clever, talented musical (barely over an hour long) about a man who leaves his wife and young son for a male lover. The performance, under the ingenious direction of James Lapine, is light and lively. (5/18/81) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8:30, and Wednesdays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

MISALLIANCE—Bernard Shaw's comedy, with Philip Bosco and Patricia Elliott at the head of the cast. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinéees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

NEGRO ENSEMBLE COMPANY—A return engagement of **ZOOMAN AND THE SIGN**, a strong, accomplished play, by Charles Fuller, about the murder of a little girl by a vicious street kid and the effect of the killing upon her shattered, courageous family. The production has

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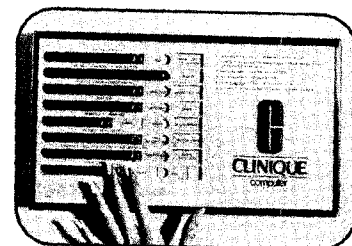
Dermatologists know about exfoliation but the general public doesn't. Exfoliating for beauty means removing the layer of dead skin cells that, in the natural process of skin renewal, constantly accumulate on the surface.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

been masterfully directed by Douglas Turner Ward, and the cast does him proud. With Giancarlo Esposito as the frightening Zooman; Mary Alice as the girl's mother; Ray Aranha as her brave father; and Alvin Alexis and Frances Foster, among others. (12/22/80) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinéés Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE—Kevin Kline, George Rose, Rex Smith, and Karla De Vito in a lively takeoff of the everlasting original. The director, Wilford Leach, has spruced up—some would say "roughed up"—Gilbert and Sullivan, making them more coarsely clownish than they would have wished to be. Starting Tuesday, July 28, Robby Benson will replace Mr. Smith. (1/19/81) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

SOPHISTICATED LADIES—Gregory Hines and half a dozen fellow dancers and singers make their way at breakneck speed through some thirty-five Duke Ellington numbers. A very slick production, though the great Duke himself seems oddly absent from his own party. (3/16/81) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

STREET AWAY—A play by Ramona King. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Closes Sunday, Aug. 2.)

A TASTE OF HONEY—A fine revival of Shelagh Delaney's play set in a Lancashire slum. It's about a brave, cheeky schoolgirl, deserted by her whorish mother, who finds herself pregnant. The play is just as good as it seemed twenty years ago, and the performance, under Tony Tanner's scrupulous direction, is entirely worthy of it. With Valerie French as the mother, Amanda Plummer as the girl, and Keith Reddin as a homosexual art student who moves in to take care of her. (5/11/81) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THIS WAS BURLESQUE—Ann Corio as M.C., star turn, and director of a revival of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of stripteasers. (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

WOMAN OF THE YEAR—A musical designed from start to finish to show off the multifarious talents of Lauren Bacall, who for energy and reliability is right up there with the tides in the Bay of Fundy. The music and lyrics are by Kander and Ebb, and the direction is by Robert Moore. (4/6/81) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

ZORA AND WHEN THE CHICKENS CAME HOME TO ROOST—Two one-acters by Laurence Holder. The first is a monologue, spoken by Phylcia Ayers-Allen, in which Zora Neale Hurston, broken in spirit, waits for the bus that will take her back to the South and reminisces about past joy in Harlem. The second is a dramatization of the crucial breach between Elijah Muhammad and Malcolm X, with Kirk Kirksey as crusty, irascible Muhammad, and Denzel Washington (fine performance) as the idealistic Malcolm. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Closes Sunday, Aug. 2.)

LONG RUNS—AIN'T MISBEHAVIN' A well-nigh perfect show based on the performing career of Fats Waller. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Sundays at 3, and Saturdays at 2.) ... **ANNIE** A long musical derived from the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. With Marcia Lewis as an alcoholic scold. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinéés



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Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) ... **BARNUM**: Jim Dale is a superb clown, and David Mitchell's circus set is a knockout, but this little musical has nothing to do with Barnum. Some other time, perhaps, the great man will be allowed his due. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS**: A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Master-son wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD**: An excellent play about a totally deaf young woman and a hearing young man who attempts to teach her the art of speech. With Phyllis Frelich and John Rubinstein. Mark Medoff is the author. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

... **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

... **DANCIN'**: Superb young dancers (who can also sing) carry out the witty and sexy notions of the great show-biz choreographer Bob Fosse. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

... **A DAY IN HOLLYWOOD / A NIGHT IN THE UKRAINE**: A musical that is half some not very funny reminiscences of old Hollywood, and half a hilarious takeoff on Chekhov as acted by Groucho, Chico, and Harpo Marx. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

... **DEATH-TRAP**: A thriller almost as clever as "Sleuth." The author is Ira Levin, and the star is Farley Granger. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **EVITA**: A sentimental musical about the life and death of Eva Perón. An excellent cast and a stylish production, but Eva remains a very peculiar choice for a heroine. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

... **THE FANTASTICS**: 8,832 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinéés Sundays at 3.) ... **42ND STREET**: Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hooper who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been

fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. With Jerry Orbach, Tammy Grimes, and Wanda Richert. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinee Sunday, July 26, at 3.) ... **GEMINI**: In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

... **MORNINGS AT SEVEN**: A comedy by Paul Osborn that is sure to delight playgoers of every sort. Directed by Vivian Matalon. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **OH! CALCUTTA!**: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2.)

... **ONE MO' TIME**: A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinéés Sundays at 3.)

... **SUGAR BABIES**: Ann Miller and Mickey Rooney pay tribute to what they pretend were the great days of burlesque. A marvellous show, with old-fashioned chorus girls and with beautiful costumes and settings by Raoul Pène du Bois. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

... **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG**: A two-speed musical with Diana Canova and Ted Wass, in the course of which two nearly mindless young people meet and bicker. Neil Simon is the author of the book, Marvin Hamlisch wrote the music, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MISCELLANY

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—A show called "America," which includes, if you can believe it, the state songs of all the fifty states, plus fifty corresponding changes of costume and set. The Rockettes turn out for New York, Texas, and Hawaii. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 8.)

ICE SHOW—"World on Ice": This summer's show will have Linda Frattianne joining a Disney lineup (Mickey and Minnie and Donald Duck and Dumbo and Goofy and Pinocchio and T. S. Eliot). Opens Friday, July 31, and will run through Sunday, Aug. 16. (Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, July 31, at 7:30, and Saturday, Aug. 1, at 10:30, 2:30, and 7:30.)

DANCE

LA SCALA OPERA BALLET—With guest artists Margot Fonteyn, Rudolf Nureyev, Carla Fracci, and Paolo Bortoluzzi, in the final performances of the engagement. Wednesday evening, July 22: "Le Sacre du Printemps," "La Luna," "Adagio," "Incontro," and "Miraculous Mandarin." ... Thursday and Friday evenings, July 23-24; Saturday matinee and evening, July 25; and Monday and Tuesday evenings, July 27-28: "Giselle." ... Wednesday through Friday evenings, July 29-31, and Saturday matinee and evening, Aug. 1: "Romeo and Juliet." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Evenings at 8. Matinéés at 2.)

KAZUO OHNO—The seventy-five-year-old Japanese avant-garde dancer in his first appearance here. Tuesday and Wednesday, July 28-29, and Saturday, Aug. 1: "Admiring La Argentina." ... Thursday and Friday, July 30-31, and Sunday, Aug. 2: "My Mother."



**THE EDITORS OF ROAD & TRACK
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And surprisingly enough, when the results were in, the ten best cars weren't the ten most expensive.

What wasn't surprising, at least to us, was that the Saab 900 Turbo was on *every* editor's list.

We could go into long speculation as to why, complete with technical details and a list of past accomplishments. But we'd rather just quote the editors, who said, "We have all enjoyed its sporting characteristics on the road."

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Evenings at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A convivial Chelsea bar and restaurant gussied up as a nautical pub. The four-foot-high bandstand is more likely to induce acrophobia than seasickness. Bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** leads a trio on Friday and Saturday, July 24-25; on the following weekend, Friday and Saturday, July 31-Aug. 1, pianist Adele Foster's trio will perform. Sets begin at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

BECHET'S, 1319 Third Ave., at 76th St. (879-1001)—A bar and restaurant with photographs of its namesake, the great soprano saxophonist, on the wall. **MARY OSBORNE**, a fine, swinging Charlie Christian guitarist who worked with Joe Venuti, Mary Lou Williams, Coleman Hawkins, Wynonie Harris, and many others over the years, winds up her stint with her trio on Sunday, July 26. On Tuesday, July 28, pianist **JOANNE BRACKEN** will move in with a bassist. Music nightly from nine.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Unchallenged in its sensible, efficient seating (there are tables and chairs for four hundred), in its liberal musical tastes, and in the promptness of its show times. Wednesday, July 22, singer and songwriter **JANIS IAN**; Thursday, July 23, Latin-jazz flutist **DALE VALENTIN** and soul singer **CISSEY HOUSTON**; Friday, July 24, **DOC & MERLE WATSON**, the stunning flat-picking guitarists and folk-archivists/singers from North Carolina; Saturday, July 25, Beaver Brown, a rock band; Wednesday, July 29, rock and blues singer **TRACY NELSON**; and Friday and Saturday, July 31-Aug. 1, four rock and soul groups—the Flamingos, the Teenagers, Fourteen Karat Soul, and the Steinettes. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Unchanged for years, this comfortable bar and restaurant remains panelled with dark-stained pine, highlighted with Photo-Realist portraits, and inhabited by professional conversationalists, who often take a break and listen to the worthwhile live music. The current schedule of pianists and bassists goes like this: pianist James Williams and bassist Ray Drummond are here on Wednesday and Thursday, July 22-23; Williams works with bassist Rufus Reid on Friday and Saturday, July 24-25; and on Monday, July 27, pianist **FRED HERSCH** will take over with a bass player. Music from nine-forty-five.

CACHAGA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Thousands of miles from Corcovado, Sugarloaf Mountain, Guanabara Bay, Ipanema and Copacabana beaches, and the more than four million resident Cariocas is this second-floor Rio-inspired club. A trio and a vocalist perform the bossa nova and other sambas from eleven. Before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music

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and Carnival music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**MARIAN MC PARTLAND** has taken over here while Bobby Short summers elsewhere. She's at the piano Sundays through Thursdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-forty-five. Dining.

CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI**, who occasionally lets loose on hot-chord solos on his resonant seven-string (the seventh string is a bass string) guitar, guides a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A restaurant located in back of Carnegie Hall, with dark-brown walls and carpeting and a glassed-in sidewalk section. Pianist and composer ("Canadian Sunset") **EDDIE HEYWOOD**, who has said that his idea of relaxation is playing piano in night clubs, relaxes here from eight until midnight, except Sundays.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll. The current schedule of visiting performers: Wednesday, July 22, Richard Lloyd, Straight Jackets, and the Snapshots; Thursday, July 23, the Roustabouts, the Hard, Jo Marshall, Idiot Savants, the Statix, and the Leisure Valley Singers; Friday, July 24, the Roustabouts and the Hard; and Saturday, July 25, Shrapnel and the Rattlers. Music nightly, usually long after nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

CITY LIMITS, 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—When the stars at night are big and bright, you can wear your cowboy boots; when it's raining, you can wear your cowboy galoshes. Various lively, well-mixed country-and-Western bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**RUTH BROWN** is singing some of her fifties R. & B. hits and a few jazz standards with a trio nightly, except Sundays. On Sundays, one can hear **DARDANELLE**, who doesn't emote, doesn't "put songs over," doesn't sock it to you. She doesn't even gesture. (She can't, since she's playing piano, another source of pleasure.) She just sings, clearly, effortlessly, and directly, and it's delightful. Shows at nine and eleven. Dining.

EAGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Bluegrass, string-band, and Irish, British, and American folk music made by visiting players from New England, the Eastern Seaboard, and Appalachia is the fare, along with pitchers of beer. The schedule: Wednesday, July 22, Irish music by Matt Cranitch & Mick Daly; Saturday, July 25, Chicken Chokers String Band; Sunday, July 26, guitarists Danny Kalb, Nick Katzman, and L. J. Henry; Wednesday, July 29, New

York Packet, a sea-chantey group composed of David Jones, Dan Milner, Charlie O'Hegarty, and Frank Woerner; and Saturday, Aug. 1, Diamonds in the Rough, a bluegrass band. Music Saturdays at eight-fifteen; Sundays at nine; Wednesday, July 22, at eight-thirty; and Wednesday, July 29, at 9.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—One of the two homes for traditional small-band jazz on the block (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). The house band works out Mondays through Fridays from eight-thirty to two, and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. Wednesdays through Fridays, other combos play from six to eight-thirty. On Sunday, July 26, tenor saxophonist **GEORGE KELLY's** quintet will perform from about nine-fifteen. Dining.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A fancy, carpeted, often very crowded, low-ceilinged, belowstairs, mostly mainstream-jazz room. Flutist Bobbi Humphrey leads a quartet through Sunday, July 26; on Tuesday, July 28, altoist **PHIL WOODS** and his quartet will take charge. The first set begins about nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A sort of indoor *piazza del popolo* for SoHo tourists and the *popolo* who can afford to live there. There are brick walls and archways, lots of vegetation (in pots), wicker furniture, and balcony vistas. The schedule: Wednesday, July 22, Bahamian singer and guitarist Wendel Stuart; Thursday, July 23, the Steinettes; Friday and Saturday, July 24-25, Marilyn Redfield and Harry Whittaker; Monday, July 27, pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND**, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM**, trumpeter **CECIL BRIDGEWATER**, and saxophonist **RON BRIDGEWATER**; Tuesday and Wednesday, July 28-29, singer Connie James; and Thursday through Saturday, July 30-Aug. 1, Raw Sugar, a pop-soul quintet. Sundays belong to Brazilian-jazz singer **DENISE DELAPENHA**. Music every night after eleven. Dining.

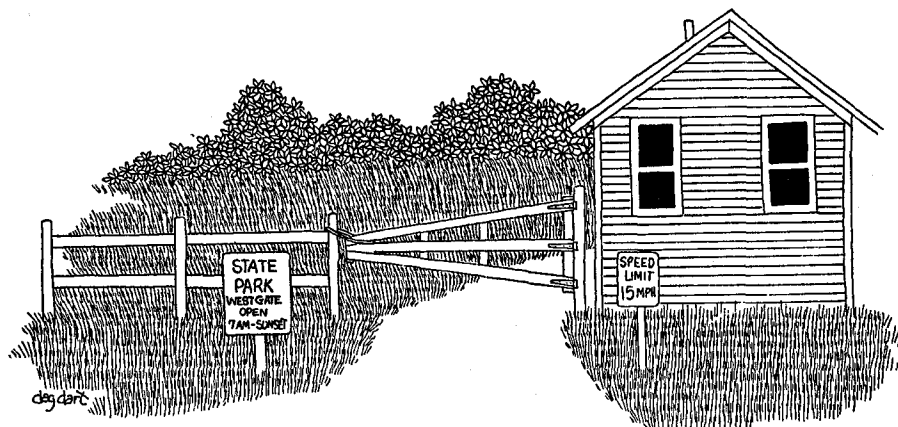
GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** heads up a trio on Mondays and Tuesdays; Wednesdays through Sundays, guitarist **JOE PUMA** holds down the fort with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN**, bassist Ronnie Markowitz, and vocalist Alicia Sherman. These groups play from ten. Sundays, singer Stephanie Nakasian is accompanied by Mr. O'Brien from seven to ten.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—An East Side counterpart of a well-known arty upper West Side bar and restaurant of the same name. **RAY BRYANT** has taken over the dining-room piano, and works out on it Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two. On Sundays and Mondays, **JOE ALBANY** bebops from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty.

HORS D'OEUVRE, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Pianist Chuck Folds directs a trio some thirteen hundred feet above sea level for listening and dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Judd Woldin is the pianist who alternates with the trio after nine.

JAZZMANIA SOCIETY, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—A much bigger, airier space than its previous location, and there are, thank heavens, ceiling fans instead of fireplaces. Friday and Saturday, July 24-25, composer, arranger, singer, and guitarist **THIAGO DE MELLO** will appear with his ten-piece Brazilian-jazz band, **AMAZON**, which features **CLAUDIO RODITI** on trumpet. On the following Friday and Saturday (July 31-Aug. 1), pianist **MICKEY TUCKER** will head up a sextet that will include no less than trombonist **SLIDE HAMPTON**, tenor saxophonist **JUNIOR COOK**, and trumpeter **BILL HARDMAN**. Sundays from eight to midnight, there is dancing to recorded jazz music. Music from nine; and if you hang around really late on Fridays and Saturdays, you might catch Mike Morgenstern, the proprietor, jamming with a bunch of musical colleagues from about two in the morning.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—This club and Eddie Condon's, just a tiddlydywink's hop east, demarcate a little slice of what West 52nd Street—now labelled Swing Street for tourists but known in earlier times to the initiated as simply The Street—was like thirty, forty, and more years ago, when it was swing and bebop world headquarters





Three little maids from school are we,
 Dert as a schoolgirl well can be,
 Filled to the brim with girlish glee.

— Sir William Schwenck Gilbert

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and rows of town houses housed jazz clubs. The two present-day 54th Street establishments cling strongly to traditional jazz. Ryan's house band, led by trumpeter Spanky Davis, lets loose Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** is in charge. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good musical reasons. **JOHN BUNCH** and **PHIL FLANIGAN** are the piano-bass team through Saturday, July 25; on Tuesday, July 28, pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and his trusty bassist, **MARTY RIVERA**, will come in. Sundays and Mondays are the property of pianist and singer **NINA SHELTON** and bassist **BOB BODLEY**. Music from ten.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Texas is a place where women are women and men wear Bermuda shorts all summer; this club is an authentic (despite its Yankee locale) Texas hangout. The music is usually good, solid blues, rock, folk, or country, and it starts after eight-thirty. The lineup: Wednesday, July 22, Kinky Friedman; Thursday, July 23, blues-harp master **JAMES COTTON**; Sunday, July 26, blues fiddler **PAPA JOHN CREACH**; Monday and Tuesday, July 27-28, **ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL**, a Western-swing band; and Wednesday and Thursday, July 29-30, folkie Livingston Taylor. Dining.

MARTY'S, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A music back room with a view of a garden and a roster of singers. **MARLENE VER PLANCK**, a good singer who is heard much more often than she is seen—she does commercials for Amtrak, Coke, Campbell's Soup, lovable New York State, and Michelob (it is her "Yeah!" that punctuates the end of Michelob spots)—is in full view and chooses her own material through Saturday, July 25. On Monday, July 27, singer and actress Sally Kellerman will arrive. Music Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven; Fridays at ten and midnight; and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.

MAX'S KANSAS CITY, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Rock and roll at the top of the stairs. The lineup: Wednesday, July 22, Monomania, 911, and the Phones; Thursday, July 23, Nuclear Accidents, Butch Lust & the Hypocrites, and the 222's; Friday, July 24, the Heros and Eddie Dixon; and Saturday, July 25, Alan Vega and Coma-teens. Music after eleven.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Pianists **DICK HYMAN** and **ROGER KELLAWAY** (see page 58, this issue) will be here through Saturday, July 25. After that—on Tuesday, July 28—**ADAM MAKOWICZ** will take up with Mr. Kellaway. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The hippest spot on Columbus Avenue, contrary to popular belief, does not sell camouflage-print T-shirts; it is this R. & B. club. Wednesday, July 22, bassist **MICKEY BASS**'s group; Thursday, July 23, Doc Powell; Friday and Saturday, July 24-25, Zulema; Tuesday, July 28, Bob Sardo; Wednesday, July 29, Catalina; Thursday, July 30, Miles Jaye; and Friday and Saturday, July 31-Aug. 1, guitarist **ERIC GALE** and a reggae band. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Folk, blues, rock, and jazz in an intimate room that has fine sight lines to the stage. Thursday, July 23, the Frank Weber Band; Friday and Saturday, July 24-25, Michael Brewer (who used to sing with Tom Shipley) and folkie Christine Lavin; Wednesday, July 29, jazz guitarist Ryo Kawasaki and his band; Thursday, July 30, Prisoners of the Beat and China Shop; and Friday and Saturday, July 31-Aug. 1, bassist **TERUO NAKAMURA**'s hard-bop quartet and guitarist **JIMMY PONDER**. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays are given over to a showcase from nine-thirty. Dining.

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park

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Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten. From ten to two, debonair, straight-arrow baritone **RONNY WHYTE** takes over the keyboard with a repertory of Coward, Gershwin, Porter, and Joel (Billy).

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—Art Deco-land high atop the RCA Building. **PANAMA FRANCIS**, the fifties rock-and-roll drummer—he's also gigged with Lucky Millinder, Cab Calloway, and Dinah Shore—and his **SAVOY SULTANS** make it virtually impossible not to want to dance. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RED BLAZER TOO, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A ballroom that dates from 1935, when the building was remodelled—the building itself dates from 1889—to accommodate neighborhood social-club dances. It has been turned into a sort of Avalon Ballroom East. Rock from the fifties, sixties, seventies, and eighties. Thursday, July 23, the **CURE**; Sunday, July 26, Dennis Brown; Monday, July 27, Ex-Husbands and Kid Blue; Tuesday and Wednesday, July 28-29, at eight and eleven, **PETER TOSH**; and Friday, July 31, **IGGY POP**. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—One of the prettiest hotel lobbies in the city leads to one of the most stunning hotel night spots in the city, the King Cole Room. Lately, it could be renamed the House of Tributes. The current tribute, "The Sounds of Rodgers and Hammerstein, Part II," features Susan Bigelow, Ron Holgate, Martin Vidnovic, and Laura Waterbury. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A light, airy second-floor jazz club, in which most of the walls are refreshingly austere. Much of the music is amplified jazz-rock, and it runs from ten. The lineup: Wednesday, July 22, guitarist **JOHN SCOFIELD**, heading a trio that features bassist **STEVE SWALLOW**; Thursday and Friday, July 23-24, **PAQUITO D'RIVERA**, a fiery Latin-jazz alto saxophonist, and his quintet; and Saturday and Sunday, July 25-26, drummer **BOB MOSES**' group.

STAR AND GARTER, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—An attractive but not pre-

tentious bar and restaurant—yet another Village spot that lures in good musicians. Pianist **PATTI BOWN** has been lured in to perform Fridays and Saturdays from about nine-thirty.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A bustling, knotty-pine room. Hard-bop alto saxophonist **LOU DONALDSON** guides a quartet through Saturday, July 25; on Tuesday, July 28, singer **JOE WILLIAMS** will come in with his backing crew. The Sunday-and-Monday space is filled by an animated piano-bass duo, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA**. Shows from about ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Simple surroundings, sublime blues, R. & B., and reggae music: Wednesday, July 22, Roomful of Blues, a blues-and-rock band; Friday, July 24, Chicago-blues guitarist Matt Murphy & the Shaboo All-Stars; Saturday and Sunday, July 25-26, blues singer Johnny Copeland; Wednesday, July 29, blues-slide-guitar master **J. B. Hutto**; and Thursday through Saturday, July 30-Aug. 1, **OTIS RUSH**, one of the most exciting Chicago-blues guitarists and singers. If you wander in on Tuesday night, you'll find the **UPTOWN HORNS**, a basic-blues soul octet, setting fire to James Brown's "The Chicken," Steely Dan's "Peg," "Night Train" (that high-school stage band chestnut), and Jackie Wilson's "Baby Work Out." Shows begin sometime after nine-thirty.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll downstairs. The understated—i.e., unmarked—entrance is easy to miss. Some of the musicians: Wednesday, July 22, Gentz and New Models; Thursday, July 23, Reptiles and Johnny & the Devils; Friday, July 24, the Speedies and the Invaders; Tuesday, July 28, Blotto; Wednesday, July 29, Nantucket and John Galt; Thursday, July 30, Heros, Justin Trouble, and Joe Bidewell; and Friday, July 31, Stirling and Philip d'Arrow. Music after eleven, usually. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Mondays, salsa bands perform downstairs from about nine, and Tuesdays, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** performs from nine on the Terrace.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Proprietor and author ("Live at the Village Vanguard") Max Gordon once described his club in a radio interview: "It's a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." Trombonist **SLIDE HAMPTON** and pianist **ADAM MAKOWICZ** co-pilot a quartet through Sunday, July 26; on Tuesday, July 28, alto saxophonist **RICHELIE COLE** will bring in his quintet. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band nights. Music from ten.

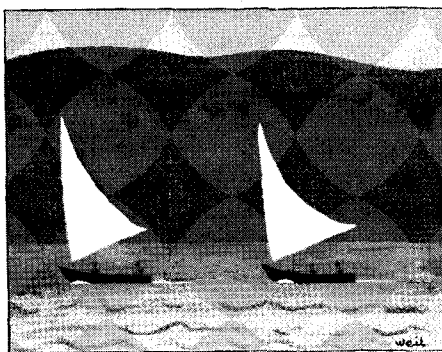
WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A dark, extremely likable, out-of-the-way soul-food place with things—hundreds, possibly thousands, of icicle-like glass drops (the kind that are usually part of chandeliers) and a handful of opaque-glass light fixtures from the twenties—hanging from the ceiling. Mondays through Wednesdays are claimed by pianist Esther Blue, and Thursdays through Sundays by **SADIK HAKIM**, a veteran bebopping pianist. Music from eight-thirty to two.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal Columbia University neighborhood hangout for swing-music admirers and players. Blues and boogie-woogie pianist **SAMMY PRICE** leads his quintet through Sunday, July 26; tenor saxophonist **GEORGE KELLY** and his Jazz Sultans will be present Wednesday through Friday, July 29-31; and **LOUIS METCALF**, who played trumpet with Sidney Bechet, Jelly Roll Morton, and King Oliver, will perform on Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 1-2. Monday's fare is a quartet directed by saxophonist Percy France, and Tuesdays belong to master drummer **JO JONES** and a combo. Music nightly from about nine. Student food at student prices.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

JUDAS PRIEST—With Iron Maiden. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Wednesday and Thursday, July 22-23, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

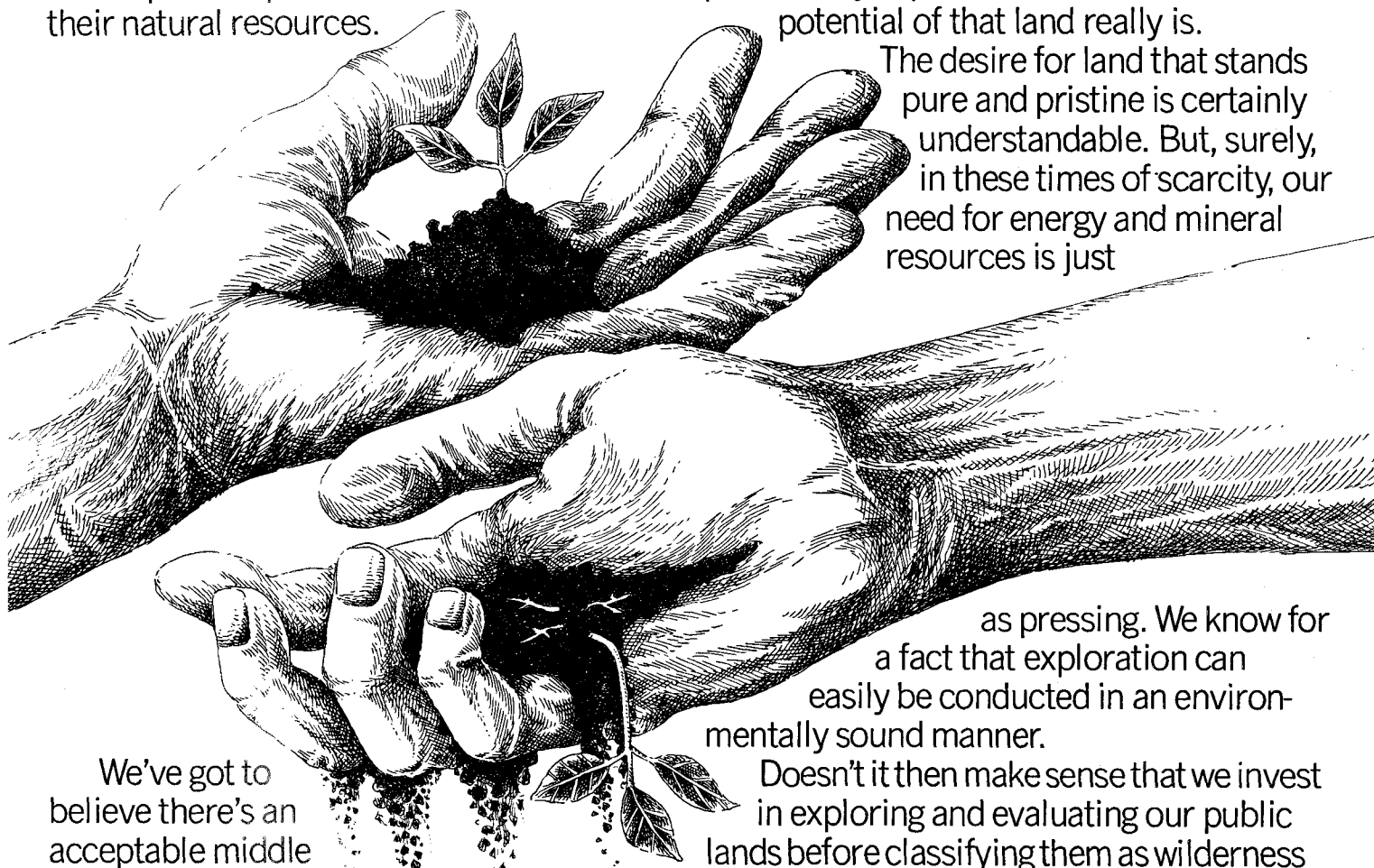
PAT METHENY GROUP—With Nana Vasconcelos.



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There's a strange either-or proposition building up in this country.

It's one that says either we completely preserve our public lands by turning them into permanent wilderness, or we tear them up and exploit them to the fullest for their natural resources.



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At least that's what all of us at Atlantic Richfield believe. And so do the many Americans who have invested with us.

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Over 40% of the 760 million acres the federal government owns has been withdrawn from mineral mining or leasing.

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as pressing. We know for a fact that exploration can easily be conducted in an environmentally sound manner.

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Or so it seems to us at Atlantic Richfield.

There are no easy answers.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Thursday, July 23, at 8 and 11:30, and Friday, July 24, at 8.)

FANIA ALL-STARS—Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, July 25, at 8.

JAZZ FORUM—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesday and Thursday, July 22-23, at 10: John Marshall quintet, featuring Gary Pribeck. . . . Friday and Saturday, July 24-25, at 10: Chin Suzuki quintet. . . . Sundays at 8: Jaki Byard & the Apollo Stompers. . . . Tuesdays at 9: Jam session, featuring Jo Jones, Jr. . . . Wednesday through Sunday, July 29-Aug. 2, at 10: Clifford Jordan All-Stars. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

SAVOY—Wednesday and Thursday, July 22-23, at 9: Pointer Sisters. . . . Friday, July 24, at 9: Soul Clan. . . . Saturday, July 25, at 8:30 and 11:30, and Monday through Wednesday, July 27-29, at 9: Al Jarreau. . . . Thursday, July 30, at 9: The Knack and Papa. . . . Friday, July 31, at 9, and Saturday, Aug. 1, at 8:30 and 11:30: Stephanie Mills. (Savoy, 141 W. 44th St. 921-9490.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

LUIS BENEDIT—Drawings and plastic sculptures by an Argentine artist. Through Aug. 30. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

JOSEPH CORNELL (1903-72)—About twenty of his boxes (all miniatures) on the gallery walls. Through Friday, July 31. (Castelli Feigen Corcoran, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

DAN FLAVIN—The gallery space is divided into alleyways that glow with one or another of this artist's fluorescent installations—pink, yellow, green, orange. The show will remain up all summer. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway. Tuesdays and Fridays, 11 to 5.)

LOUIS I. KAHN (1901-74)—Drawings. Through Friday, July 31. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

SHARI URQUHART—Large tapestries that tell vivid stories: "Rape" is the title of one, and "Fantasy, or Splash to Quell the Heat" is another. The artist teaches at Rikers Island. Through Friday, July 31. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon.)

ART ON THE BEACH—Battery Park is the setting for Creative Time's show of sculptures by twelve artists, among them Gina Wendkos (a painted-concrete pool, benches, umbrellas), Tim Watkins (fabric pinwheels), and Cathey Billian (vertical bundles of rough wood). Through Sept. 13. (Battery Park City, Gate 19, Chambers and West Sts. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5:30.)

SCULPTURE—At the **FOURCADE**, 36 E. 75th St.: A summer selection of works by eight artists: Tony Berlant, Louise Bourgeois, William Crozier, Willem de Kooning, Raoul Hague, Michael Heizer, Tony Smith, and H. C. Westermann. Through Sept. 11. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SALANDER-O'REILLY**, 22 E. 80th St.: A carved-stone figure by William Edmondson, a painted-steel abstraction by David Smith, and a bronze nude by Aristide Maillol are among the pieces by Americans and Europeans. Through Friday, July 31.

GROUP SHOWS—At **PAM ADLER**, 37 W. 57th St.: New paintings, constructions, photographs, and prints by gallery artists, among them Sarah Canright, Ira Joel Haber, and Jeff Way. Through Sept. 4. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ART LATITUDE**, 29 E. 73rd St.: Cityscapes and landscapes by Ellen Phelan, Bill Sullivan, and others. Through Thursday, July 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.: The twentieth annual Old Master Print Exhibition features more than twenty etchings by Rembrandt and ten engravings and woodcuts by Dürer. The total number of works is more than three hundred. Through Aug. 21. . . . **AARON BERMAN**, 50 W. 57th St.: Works on canvas, works on paper, works on the wall by seven artists, including Po Kim, Grace

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Knowlton, and Sylvia Wald. Through Aug. 14. . . . **CDS**, 13 E. 75th St. (the initials stand for Clara Diamant Sujo, director of this recently opened establishment): Botero, Marisol, and Robert Indiana are among the eighteen artists represented in a show of drawings. Through Sept. 4. . . . **DAVIS & LANGDALE**, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: Paintings and drawings by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans (Ernest Haskell, Robert Henri, Maurice Prendergast) and Britons (David Cox, Lucian Freud, Gwen John). Through Friday, July 31. . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER**, 137 Greene St.: Works by thirteen emerging young artists: colored pen-and-ink scenes of New Wave night clubs by Marc Lida, pastels of beach chairs by Nancy Ring, and figures by, among others, Baldo Diodato, Nachume Miller, and John Germain. Through Aug. 12. (Open Saturdays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **HAMILTON**, 20 W. 57th St.: Six drawings and other works by Rafael Ferrer, three paintings by Ron Gorchov, and three large abstract oils by Richard Hennessey. Through Friday, July 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **JACOBSON**, 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints having to do with flying—i.e., Malcolm Morley's painting of a plane crash, Bryan Hunt's drawing of a Concorde window (interior), and Vito Acconci's twenty-two-foot, twelve-part photoetching of airplane wings. Through Sept. 11. . . . **ODYSSEA**, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Figurative oils by Michael Berg, Marjorie Portnow, and Sandra Rubin. Through Friday, July 31. . . . **TATISTCHEFF**, 38 E. 57th St.: Paintings by such realists as James Childs, William Clutz, John Stuart Ingle, John Gordon, Irene Buszko, and others. Through Friday, July 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **WASHBURN**, 42 E. 57th St.: A show of thirty works (paintings, drawings, mobiles) by Sheeler, Calder, Demuth, and other artists who are represented in the A. E. Gallatin Collection, at the Philadelphia Museum of Art. Through Friday, July 31. . . . **WEINTRAUB**, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: A group exhibition of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Chagall, Renoir, Moore, and others; also a solo show of works in several mediums by Fritz Scholder. Through Sept. 4.

Many galleries are closed in the summer. Others pull from their stock and mount shows by gallery artists or others, sometimes varying the content from week to week. Following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are open: **ACA**, 21 E. 67th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ACQUAVELLA**, 18 E. 79th St. . . . **ALEXANDER**, 20 W. 57th St. . . . **BROMM**, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **COWLES**, 420 West Broadway. . . .



DINTENFASS, 50 W. 57th St. . . . **FORUM**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. . . . **FRUMKIN**, 50 W. 57th St. . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE**, 24 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **GLADSTONE**, 41 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **GRUENBAUM**, 38 E. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St. . . . **PAGE**, 32 E. 57th St. . . . **SACHS**, 29 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **THORP**, 419 West Broadway. (Closed Mondays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

DORIS ULMANN (1884-1934)—Soft-focus photographs of the Gullah people who lived and worked on the Lang Syne plantation near Fort Motte, South Carolina, in the early part of the century. Through Aug. 14. (Schomburg Center for Research in Black Culture, 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St. Mondays and Wednesdays, noon to 8; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6.)

EDWARD WESTON (1886-1958)—A hundred and twenty-five photographs—nudes, landscapes, portraits, still-lives—the majority printed by the artist's son Cole. Through Aug. 21. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **CASTELLI**, 4 E. 77th St.: A show called "Love Is Blind." It includes Magritte's "L'Amour" (1928) and the work of sixty-five other artists. Duane Michals, Barbara Kruger, and Eileen Cowin among them. Through Friday, July 31. . . . **GREY ART GALLERY**, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq.: "The Photography of Space Exploration," a show of close to two hundred photographs of outer space, gathered by astronauts and computers and arranged by planet. Also, in thoughtful contrast, a small exhibit of photographs by nineteenth-century surveyors—O'Sullivan, Watkins, Muybridge, others. Through Friday, July 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7.) . . . **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Nearly ninety black-and-white photographs of the South by eleven contemporary photographers: Mardi Gras parades by Lyle Bongé, industrial landscapes by John McWilliams, masked figures by Ralph Eugene Meatyard, rural landscapes by Sally Mann. . . . An exhibit of enlarged prints made by Alexander Alland from Jacob Riis's original glass-plate negatives. The negatives date from 1888 to 1898. Both shows through Aug. 9. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8.) . . . **LIGHT**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Recent work by twelve photographers. Through Aug. 28. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MARLBOROUGH**, 40 W. 57th St.: Prints by five artists who work in a number of color processes (dye-transfer, Polaroid, etc.): Mark Cohen, David Katzenstein, Laurie Simmons, John Van Alstine, and Yulla. Through Aug. 7. . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.: A survey show of photographs of the American landscape: Fifty-five prints by Timothy O'Sullivan, Carleton Watkins, Edward Weston, Dorothea Lange, Ansel Adams, Frank Gohlke, others. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times. . . . **NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY**, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.: Three hundred shots taken around Manhattan during the past decade, with an emphasis on architecture: bridges, buildings, subway stations, and the waterfront. Fourteen photographers (Mark Feldstein, Leon Supraner, Philip Trager) provide a variety of perspectives. Through Oct. 1. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . **PFEIFER**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Portraits by twelve photographers who have not yet received much attention. Included are studies of the famous (Orson Welles, Melvyn Douglas) by Timothy Greenfield-Sanders and Rosamond Purcell, and the not-so-famous by Mark Berghash, Wendy MacNeil, Toba Tucker. Through Friday, July 31. . . . **PRAKAPAS**, 19 E. 71st St.: Josef Albers, Constantin Brancusi, Walter Gropius, and other painters, sculptors, and architects meet on common ground in a show of their photographs. Most date from the twenties and thirties. Through Aug. 14. (Open Tuesday evenings until 8; closed Mondays.) . . . **WOLF**, 30 W. 57th St.: Prints by thirty-five contemporary photographers. Through Aug. 7. . . . **ZABRISKIE**, 29 W. 57th St.: "France Since the War: Photographs 1945-80" is the title of a show of a hundred prints by such French photog-



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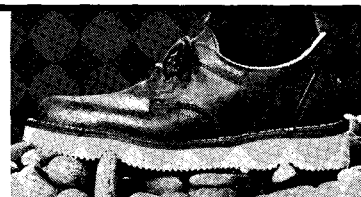
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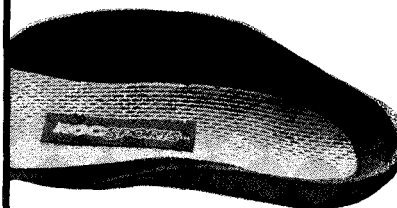
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

rappers as Brassai, Cartier-Bresson, and Boubat. Through Sept. 11.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Muriel Kallis Steinberg Newman collection of twentieth-century and primitive art is being exhibited here for the first time. Léger, Ernst, Pollock, Moore, and Lipchitz; work from Africa and Oceania dating from the past hundred years; and pre-Columbian jewelry and artifacts. Through Sept. 27. . . . ¶ An exhibit of traditional African masks and wood, ivory, and bronze sculptures arranged in geographical rather than chronological or stylistic groupings. The hundred and fifty articles, nearly all of which were created with a specific function in mind, are from the Tishman collection. Through Sept. 6. . . . ¶ New acquisitions: nearly fifty examples of medieval craftsmanship, including stained-glass panels, an ivory statuette of the Virgin and Child, a silver-gilt-and-enamel diptych. Through Aug. 23. . . . ¶ One hundred and twenty-five nineteenth-century French drawings and prints, taken from the museum's collection; Ingres, Delacroix, Degas, Manet, and Gauguin are among the artists. Through Aug. 23. . . . ¶ Twenty-two mid-nineteenth-century Baltimore album quilts (commemorating local people or events), in a show put together by that city's Museum of Art. Through Aug. 30. . . . ¶ An exhibition of Chinese robes from the Ch'ing Dynasty. Through Aug. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 4:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Marcel Breuer: Furniture and Interiors," a retrospective consisting of thirty-seven pieces of furniture and photographic enlargements of interiors designed by this architect, who died on July 1. Starts Saturday, July 25. . . . ¶ A retrospective of prints by Pierre Alechinsky. Through Aug. 11. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY**: "American Landscapes." Through Oct. 4. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The permanent collection is the main show just now. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of the works of Philip Guston (1913-80): nearly a hundred paintings and drawings, beginning with the realism of the thirties and forties (studies for W.P.A.-commissioned murals), and moving to the Abstract Expressionism of the fifties and sixties, and the figurative style of the seventies. Through Sept. 13. . . . ¶ Lynda Benglis, Scott Burton, Donna Dennis, John Duff, and Alan Saret are the five contemporary sculptors showing a total of seventy-three pieces. Through Sept. 27. . . . ¶ "Disney Animations and Animators," a show of drawings and other film artwork in a setting—dark walls and silvery lighting—appropriate to such stars as Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, and Bambi. Also, short and full-length Disney films daily, except Mondays, at 1 and 3:30, and Tuesday evenings at 6:15. Through Sept. 6. . . . ¶ Nine works by Georgia O'Keeffe from the museum's collection. Through Oct. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A show of African furniture and household objects. . . . ¶ An exhibit of contemporary Korean drawings. Both shows through Sept. 7. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Folger Shakespeare Library has installed a show that does its eponymous hero proud: walk-through recreations of Elizabethan Stratford, a model of the Globe Theatre, the first collected edition of his plays, as well as evidences of his legacy, extending from language (a list of quotations) to movie productions (Olivier as Hamlet) to T-shirts. An electronic scoreboard flashes up-to-the-minute computations of Shakespeare's popularity in the world. He is popular, it

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turns out. Through Sept. 20. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The main galleries and the garden here have been given over to a show reflecting the influence of horticulture on the decorative arts—drawings, prints, furniture, glass, ceramics, metalwork, and textiles. The first floor has been turned into an actual garden, complemented by garden plans (Versailles, for one). The second floor is narrowed to flowers—flowers in Tiffany lamps, Fabergé objects, Morris wallpaper, Louis Sullivan architectural details. Through Aug. 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

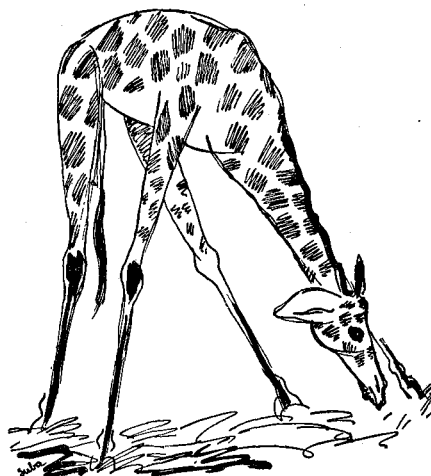
FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—Eight portrait busts by the eighteenth-century French sculptor Jean-Antoine Houdon. One, of Thomas Jefferson, must have pleased the subject enormously—he regarded Houdon as "perhaps the foremost artist in the world." Through Aug. 9. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

JAPAN HOUSE, 333 E. 47th St.—In an exhibit of music scores from Japan—mainly the notations of contemporary Japanese composers—is a Buddhist chant, dated 1472, said to be the oldest printed score extant. Also, occasional brief performances of some of the compositions; for information about schedules, call 832-1155. Through Aug. 2. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of Maurice Golubov's work, consisting of more than a hundred abstract paintings on paper. Through Aug. 23. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Three shows: A display of autograph manuscripts and letters by nineteenth-century British authors, among them John Keats (represented by "Endymion"), Sir Walter Scott ("The Lady of the Lake"), Jane Austen ("Lady Susan"), and Oscar Wilde ("The Picture of Dorian Gray"). . . . ¶ Hand in hand with the manuscript show are David Levine's contemporary caricatures of these and other British authors—more than forty drawings in all. . . . ¶ Forty manuscripts of music for the piano by such composers as Mozart, Schubert, Saint-Saëns, Ravel, and Cage. (Open daily except Sundays and Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5.) All three through Friday, July 31.

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—A quilt show in two parts. At this museum:



Twenty-one items (mostly quilts but also coverlets and bedspreads) including one mid-nineteenth-century bridal quilt in a Bird of Paradise pattern, for which the templates, cut out of a Poughkeepsie newspaper, are intact. Through Aug. 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.) . . . ¶ At the Fashion Institute of Technology: Sixty quilts. Through Aug. 22. (Shirley Goodman Resource Center, Seventh Ave. at 27th St. Open daily except Sundays and Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A reincarnation of the Chicago Tribune Tower architectural competition of 1922, conceived by a group of contemporary architects who call themselves the Chicago Seven. Designers from around the world were invited to submit drawings and models to this (often tongue-in-cheek) rerun of the original contest. Through Aug. 16. (Open daily, except Mondays, noon to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The Berg Collection's survey of satire begins with the classical poets, moves on to Chaucer, takes in Swift, Pope, and Johnson, and closes with Ogden Nash, James Thurber, E. B. White, and S. J. Perelman. Eighty-six authors, all told; manuscripts, first editions, drawings. (Open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Three artists—Jorge Rodriguez, Charles Abramson, and David Hammons—are exhibiting the works, primarily sculptures, they did as part of the museum's artists-in-residence program. In addition to individual shows of their works, they have jointly concocted a room installation that incorporates paint, old furniture, colored tiles, feathers, and string. Through Aug. 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

MOSTLY MOZART FESTIVAL—A seven-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs, which will run through Saturday, Aug. 29. All programs start at 8. Wednesday, July 22: Michael Tilson Thomas conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 23: The Cleveland Quartet in an all-Mozart program, with Richard Goode, piano, and Paula Robison, flute. (There will be a pre-concert recital at 7.) . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 24-25: Michael Tilson Thomas conducting the orchestra, with Jessye Norman, soprano, and Garrick Ohlsson, piano. . . . ¶ Monday, July 27, and Wednesday, July 29: Christoph Eschenbach conducting the orchestra, and acting as piano soloist, in an all-Mozart program, with Justus Frantz, also piano. (There will be pre-concert recitals at 7.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 28: Miss Larrocha in a Haydn-Mozart program. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 30: The Messrs. Eschenbach and Frantz in a program of music for two pianos and piano-four hands. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 31-Aug. 1: Raymond Leppard conducting the orchestra in a program of excerpts from operas, with Ruth Welting and Phyllis Bryn-Julson, sopranos; David Britton, tenor; and Marius Rintzler, bass. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424.)

IN THE COUNTRY

TANGLEWOOD FESTIVAL—Thursday, July 23, at 8:30: Henryk Szeryng, violin, and Charles Reiner, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 24, at 7: Phyllis Curtin, soprano; Gilbert Kalish, piano; Emanuel Borok, violin; and Martha Babcock, cello. . . . ¶ Friday, July 24, at 9: Eugene Ormandy conducting the Boston Symphony in a Beethoven-Moussorgsky-Ravel program, with Rudolf Serkin, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 25, at 8:30: Eugene Ormandy conducting an all-Rachmaninoff program. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 26, at 2:30: Andrew Davis conducting a Rossini-Brahms-Prokofiev program, with Mr. Szeryng, violin. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 28, at 8:30: John Williams conducting the Boston Pops in a con-

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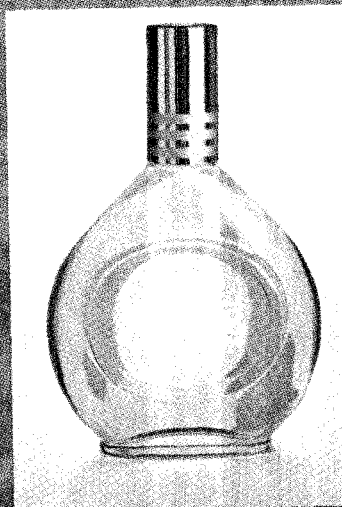
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cert for the benefit of the Boston Symphony's Pension Fund. . . . **Thursday, July 30, at 8:30:** Alexis Weissenberg, piano. . . . **Friday, July 31, at 7:** Harold Wright, clarinet; Burton Fine, viola; and Gilbert Kalish, piano. . . . **Friday, July 31, at 9:** Vittorio Negri conducting the Boston Symphony in a Vivaldi-Mozart program, with Joseph Silverstein, violin. . . . **Saturday, Aug. 1, at 8:30:** Seiji Ozawa conducting a Haydn-Wagner program, with Jessye Norman, soprano; Gwendolyn Killebrew, mezzo-soprano; Jon Vickers and Warren Ellsworth, tenors; Aage Haugland, bass; and Keith Kibler, baritone. . . . **Sunday, Aug. 2, at 2:30:** Seiji Ozawa conducting a Dennis Russell Davies-Beethoven program, with Mr. Weissenberg. (Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 23. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

CARAMOOR FESTIVAL—Thursday, July 23, at 4: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble, with Martha Toney, soprano. . . . **Saturday, July 25, at 8:30:** Michael Feldman conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra in a Mozart-Haydn-Mendelssohn program, with Kristine Ciesinski, soprano. . . . **Sunday, July 26, at 5:30:** The Beaux Arts Trio. . . . **Saturday, Aug. 1, at 8:30:** The Tokyo String Quartet. . . . **Sunday, Aug. 2, at 5:30:** Lynn Harrell, cello, and John Atkins, piano (Katonah, N.Y.; festival ends Sunday, Aug. 23. On Saturday, July 25, buses will leave from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, at 6:30; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets and buses, call 1-914 232-4206.)

SARATOGA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER—Tentative schedule of final performances by the **NEW YORK CITY BALLET**, which is presenting a "Tchaikovsky Festival." Wednesday, July 22, at 8:15: "Capriccio Italien," "Allegro Brillante," "Hungarian Gypsy Airs," and "Symphony No. 1." . . . **Thursday, July 23, at 2:** "Swan Lake," "Piano Concerto No. 1," "Scherzo Opus 42," and "Tempo di Valse." . . . **Thursday, July 23, at 8:15:** "Allegro con Grazia," "Meditation," "Scherzo Opus 42," "Souvenir de Florence," and "Suite No. 3." . . . **Friday, July 24, at 8:15:** "Capriccio Italien," "Allegro Brillante," "Hungarian Gypsy Airs," and "Symphony No. 1." . . . **Saturday, July 25, at 2:** "Mozartiana," "Piano Pieces," and "Tempo di Valse." . . . **Saturday, July 25, at 8:15:** "Allegro con Grazia," "Meditation," "Scherzo Opus 42," "Souvenir de Florence," and "Suite No. 3." . . . **SPECIAL CONCERTS.** Sunday, July 26, at 8:15: Tom Petty & the Heartbreakers. . . . **Monday, July 27, at 8:15:** Harry Belafonte. . . . **Tuesday, July 28, at 7:** The Rossington Collins band, with Joe Perry. . . . **Wednesday, July 29, at 7:** Hank Williams, Jr., with Asleep at the Wheel. . . . **Sunday, Aug. 2, at 8:15:** Jean-Pierre Rampal, Claude Bolling, and Alexandre Lagoya. . . . **NIKOLAIS DANCE THEATRE.** Thursday, July 30, at 8:15: An excerpt from "Arporisms," "The Mechanical Organ," and "Gallery." . . . **Friday, July 31, at 8:15:** "Alphabet from Allegory," duet from "Somniloquy," "Talisman," and "Guignol." . . . **Saturday, Aug. 1, at 8:15:** "Alphabet from Allegory," "The Mechanical Organ," and "Guignol." (Saratoga Springs. Through Sunday, Sept. 6. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

SUMMERFARE '81—A six-weekend festival of theatre, dance, and music which takes place at the State University of New York, at Purchase. **Un soupçon: THURSDAY, JULY 23, at 8:** "Sally and Marsha," a play by Sybille Pearson. . . . **FRIDAY, JULY 24, at 8:** "Dramadance," with Martine van Hamel, Kevin McKenzie, John Butler, and the Kathryn Posin Dance Company. . . . **AT 8:30:** "Sally and Marsha." . . . **AT 10:30:** Max Roach quartet and the J. C. White Singers. . . . **SATURDAY, JULY 25, at 3:** "Dramadance" and "Sally and Marsha." . . . **AT 8:** "Dramadance." . . . **AT 8:30:** "Sally and Marsha." . . . **AT 10:30:** Max Roach quartet and the String Reunion. . . . **SUNDAY, JULY 26, at 3:** "Sally and Marsha." . . . **AT 7:30:** "Dramadance." . . . **AT 8:30:** "Sally and Marsha." . . . **THURSDAY, JULY 30, at 8:** Bertolt Brecht's satirical comedy "Man Is Man," in a musical adaptation by Robert Dennis, and "Sally and Marsha." . . . **FRIDAY, JULY 31, at 8:** The Erick Hawkins Dance Company. . . . **AT 8:30:** "Man Is Man" and "Sally and Marsha." . . . **AT 9 AND 11:** A cabaret show with Maxine Sullivan. . . . **SATURDAY, AUG. 1,**

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AT 3: "Man Is Man," "Sally and Marsha," and the Erick Hawkins Dance Company. . . . **AT 8:** The Erick Hawkins Dance Company. . . . **AT 8:30:** "Man Is Man" and "Sally and Marsha." . . . **AT 10 AND 11:30:** Maxine Sullivan. . . . **SUNDAY, AUG. 2, at 3:** "Man Is Man" and "Sally and Marsha." . . . **AT 7:30:** The Erick Hawkins Dance Company. . . . **AT 8:** "Man Is Man" and "Sally and Marsha." (Through Sunday, Aug. 9. For information about tickets, call 1-914 253-5900.)

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 25: The Boston Ballet. . . . **Tuesday through Saturday, July 28-Aug. 1:** Kenneth Rinker & Dancers, Ellen Kogan, Jim Self, and the Jacob's Pillow Dancers. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays at 7:30, and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinees Saturdays at 3. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

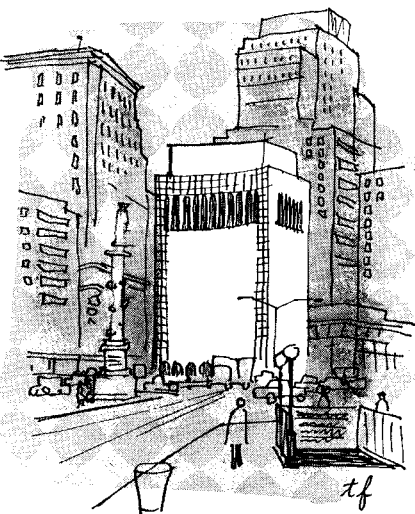
SPORTS

RACING—At **BELMONT:** Weekdays at 1, and Sunday at 1:05; through Monday, July 27. The Tremont, Wednesday, July 22; the Sheepshead Bay Handicap, Saturday, July 25; and the Lexington, Sunday, July 26. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Wednesday through Friday and Monday between 11 and 1:10, and Saturday and Sunday between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **SARATOGA:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30, from Wednesday, July 29, through Monday, Aug. 24. The Schuylerville, Wednesday, July 29; the Test, Thursday, July 30; and the Whitney Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 1. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 5. The Sorority, Saturday, July 25, and the Haskell Invitational, Saturday, Aug. 1. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:15.) . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weeknights, except Tuesdays, at 7:30; through Saturday, Sept. 12. The United Nations Handicap, Friday, July 24.

SOCCER—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Cosmos vs. Montreal, Wednesday, July 22, at 9. . . . **Cosmos vs. Portland,** Wednesday, July 29, at 9. (For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

TENNIS—Mutual Benefit Life Open. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. Sunday, July 26, at 1; Monday through Friday, July 27-31, at noon and 7:30; and Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 1-2, at 1. For information about tickets, call 1-201 762-6220.)

TROTTING—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Nightly at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 8. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 21.



... **MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 8. **YACHTING**—Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Through Saturday, July 25.)

ET ALIA

AUCTIONS—At **SOOTHEY'S**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Friday, July 24, at 10:15 and 2: American and European paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints. Exhibition hours: Wednesday and Thursday, July 22-23, from 10 to 5. . . . **SOOTHEY'S**, York Ave. at 72nd St. Wednesday, July 22, at 2, and Thursday, July 23, at 10:15 and 2: Victorian porcelain, sculptures, decorations, and furniture, together with Art Nouveau and Art Deco works of art. . . . **SOOTHEY'S**, 171 E. 84th St. Tuesday, July 28, at 10:15: American and European books and maps. Exhibition hours: Wednesday through Friday, July 22-24, from 10 to 5. . . . **PHILLIPS**, 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. Wednesday, July 22, at 2: Books. . . . **Thursday, July 30, at 10:30:** Oriental works of art. Exhibition hours: Monday, July 27, from 10 to 5; Tuesday, July 28, from 10 to 7; and Wednesday, July 29, from 10 to 2.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—Free performances of **THE TEMPEST**, with Raul Julia as Prospero, will be given through Sunday, July 26. . . . **HENRY IV, PART I**, with John Vickery, Mandy Patinkin, and Kenneth McMillan, will be the second of two plays presented this summer. Opens Friday, July 31, and will run through Sunday, Aug. 30. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Concerts in various city parks. Edo de Waart will conduct the first in a series of three peripatetic programs: **CENTRAL PARK'S GREAT LAWN**, Wednesday, July 29, at 8. . . . **PROSPECT PARK**, Brooklyn, Thursday, July 30, at 8.

CENTRAL PARK MALL—Vincent La Selva directing the New York Grand Opera Company in a performance of Verdi's Requiem. The last in a series of productions. (Thursday, July 23, at 8:30.)

DAMROSCH PARK, Lincoln Center—Ainslee Cox conducting the Guggenheim Concert Band in this summer's series of concerts. (Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8.) . . . **Martin Josman** directing the National Chorale in an all-Bernstein program. (Saturday, July 25, at 8.) . . . **Jens Nygaard** conducting the Naumburg Orchestra, with Elmar Oliveira, violin. (Saturday, Aug. 1, at 8.)

MUSIC FESTIVAL ON THE PIER—The Dr Pepper wingding, in a new location this year, Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 46th St. Monday, July 27: Willie Nile and Roy Buchanan. . . . **Wednesday, July 29:** Rossington Collins band and Cold Chisel. . . . **Friday, July 31:** Judas Priest. (Evenings at 6:30; through Friday, Sept. 11. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

SOUTH STREET SEAPORT MUSEUM—Musical offerings on Pier 16, East River at Fulton St. **BLUEGRASS:** Thursday, July 23, at 8: Transatlantic Bluegrass. . . . **Thursday, July 30, at 8:** Holland's Country Ramblers. (For information about tickets, call 687-9000.) . . . **JAZZ AND POP:** Free concerts—Friday and Saturday, July 24-25, at 8: Marion Brown quartet. . . . **Friday, July 31, at 8:** Expedition. . . . **Saturday, Aug. 1, at 8:** Tommy Flanagan trio; Frank Wess, flute; and Melba Liston, trombone, presenting a concert in memory of Mary Lou Williams.

WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK—Newell Jenkins conducting the Festival Orchestra. The first in a series of four concerts. (Tuesday, July 28, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Judson Memorial Church, 55 Washington Sq. S.)

JONES BEACH THEATRE—A revival of **DAMN YANKEES**, with Joe Namath and Eddie Bracken, is this summer's production. (Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. For tickets, call 1-516 221-1000.)

WALKING TOUR—"Greenwich Village: The Town House in the City," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, July 26, at 2, starting at the corner of Gay and Christopher Streets, at 2. For information, call 534-1672.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
 July 22: "Going in Style" (†) and "Serial." (†)
 July 23-24: "The Warriors" (†) and "The Wanderers." (†)
 July 25-26: "Bronco Billy" (1980; directed by Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood and Sondra Locke.
 July 27: Theatre closed.
 July 28-29: "Straight Time" (†) and "Blood-brothers." (†)
 July 30-31: "The Brood" (1979; David Cronenberg; a Canadian film), with Oliver Reed and Samantha Eggar; and "The Howling." (†)
 From Aug. 1: "All Night Long." (†)

ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
 July 22: "Whoopie!" (1930; Thornton Freeland), with Eddie Cantor; and "Kid Millions" (1934; Roy Del Ruth), with Eddie Cantor, Ann Sothern, and Ethel Merman.
 July 23-25: "Meet Me in St. Louis" (†) and "Best Foot Forward." (†)
 July 26-27: "Till the Clouds Roll By" (†) and "You Were Never Lovelier." (†)
 July 28-29: "Show Boat" (†) and "Roberta." (†)
 July 30-Aug. 1: "Cover Girl" (†) and "Swing Time." (†)

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
 Through July 23: "Cheech and Chong's Nice Dreams" (Thomas Chong); and "Used Cars." (†)
 From July 24: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
 Through July 23: "On the Right Track" (Lee Philips), with Gary Coleman.
 July 24-30: "Stripes." (†)
 From July 31: "Under the Rainbow" (Steve Rash), with Chevy Chase and Carrie Fisher.

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
 Through July 23: "Escape from New York" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell and Lee Van Cleef.
 From July 24: "Eye of the Needle" (Richard Marquand), with Donald Sutherland and Kate Nelligan.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
 "Superman II." (†)

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
 Theatre 1: Through July 23: "Stripes." (†)
 From July 24: "Blow Out." (†)
 Theatre 2: "For Your Eyes Only." (†)
 Theatre 3: "Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
 "Endless Love" (Franco Zeffirelli), with Brooke Shields and Martin Hewitt.

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
 Through July 30: "On the Right Track" (Lee Philips), with Gary Coleman.
 From July 31: "For Your Eyes Only." (†)

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
 Through July 30: "History of the World—Part I." (†)
 From July 31: "Under the Rainbow" (Steve Rash), with Chevy Chase and Carrie Fisher.

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
 Through July 23: "Alien." (†)
 From July 24: "Zorro, the Gay Blade." (†)

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th (353-3320)
 "The Last Metro" (François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve and Gérard Depardieu.

MANHATTAN I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
 Theatre 1: Through July 23: "Superman II." (†) From July 24: "Wolfen" (Michael Wadleigh), with Albert Finney and Gregory Hines.
 Theatre 2: "Superman II." (†)

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
 Theatre 1: Through July 30: "Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†) From July 31: "Victory" (John Huston), with Sylvester Stallone and Michael Caine.
 Theatre 2: "S.O.B." (†)

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
 Through July 23: "From Mao to Mozart—Isaac Stern in China." (†)

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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26	27	28	29	30	31	1

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 19.

From July 24: "Escape from New York" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell and Lee Van Cleef.

CINEMA I AND II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)

Theatre 1: "Lili Marleen" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Giancarlo Giannini.

Theatre 2: Through July 23: "Escape from New York" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell and Lee Van Cleef. From July 24: "Eye of the Needle" (Richard Marquand), with Donald Sutherland and Kate Nelligan.

GEMINI I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: "Endless Love" (Franco Zeffirelli), with Brooke Shields and Martin Hewitt.

Theatre 2: Through July 30: "For Your Eyes Only." (†) From July 31: "The Empire Strikes Back." (†)

BECKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

"Arthur." (†)

LOEWS NEW YORK I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "Stripes." (†)

Theatre 2: Through July 23: "Dragonslayer." (†) From July 24: "Blow Out." (†)

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"Stevie" (1978; Robert Enders), with Glenda Jackson, Mona Washbourne, and Trevor Howard.

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"The Four Seasons" (Alan Alda), with Alda and Carol Burnett.

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)

Through July 23: "Outland." (†)

July 24-30: "Clash of the Titans" (Desmond Davis), with Harry Hamlin and Judi Bowker.

From July 31: "History of the World—Part I." (†)

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

Through July 23: "The Fox and the Hound," an animated film from the Disney studios.

From July 24: "Eye of the Needle" (Richard Marquand), with Donald Sutherland and Kate Nelligan.

LOEWS ORPHEUM I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: "Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)

Theatre 2: "Superman II." (†)

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

"For Your Eyes Only." (†)

R.K.O. 86th St. I AND 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)

Theatre 1: Through July 23: "Escape from New York" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell and Lee Van Cleef. From July 24: "Wolfen" (Michael Wadleigh), with Albert Finney and Gregory Hines.

Theatre 2: "Arthur." (†)

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Through July 23: "The Stunt Man" (†) and "Eyewitness." (†)

From July 24: "Wolfen" (directed by Michael Wadleigh), with Albert Finney and Gregory Hines.

GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE I AND 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: "Arthur." (†)

Theatre 2: "Arthur." (†)

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "Atlantic City." (†)

Theatre 2: "The Four Seasons" (Alan Alda), with Alda and Carol Burnett.

Theatre 3: Through July 23: "The Decline of Western Civilization" (Penelope Spheeris), a documentary on punk rock. From July 24: "Blow Out." (†)

Theatre 4: Through July 23: "The Fox and the Hound," an animated film from the Disney studios. July 24-30: "Escape from New York" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell and Lee Van Cleef. From July 31: "Gaijin: A Brazilian Odyssey" (Tizuka Yamasaki; in Portuguese, Japanese, Italian, and English).

HAROLD CLURMAN, 412 W. 42nd. (594-2370; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through July 23: "Journey Through the Past" (1974; Neil Young), a documentary; and "FM" (1978; John A. Alonzo), with Michael Brandon, Eileen Brennan, Alex Karras, and Cleavon Little.

July 24-30: "Rock City" (1973; Peter Clifton), concert performances and interviews with rock musicians.

From July 31: To be announced.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

"The Fox and the Hound," an animated film from the Disney studios.

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

"The Great Muppet Caper" (Jim Henson).

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)

"S.O.B." (†)

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

"Stripes." (†)

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)

Through July 23: "Dragonslayer." (†)

From July 24: "Eye of the Needle" (Richard Marquand), with Donald Sutherland and Kate Nelligan.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

"I Sent a Letter to My Love" (Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Simone Signoret and Jean Rochefort.

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

"The Inheritance" (1976; Mauro Bolognini; in Italian), with Dominique Sanda and Anthony Quinn.

LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

"The Four Seasons" (Alan Alda), with Alda and Carol Burnett.

LINCOLN PLAZA I, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "New York, New York." (†)

Theatre 2: "Heart to Heart" (Pascal Thomas; in French), with Anne Caudry.

Theatre 3: "City of Women" (Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni.

CINEMA STUDIO I AND 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: "Cutter's Way" (Ivan Passer), with Jeff Bridges and John Heard.

Theatre 2: "Gaijin: A Brazilian Odyssey" (Tizuka Yamasaki; in Portuguese, Japanese, Italian, and English).

EMBASSY 72ND ST. I AND 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)

Theatre 1: "On the Right Track" (Lee Philips), with Gary Coleman.

Theatre 2: "Moscow Does Not Believe in Tears" (Vladimir Menshov; in Russian).

LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)

Theatre 1: Through July 30: "History of the

World—Part I." (†) From July 31: To be announced.
 Theatre 2: Through July 30: "Superman II." (†) From July 31: To be announced.
 Theatre 3: Through July 23: "Clash of the Titans" (Desmond Davis), with Harry Hamlin and Judi Bowker. From July 24: "Blow Out." (†)
 Theatre 4: Through July 23: "The Fox and the Hound," an animated film from the Disney studios. From July 24: "Stripes." (†)

NEW YORKER 1 AND 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
 Theatre 1: Through July 23: "The Stunt Man" (†) and "Eyewitness." (†) From July 24: "Dragonslayer." (†)
 Theatre 2: July 22: "The Adversary" (†) and "Company Limited" ("Simabaddha"; 1971; Satyajit Ray; in Bengali). July 23: "The World of Apu" (†) and "Devi." (†) From July 24: "Wolfe" (Michael Wadleigh), with Albert Finney and Gregory Hines.

OLYMPIA QUAD, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
 Theatre 1: See listings under Revival Houses.
 Theatre 2: Through July 23: "The Decline of Western Civilization" (Penelope Spheeris), a documentary about punk rock. From July 24: "Stripes." (†)
 Theatre 3: Through July 30: "History of the World—Part I." (†) From July 31: "The Four Seasons" (Alan Alda), with Alda and Carol Burnett.
 Theatre 4: Through July 23: "Clash of the Titans" (Desmond Davis), with Harry Hamlin and Judi Bowker. From July 24: "Escape from New York" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell and Lee Van Cleef.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION THEATRES, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
 Theatre 1: "Arthur." (†)
 Theatre 2: Through July 23: "History of the World—Part I." (†) From July 24: "Zorro, the Gay Blade." (†)
 Theatre 3: Through July 30: "Bustin' Loose" (directed by Oz Scott), with Richard Pryor and Cicely Tyson. From July 31: "S.O.B." (†)
 Theatre 4: Through July 30: "Force Five" (Robert Clouse). From July 31: "The Empire Strikes Back." (†)
 Theatre 5: Through July 23: "The Four Seasons" (Alan Alda), with Alda and Carol Burnett. From July 24: "History of the World—Part I." (†)
 Theatre 6: Through July 23: "Outland." (†) From July 24: "Clash of the Titans" (Desmond Davis), with Harry Hamlin and Judi Bowker.

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th, east side. (757-2408)
 Through July 23: "Dragonslayer." (†)
 From July 24: "Eye of the Needle" (Richard Marquand), with Donald Sutherland and Kate Nelligan.

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
 Theatre 2: Through July 23: "The Fox and the Hound," an animated film from the Disney studios. From July 24: "Escape from New York" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell and Lee Van Cleef.
 Theatre 3: Through July 23: "The Cannonball Run" (Hal Needham), with Burt Reynolds and Roger Moore. From July 24: "Escape from New York" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell and Lee Van Cleef.

Theatre 4: Through July 23: "Cheech and Chong's Nice Dreams" (Thomas Chong). From July 24: "Dragonslayer." (†)

EMBASSY 5, B'way at 46th, west side. (354-5636)
 Through July 30: "On the Right Track" (Lee Phillips), with Gary Coleman.
 From July 31: "Victory" (John Huston), with Sylvester Stallone and Michael Caine.

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
 "Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)

LOEWS STATE 1 AND 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
 Theatre 1: "For Your Eyes Only." (†)
 Theatre 2: Through July 23: "Escape from New York" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell and Lee Van Cleef. From July 24: "Blow Out." (†)

MOVELAND, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
 Through July 30: "S.O.B." (†)
 From July 31: "Under the Rainbow" (Steve Rash), with Chevy Chase and Carrie Fisher.

NATIONAL, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
 "Stripes." (†)

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
 "Endless Love" (Franco Zeffirelli), with Brooke Shields and Martin Hewitt.

R.K.O. CINERAMA 1 AND 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)

Theatre 1: Through July 23: "Clash of the Titans" (Desmond Davis), with Harry Hamlin and Judi Bowker. From July 24: "Wolfe" (Michael Wadleigh), with Albert Finney and Gregory Hines.
 Theatre 2: "Superman II." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
 Through July 23: "Fellini Satyricon" (1970; directed by Federico Fellini; in Italian).
 July 24: "Let It Be" (1970; Michael Lindsay-Hogg), with the Beatles; and "How I Won the War" (1967; Richard Lester), with Michael Crawford and John Lennon.
 July 25: "Amarcord" (1974; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Bruno Zanin.
 July 26: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971; Stanley Kubrick), with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri.
 July 27: "Small Change" (†); and "The 400 Blows" (1959; François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud.
 July 28: "Samurai, Part III" (1956; Hiroshi Inagaki; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune; and "Sword of Vengeance #6: White Heaven in Hell" (1974; Yoshiyuki Kuroda; in Japanese).
 July 29: "The Time Machine" (†) and "Forbidden Planet." (†)
 July 30: "The Damned" (1969; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin, and Helmut Berger.
 July 31: "Bread and Chocolate" (1974; Franco Brusati; in Italian), with Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina.
 Aug. 1: "Children of Paradise" (1945; Marcel Carné, in French), with Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty and Pierre Brasseur.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
 July 22: "Sunset Boulevard" (1950; Billy Wilder), with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim; and "Pretty Baby" (1978; Louis Malle), with Keith Carradine, Susan Sarandon, Brooke Shields, and Antonio Fargas.
 July 23: "The Shining" (1980; Stanley Kubrick), with Jack Nicholson, Shelley Duvall, Danny Lloyd, and Scatman Crothers.
 July 24: "North by Northwest" (1959; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau.
 July 25: "1900" (1977; Bernardo Bertolucci), with Robert De Niro, Burt Lancaster, Donald Sutherland, Dominique Sanda, Sterling Hayden, and Gérard Depardieu.
 July 26: "The Great Dictator" (1940) and "A King in New York" (1957), both films directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin.
 July 27: "La Dolce Vita" (1960; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Anita Ekberg.
 July 28: "Nijinsky." (†)
 July 29: "Niagara" (1953; Henry Hathaway), with Marilyn Monroe, Joseph Cotten, Jean Peters, and Richard Allan; and "The Seven Year Itch" (1955; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tom Ewell, Victor Moore, Evelyn Keyes, and Sonny Tufts.
 July 30: "Modern Times" (†) and "City Lights." (†)
 July 31: "An American in Paris." (†)
 Aug. 1: "Lolita" (1962; Stanley Kubrick), with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
 Through July 23: "Salò, 120 Days of Sodom" (1977; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian).
 July 24-25: "A Boy and His Dog" (1976; L. Q. Jones), with Don Johnson and Jason Robards; and "Fantastic Planet" (1973; René Laloux; in French), an animated science-fiction film.
 July 26-28: "Modern Times" (†); and "Limelight" (1952; Charlie Chaplin), with Chaplin and Claire Bloom.
 July 29-30: "The Tenant" (1976; Roman Polanski), with Polanski; and "Knife in the Water" (1962; Roman Polanski; in Polish).
 July 31-Aug. 1: "The Kentucky Fried Movie" (1977; John Landis), with David Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and Jerry Zucker; and "Tunnelvision" (1976; Brad Swirloff and Neil Israel), with Chevy Chase and Phil Proctor.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mon-

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The telling detail

Why the best hotels quite often have the smallest lobbies.

Chicago's Tremont is a case in point: the hotel thrives on understatement.

"Ritz" by definition.

There are those who think the Tremont has no lobby at all.

The desk, after all, is down the hall. There are no shops. The concierge, when she's not on duty, removes her phone. (Its noise might prove distracting to guests.)

The truth is, the Tremont does have a lobby. But since they won't take guests in wholesale lots—no conventions are allowed—it's not vast and awesome.

A stay at the Tremont, so experienced travelers say, has the flavor of a weekend at a country home.

And since no one's home has drugstores or newsstands in the lobby, neither does the Tremont. They'll happily get you anything from *Yachting* to the *Financial Times*, but they'll deliver it to your door, rather than sell it in the lobby.

The tiny lobby is the legacy of the legendary César Ritz. (A man, perhaps, is legend when his name becomes an adjective.) Ritz made his name in grand hotels with windy lobbies. But when he built his own hotel on the Place Vendôme, he made the lobby intimate. His name on the door, he reasoned, said more than an operatic foyer.

The lobby at the Tremont is very inviting. It contains a Queen Anne desk and several fine prints. But the important room—in a friend's house or a hotel—is your *own* room. Which is why the Tremont is proud that some of its *suites* are bigger than the lobby.

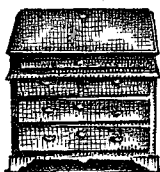
The Tremont

100 East Chestnut, Chicago
(800) 621-8133 (312) 751-1900

The Whitehall, Chicago
The Fairfax, Washington, D.C.



RITZ OF THE RITZ



THE DESK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through July 23: "Lollipop Girls in Hard Candy." (1981). In 3-D and X-rated.

July 24-30: "Fort Ti" (1953; William Castle), with George Montgomery and Joan Vohs; and "Miss Sadie Thompson" (1953; Curtis Bernhardt), with Rita Hayworth, José Ferrer, and Aldo Ray. Both films in 3-D.

From July 31: To be announced.

HOLLYWOOD TWIN CINEMA 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through July 25: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden; and "Being There" (1979; Hal Ashby), with Peter Sellers, Shirley MacLaine, Melvyn Douglas, and Jack Warden.

July 26-28: "Grand Hotel" (†); and "Ninotchka" (1939; Ernst Lubitsch), with Greta Garbo, Melvyn Douglas, and Sig Rumann.

July 29-Aug. 1: "Amarcord" (1974; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Bruno Zanin; and "The Clowns" (1971; Federico Fellini; in Italian).

HOLLYWOOD TWIN CINEMA 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through July 25: "The Great Santini" ("The Ace"; 1980; Lewis John Carlino), with Robert Duvall, Blythe Danner, and Michael O'Keefe; and "Norma Rae" (1979; Martin Ritt), with Sally Field, Ron Leibman, and Beau Bridges.

July 26-28: "Forbidden Planet" (†); and "The Wizard of Oz" (1939; Victor Fleming), with Judy Garland, Bert Lahr, Frank Morgan, Ray Bolger, and Jack Haley.

July 29-Aug. 1: "1900" (1977; Bernardo Bertolucci), with Robert De Niro, Burt Lancaster, Donald Sutherland, Dominique Sanda, Sterling Hayden, and Gérard Depardieu.

MINI CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 65th. (650-1813; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through July 24: "The Touch" (1971; Ingmar Bergman), with Elliott Gould, Bibi Andersson, and Max von Sydow; and "Two for the Road" (1967; Stanley Donen), with Audrey Hepburn and Albert Finney.

July 25-27: "3 Women" (1977; Robert Altman), with Shelley Duvall, Sissy Spacek, and Janice Rule; and "Brewster McCloud" (1971; Robert Altman), with Bud Cort and Sally Kellerman.

July 28-30: "A Star Is Born" (1937; William Wellman), with Janet Gaynor and Fredric March; and "The Lady Without Camelias" (1953; Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian), with Lucia Bose.

From July 31: "North by Northwest" (1959; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau.

OLYMPIA QUAD 1, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Through July 23: "It Happened One Night" (1934; Frank Capra), with Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable, Walter Connolly, Roscoe Karns, and Alan Hale; and "The Awful Truth" (1937; Leo McCarey), with Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy.

July 24-25: "East of Eden" (1955; Elia Kazan), with Julie Harris, James Dean, Raymond Massey, and Richard Davalos; and "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955; Nicholas Ray), with James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, Corey Allen, and Nick Adams.

July 26-28: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953; Howard Hawks), with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe; and "How to Marry a Millionaire" (1953; Jean Negulesco), with Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, and Lauren Bacall.

July 29-30: "Blow-Up" (†); and "Zabriskie Point" (1970; Michelangelo Antonioni),

with Mark Frechette, Daria Halprin, and Rod Taylor.

July 31-Aug. 1: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971; Stanley Kubrick), with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri; and "Performance" (1970; Donald Cammell and Nicolas Roeg), with Mick Jagger and James Fox.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

July 22: "Scared Stiff" (1953; George Marshall), with Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis, Elizabeth Scott, and Carmen Miranda; and "My Favorite Spy" (1951; Norman Z. McLeod), with Bob Hope, Hedy Lamarr, and Francis L. Sullivan.

July 23-25: "The Big Sleep" (1946; Howard Hawks), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Martha Vickers; and "The Maltese Falcon" (1941; John Huston), with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre.

July 26-27: "Arsenic and Old Lace" (1944; Frank Capra), with Cary Grant, Raymond Massey, Peter Lorre, Josephine Hull, and Jean Adair; and "Murder She Said" (1962; George Pollock), with Margaret Rutherford as Agatha Christie's Miss Marple.

July 28-29: "The Old Dark House" (1932; James Whale), with Charles Laughton, Melvyn Douglas, Raymond Massey, Boris Karloff, and Gloria Stuart; and "The Mask of Fu Manchu." (†)

July 30-Aug. 1: "Stage Fright" (1950; Alfred Hitchcock), with Jane Wyman, Marlene Dietrich, and Alastair Sim; and "Witness for the Prosecution." (†)

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

July 22: "Hamlet" (1948; Laurence Olivier), with Olivier, Jean Simmons, Basil Sydney, Eileen Herlie, and Stanley Holloway.

July 23: "They Won't Forget" (1937; Mervyn LeRoy), with Claude Rains, Gloria Dickson, Edward Norris, and Otto Kruger; and "Lawyer Man" (1932; William Dieterle), with William Powell, Joan Blondell, and Helen Vinson.

July 24-25: "Some Like It Hot" (1959; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis, and Jack Lemmon; and "Kiss Me, Stupid" (1964; Billy Wilder), with Dean Martin, Kim Novak, Ray Walston, and Felicia Farr.

July 26: "The Clowns" (1971; Federico Fellini; in Italian); and "La Strada" (1954; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, and Giulietta Masina.

July 27: "Animal Farm" (1954), an animated film; and animated films made during the Second World War.

July 28: "The Lodger" (1926; Alfred Hitchcock; a silent film), with Ivor Novello; and "Number Seventeen" (1932; Alfred Hitchcock), with Leon M. Lion and Anne Grey.

July 29: "Rashomon" (1951; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune; and "I Bombed Pearl Harbor" (1961; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.

July 30: "Daughters Courageous" (1939; Michael Curtiz), with John Garfield, Priscilla Lane, Claude Rains; and "Under 18" (1931; Archie Mayo), with Warren William and Marian Marsh.

July 31-Aug. 1: "Red River" (†); and "Lonelyhearts" (1959; Vincent J. Donahue), with Montgomery Clift, Robert Ryan, Myrna Loy, Dolores Hart, and Maureen Stapleton.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

July 22: "The Painted Veil" (1934; Richard Boleslavsky), with Greta Garbo, Herbert Marshall, and George Brent; and "Mata Hari" (1932; George Fitzmaurice), with Greta Garbo, Ramon Novarro, and Lionel Barrymore.

July 23: "Now, Voyager" (1942; Irving Rap-



per), with Bette Davis, Paul Henreid, Claude Rains, and John Loder; and "Dark Victory" (1939; Edmund Goulding), with Bette Davis, George Brent, Humphrey Bogart, Ronald Reagan, and Geraldine Fitzgerald.

July 24: "La Bête Humaine" (1938; Jean Renoir; in French), with Jean Gabin; and "La Grande Illusion" (1937; Jean Renoir; in French), with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio.

July 25-26: "The Thin Man" (1934) and "After the Thin Man" (1936), both films directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

July 27: "Charlie Chan at the Wax Museum" (1940; Lynn Shores), with Sidney Toler as Chan; and "Mr. Moto's Last Warning" (1939; Norman Foster), with Peter Lorre as Moto.

July 28: "Ex-Lady" (1933; Robert Florey), with Bette Davis, Gene Raymond, and Frank McHugh; and "The Rich Are Always with Us" (1932; Alfred E. Green), with Bette Davis, Ruth Chatterton, and George Brent.

July 29: "The Blue Angel" (1929; Josef von Sternberg; in German), with Marlene Dietrich, Emil Jannings, and Hans Albers; and "Manpower." (†)

July 30: "Camille" (1937; George Cukor), with Greta Garbo, Robert Taylor, and Henry Daniell; and "Grand Hotel." (†)

July 31: "International House" (1933; Eddie Sutherland), with W. C. Fields, Peggy Hopkins Joyce, and Rudy Vallée; and "The Big Broadcast of 1938." (†)

From Aug. 1: "Charlie Chan at the Circus"

(1936; Harry Lachman) and "Charlie Chan at the Race Track" (1936; H. Bruce Humphreys), both with Warner Oland as Chan.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—A series of films from India: July 23 at 2:30: "Sikkim" (1971; directed by Satyajit Ray; in English) and "Pikoo" (1980; Satyajit Ray; in Bengali, with English subtitles). . . . July 23 at 6: "The Middleman" (1975; Satyajit Ray; in Bengali with English subtitles). . . . July 23 at 8:30: "The Golden Fortress" (1974; Satyajit Ray; in Bengali, with English subtitles). . . . July 24 at 2:30: "The Elephant God" (1978; Satyajit Ray; in Bengali, with English subtitles). . . . July 24 at 6: "The Chess Players" (1977; Satyajit Ray; in Urdu and English, with English subtitles). . . . July 25 at 2:30: "D. G. Phalke: The First Indian Film Director" (1965) and "Fifty Years of Aryan Cinema" (1965; in Marathi, no English subtitles). . . . July 25 at 5: "Cinema, Cinema" (1979; Krishna Shah; in Hindi, with English subtitles), a history of Indian cinema. . . . July 26 at 2:30: "The Light of Asia" (1925; Franz Osten; an Indian/German silent film, with English titles). . . . July 27 at 2:30: "Cinema, Cinema." . . . July 27 at 6: "D. G. Phalke: The First Indian Film Director" and "Fifty Years of Aryan Cinema." . . . July 28 at 6 and July 30 at 2:30: "A Throw of Dice" (1929; Franz Osten; an Indian/German film; English titles). . . . July 30 at 6: "Shiraz" (1926; Franz Osten; an Indian/German silent film, with English titles). . . . July 30 at 8:30: "The Light of Asia." . . . July 31 at 2:30:

"Shiraz." . . . July 31 at 6: "Devdas" (1935; P. C. Barua; in Hindi; no English subtitles). . . . Aug. 1 at 2:30: "Untouchable Girl" (1936; Franz Osten; in Hindi; English subtitles). . . . Aug. 1 at 5: "Saint Tukaram" (1936; V. Damle and S. Fathelal; in Marathi, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Other, non-Indian, films scheduled during this period: July 24 at noon: Two films about Pierre Alechinsky: "Encre" (1963; no dialogue) and "Alechinsky" (1970; Luc de Heusch). . . . July 25-26 at noon: "The Golem" (1920; Paul Wegener; a German silent film, with English titles). . . . July 26 at 5: "There Was a Father" (1942; Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Chisu Ryu. . . . July 27-28 at noon: A program of three films by Will Vinton. . . . July 28 at 2:30: "There Was a Father." . . . July 31 at noon: "Encre" and "Alechinsky." . . . Aug. 1 at noon: "World of Plenty" (1943; Paul Rotha) and "Night Mail" (1936; Harry Watt and Basil Wright). (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A summer-long series of short and full-length animated films from the Disney studios. Through July 26: Two sets of short films. "Nature: The Four Elements" is showing daily at 1, and "Nature: Perspective" is showing daily at 3:30. . . . ¶ Starting July 28: Two sets of short films. "Star Vehicles" will be shown daily at 1 (and Tuesdays at 6:15), and "War-time Cartoons" will be shown daily at 3:30. Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

THE ADVERSARY (1971)—A shining comedy about an ex-medical student looking for a job in Calcutta, made by Satyajit Ray, whose quizzical humor has a way of coming up and hitting you from behind. The hero—played by Dhritiman Chatterjee—lives in a crammed apartment with his mother, his uncle, his beguiling sister, and a student brother rabidly revolutionary about nothing in particular. The hero falls in love with a gentle girl who has the insight to tell him that everyone is different, whereas his medical training has taught him that everyone is the same. Absorbing, alert, comic. In Bengali. (New Yorker; July 22.)

ALIEN (1979)—A sci-fi excursion into outer space, where things appear to be far drearier than they are on earth. Sigourney Weaver is the attractive star. (Gotham Cinema; through July 23.)

ALL NIGHT LONG—This sophisticated slapstick romance starring Gene Hackman and Barbra Streisand is a happy surprise. Hackman, doing the kind of comic acting that rings true on every note, plays a Los Angeles business executive who gives up the phony obligations he has accumulated, drops out, and tries to find a way to do what he enjoys. Streisand plays a soft-spoken bleached blonde—intuitive and cuddly—who joins him. Directed by Jean-Claude Tramont and written by W. D. (Rick) Richter, it has a distinctive comic sensibility; at times it suggests Tati, at other times W. C. Fields, and then, maybe, Lubitsch or Max Ophüls. With Dennis Quaid as Hackman's muscular, inarticulate son; Diane Ladd as Hackman's wife; Kevin Dobson as Streisand's husband; and William Daniels as a lawyer. The poignant music that is heard is José Padilla's "La Violeta," which was also heard in Chaplin's "City Lights." (Reviewed in our issue of 3/9/81.) (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting Aug. 1.)

AN AMERICAN IN PARIS (1951)—The Academy Award-winning musical, directed by Vincente Minnelli, about a romance between an American painter (Gene Kelly) and a French girl (Leslie Caron). Too fancy and overblown (there's a ballet with scenes in the styles of Dufy, Renoir, Utrillo, Rousseau, van Gogh, and Toulouse-Lautrec), but the principal performers are in fine form, and the Gershwin music keeps everything good-spirited. Georges Guétary sings a super-elegant version of "I'll Build a Stairway to Paradise." With Nina Foch as a rich, decadent American, and Oscar Levant thumping away hap-

pily on the piano. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 31.)

ARTHUR—With Dudley Moore and Liza Minnelli, directed by Steve Gordon. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Beekman, R.K.O. 86th St., Greenwich Playhouse, and Criterion Theatres.)

ATLANTIC CITY—The story is a prankish wish-fulfillment fantasy about prosperity—what it does to cities, what it can do for people. It takes the director, Louis Malle, a little while to set up the crisscrossing of the major characters, but once he does the film operates by its own laws in its own world, and it has a lovely fizziness. Everything goes wrong and comes out right. The casting is superb. As an old numbers runner who dreams of the days when he was a flunky and bodyguard for big-time racketeers, Burt Lancaster gives what is probably his funniest (and finest) performance. Susan Sarandon plays an uneducated girl studying to become a croupier, and for once her googly-eyed, slightly stupefied look seems perfect. With Kate Reid, Hollis McLaren, Robert Joy, Michel Piccoli, and many fine character actors. Cinematography by Richard Ciupka. (4/6/81) (Quad Cinema.)

BEST FOOT FORWARD (1943)—No one who saw it is likely to have forgotten "Buckle Down Winsokki"—the best of all the school songs in all the cheery-silly, hip-hip-hoorah musicals. The women excel in this one, an M-G-M picture with a cast that includes Lucille Ball, June Allyson, Gloria De Haven, and Nancy Walker. William Gaxton and Harry James and his orchestra are also in it, and Eddie Buzzell directed. (Art; July 23-25.)

THE BIG BROADCAST OF 1938—One of the best of the pleasantly anarchic Paramount vaudeville shows. This one features W. C. Fields, Kirsten Flagstad, Martha Raye, Dorothy Lamour, and Bob Hope and Shirley Ross singing "Thanks for the Memory," and most of it takes place on an ocean liner. Mitchell Leisen directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 31.)

BLOODBROTHERS (1978)—The director, Robert Mulligan, is trying for something crude, powerful, volatile—but it goes terribly wrong. The story is of a brawling Italian Catholic family living in Co-op City, in the Bronx, and the actors—Richard Gere as the sensitive, imaginative nineteen-year-old, and Tony Lo Bianco as his father, and Paul Sorvino as his uncle—pour on the Mediterranean sensuality and act at their highest pitch. The father and uncle, who are electricians on construction jobs, are frustrated, boozing, skirt-chasing,

braggart hardhats; the boy is trying to save himself. This is an ethnic variant of all those the-summer-the-adolescent-became-a-man pictures, done in a messagey, exploitation manner. People in it laugh with hysterical heartiness, or they've learned their lessons and say things like "Life can hurt. It's made me feel close to all those doin' the hurtin' dance." Gere's performance is all mannerisms—defenseless, sunshiny grins and juvenile torment. Lo Bianco is reaching so frenziedly for large-scale emotions that he seems three feet off the ground, and Sorvino appears to equate hardhat with wide-eyed simpleton. The only actor who gets inside his role is Kenneth McMillan, in the minor part of Banion, the crippled barkeep. With Lelia Goldoni, Marilu Henner, Michael Hersheve, Robert Englund, Yvonne Wilder, and Floyd Levine. From Richard Price's novel, adapted by Walter Newman. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; July 28-29.)

BLOW OUT—With John Travolta and Nancy Allen, directed by Brian De Palma. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews 34th St. Showplace, Loews New York, Quad Cinema, Loews 83rd Quad, and Loews State; starting July 24.)

BLOW-UP (1966)—When the film came out, Michelangelo Antonioni's mixture of suspense with vagueness and confusion seemed to have had a numbing fascination for some people, which they associated with art and intellectuality. He conducts a leisurely tour of "swinging" London, lingering over the flashiest routes and dawdling over a pot party and a mini-orgy, while ponderously suggesting that the mod scene represents a condition of spiritual malaise in which people live only for the sensations of the moment. Yet despite Antonioni's negativism, the world he presents looks harmless, and sex without "connecting" doesn't really seem so bad. The best part of the movie is an ingeniously edited sequence in which the fashion-photographer hero (David Hemmings) blows up a series of photographs and discovers that he has inadvertently photographed a murder. With Vanessa Redgrave, Sarah Miles, Verushka, Jane Birkin, and Peter Bowles. Freely adapted by Antonioni and Tonino Guerra from a short story by Julio Cortázar, with English dialogue by Edward Bond. Cinematography by Carlo Di Palma. (Olympia Quad 1; July 29-30.)

CITY LIGHTS (1931)—The famous Chaplin item. The mime is wonderful, the lonely use of sound for a swallowed whistle at a party is wonderful, the sight gags are wonderful; the sentimentality about the blind girl (Virginia



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Cherrill) is faintly frightening. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 30.)

COVER GIRL (1944)—The wartime plot about hoofers and models is a shambles, and there's a prolonged flashback to the Gay Nineties that is almost ruinous, but this big, showy Technicolor musical from Columbia has a lot to recommend it: Rita Hayworth, Gene Kelly, Phil Silvers, and songs by Ira Gershwin and Jerome Kern, including "Put Me to the Test" and the slippy but affecting "Long Ago and Far Away." Kelly and Silvers are a livelier team than Kelly and Hayworth, though she does look sumptuous, and her big smile could be the emblem of the period. The cast includes Lee Bowman, Otto Kruger, Eve Arden, Edward Brophy, Jinx Falkenburg, and dozens of celebrated models. Charles Vidor directed; Virginia Van Upp wrote the script; Stanley Donen, Kelly, Seymour Felix, and Jack Cole staged the dances; Nan Wynn dubbed Hayworth's singing. (Art; July 30-Aug. 1.)

DEVI (1962)—Satyajit Ray's dreamily sensual, ironic film about Indian superstitiousness was originally banned from export until Nehru interceded. The story, about a wealthy man who convinces his son's bride (Sharmila Tagore) that she is an incarnation of the goddess Kali, has startling Freudian undertones. Ray's feeling for the intoxicating beauty within the disintegrating way of life of the nineteenth-century landowning class makes this one of the rare, honest films about decadence. In Bengali. (New Yorker; July 23.)

DRAGONSLAYER—It's like reading a fairy tale that has the mixture of happiness and trauma to set your imagination whirling; the fire-breathing dragon—scaly, winged, huge—is more mysterious, probably, than any we could have imagined for ourselves. The setting is Britain during the Dark Ages. Ralph Richardson is Ulrich the Sorcerer, who receives a delegation from the remote Kingdom of Urland, which has been ravaged by the monster. The sorcerer's apprentice (Peter MacNicol) goes forth to face the dragon, but he's just a kid who's in over his head. Ulrich and the dragon are the two great antagonists in this movie—probably the only movie in which Richardson shows the full, magnificent balminess that has marked his recent stage appearances. In the terms this film sets, it's almost completely successful. The producer, Hal Barwood, and the director, Matthew Robbins, wrote the script. With Caitlin Clarke as Valerian, Peter Eyre as the King, Chloe Salaman as the princess, John Hallam as Tyrian, and Sydney Bromley as Old Hodge. (7/13/81) (Loews New York, Little Carnegie, and Embassy 1; through July 23. . . . ¶ New Yorker, and Embassy; starting July 24.)

THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK (1980)—Darth Vader rallies his Star Ships, Probe Droids, and heavy-breathing malevolence to make more trouble for Han Solo, Princess Leia, C-3PO, R2-D2, and Chewbacca, while Luke Skywalker is detained on the planet Dagobah by his Force seminars with a two-foot-tall, eight-hundred-year-old Jedi master named Yoda. This second installment of the "Star Wars" saga is slightly encumbered by some mythic and neo-Sophoclean overtones, but its inventiveness, humor, and special effects are scarcely less inspired than those of its phenomenally successful predecessor, which is great news for kids and for us all. George Lucas, who is the Wagner of this intergalactic "Götterdämmerung," was the producer and presiding writer this time, and he and director Irvin Kershner have kept things moving at near-Hyper Drive speed, suggesting that the epic may hold us enthralled even through its promised seven further episodes. With Mark Hamill, Carrie Fisher, Harrison Ford, Frank Oz (as the voice of the manikin Yoda), and Sir Alec Guinness (as the shade of the fallen Obi-Wan Kenobi). (5/26/80) (Gemini, and Criterion Theatres; starting July 31.)

EYEWITNESS—The director Peter Yates and the writer Steve Tesich are trying to make a new, more meaningful version of a forties melodrama, but their Manhattan-set thriller bogs down in a tangle of plot. The hero must be a first for a Hollywood hero; he's a janitor in an office building. William Hurt (who plays him) has an entertaining flirtation with Sigourney Weaver, as a TV reporter who comes to film a news item about a murder in the building. With Christopher Plummer, Irene Worth,

Morgan Freeman, Steven Hill, Pamela Reed, and Kenneth McMillan. (3/23/81) (Waverly, and New Yorker; through July 23.)

FORBIDDEN PLANET (1956)—The best of the science-fiction interstellar productions of the fifties lifted its plot and atmosphere from Shakespeare: the magical island of "The Tempest" becomes the planet Altair-4, where the sky is green and the sand is pink and there are two moons. The magician Prospero becomes the mad scientist Morbius (Walter Pidgeon); Prospero's daughter, Miranda, who knows no man except her father, is Altaira (Anne Francis); and (though this is less clear) the sprite, Ariel, becomes Robby, the friendly robot. Caliban has become a marvelously flamboyant monster out of Freud—pure id. It's a pity the film, directed by Fred Wilcox, didn't lift some of Shakespeare's dialogue; the language is flat. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; July 26-28. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; July 29.)

FOR YOUR EYES ONLY—The twelfth James Bond film goes through the motions, but not only are we tired of them, the actors are tired of them—even the machines are tired. It has got to the point where if the machines do something they haven't done before, we've seen it before anyway. Roger Moore, who is Bond again, is a dutiful, passive actor; his idea of Bond's imperturbable cool is, the same as playing dead. And the producers have erred in deciding on a simpler, more realistic package, without dazzling sets or a big, mad, supervillain. The heroine (Carole Bouquet) is a lovely tall brunette who photographs like a goddess but has no more animation than the hero; the only jazziness in the movie comes from Lynn-Holly Johnson, playing a teen-age trollop who's a champion ice skater. With Topol, Julian Glover, Jill Bennett, Cassandra Harris, and Janet Brown as the Prime Minister. Directed by John Glen; written by Richard Maibaum and Michael Wilson. (Loews 34th Street Showplace, 86th St. East, and Loews State. . . . ¶ Gemini; through July 30. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; starting July 31.)

FROM MAO TO MOZART—ISAAC STERN IN CHINA—A documentary, edited by Allan Miller and devoted to a tour of China that the violinist made in 1979. It covers not only his own concerts and master classes, with Chinese students playing Western music, but the teaching done by Stern's Chinese counterparts, on traditional Chinese instruments. (D. W. Griffith; through July 23.)

GOING IN STYLE (1979)—George Burns, Art Carney, and Lee Strasberg are three old geezers in Brooklyn who decide to hold up a bank instead of dying of boredom and infirmity, and Burns and Carney then move along to Las Vegas to score a killing at the craps tables. Only the ending of this mild, sentimental little comedy is surprising, but the writing and direction (both by Martin Brest) keep things moving at the proper quiet pace, and the elegant old troupers provide us and themselves with a good deal of pleasure along the way. With Charles Hallahan and Anthony D. Call. (12/31/79) (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; July 22.)

GRAND HOTEL (1932)—From her first line, "I have never been so tired in my life," Greta Garbo sets the movie in vibration with her extraordinary sensual presence. ("Made-moiselle Hamlet," Alice B. Toklas called her.) Garbo plays a *première danseuse* whose career is fading—a weary, disillusioned woman briefly reconciled to life by a passion for a shady nobleman: John Barrymore. Garbo was only twenty-six when she played this role (Barrymore was fifty), but the fatigue, the despair seem genuine. There is every reason to reject "Grand Hotel" as an elaborate chunk of artifice; there are no redeeming qualities in Vicki Baum's excruciating concepts of character and fate, and anyone who goes to see this movie expecting an intelligent script, or even "good acting," should have his head examined. Most of the actors give impossibly bad performances—they chew up the camera. But if you want to see what screen glamour used to be, and what, originally, "stars" were, this is perhaps the best example of all time. "Grand Hotel" is still entertaining because of the same factor that made it a huge hit in its day (it even won the Academy Award as Best Picture): the force of the personalities involved in the omnibus story. As a secretary working in the hotel,

there is a startlingly sexy minx named Joan Crawford, who bears only a slight resemblance to the later zombie of that name; at twenty-five, she still connected with other actors, and her scenes with Lionel Barrymore (in one of his rare likable performances: he's a dying man spending his life savings on a last fling) show a real rapport. The fifth star is Wallace Beery, as a brutal, crooked tycoon; he overacts mightily and charmlessly. Also in the cast are Lewis Stone, Jean Hersholt, Raffaella Ottiano, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Frank Conroy, Tully Marshall, Purnell Pratt, Morgan Wallace, Robert McWade, and Edwin Maxwell. Striding through it all is a living legend of the screen: Garbo, in her chinchilla polo coat, with her drawn face and wrinkled forehead and her anguished "I want to be alone." (Her clothes seem to get in her way, and there's a ridiculous little bobby pin that keeps her hair firmly in place during her big love scenes with Barrymore.) Directed by Edmund Goulding from William A. Drake's adaptation of Vicki Baum's "Menschen im Hotel," cinematography by William Daniels; art direction by Cedric Gibbons; gowns by Adrian. (A 1945 remake was called "Weekend at the Waldorf.") (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; July 26-28. . . . Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 30.)

HISTORY OF THE WORLD—PART I—An all-out assault on taste and taboo. Mel Brooks is the writer, the director, and the star of this series of bawdy sketches. It's a floating burlesque show that travels from one era to the next, lampooning the particular infamies of each age. Brooks is Moses, a singing and dancing Torquemada, Louis XVI, and Comicus, a standup philosopher who performs for Nero—played by Dom DeLuise, embracing rottenness with blissful abandon. Also with Gregory Hines, Bea Arthur, Madeline Kahn, Paul Mazursky, Ron Carey, Sid Caesar, Cloris Leachman, Harvey Korman, Spike Milligan, and John Hurt. (6/29/81) (Criterion Theatres. . . . Sutton, Loews 83rd Quad, and Olympia Quad; through July 30. . . . 72nd Street East; starting July 31.)

THE HOWLING—This werewolves-in-California movie has a spooky erotic tone and isn't afraid of being silly—which is its chief charm. The director, Joe Dante, seems a mixture—in just about equal parts—of talent, amateurishness, style, and flake. You're entertained continuously, though you don't feel the queasy, childish dread that is part of the dirty kick of the horror genre. There are no embarrassments in the cast, which includes Patrick Macnee as a plump, bland psychiatrist; Dee Wallace as a pretty blond TV newscaster; Dick Miller as a gabby bookshop owner; Elisabeth Brooks as a fiery slut; and Christopher Stone, John Carradine, Kevin McCarthy, Slim Pickens, and Dennis Dugan. When the characters turn into werewolves, they transform on camera: you see the stages they go through—growing fur and fangs, their chests expanding and their teeth yellowing—and you see each long snout shoot out of the face like a locomotive. It's a funny, elegant effect, devised by Rob Bottin. John Sayles, who rewrote the Terence H. Winkless script, based on the novel by Gary Brandner, appears as an attendant at the morgue; Roger Corman, for whom Dante, Sayles, Bottin, and the editor, Mark Goldblatt, all worked on the 1978 "Piranha," turns up waiting outside a phone booth. (5/4/81) (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; July 30-31.)

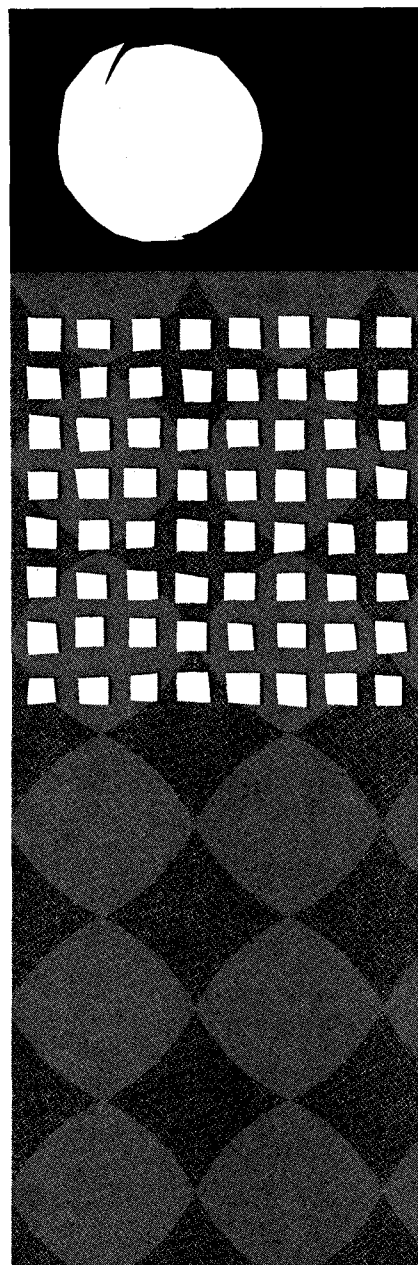
MANPOWER (1941)—This is one of those rough-neck melodramas about two men friends who both fall for the same woman. Marlene Dietrich comes out of prison after serving a year

for theft and gets involved with Edward G. Robinson and his buddy, George Raft, who are Los Angeles light-and-power-company linemen; the hackneyed situation isn't improved by a tragic ending—Robinson attacks Raft on a high-tension tower during a storm. Dietrich has never seemed more foolishly miscast than in her bungalow apron, baking biscuits for good, honest Robinson. She's so thin she's wraithlike, and her face is a cold, bored mask; Robinson doesn't give a bad performance, but he's playing a crippled, over-eager, good-hearted fellow—the sort of virtuous character nobody wants to watch. Raoul Walsh directed; Richard Macaulay and Jerry Wald concocted the script—obviously out of such films as the 1932 "Tiger Shark" (also with Robinson) and the many versions of "They Knew What They Wanted." With Alan Hale, Eve Arden, Ward Bond, Frank McHugh, Faye Emerson, Barton MacLane, Joyce Compton, Walter Catlett, Anthony Quinn, and Barbara Pepper. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 29.)

THE MASK OF FU MANCHU (1932)—Fortunately, Boris Karloff doesn't seem to take his Oriental accoutrements too seriously. As the sinister Dr. Fu Manchu's daughter, Myrna Loy isn't as archly bemused as Karloff, but she's fun to see in her slinky getup. A tolerable, campy entertainment, with Karen Morley, Lewis Stone, Jean Hersholt, and, in the juvenile lead, Charles Starrett, who has a perfect profile and is a perfectly deadly actor. Charles Brabin and Charles Vidor directed; from the Sax Rohmer story. (Regency; July 28-29.)

MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS (1944)—Judy Garland, sprightly and vocal, in an excellent musical-comedy adaptation of Sally Benson's stories. With Margaret O'Brien as Tootie, whose Halloween adventure is the high point of the movie. Directed by Vincente Minnelli. (Art; July 23-25.)

MODERN TIMES (1936)—After "City Lights," which was silent, with a musical accompaniment and sound effects, Charlie Chaplin was absent from the screen for five years; he returned in triumph with this rambunctious comedy, in which he still doesn't speak, although he uses background sounds and, as a singing waiter in a crowded cabaret, he does a wonderful jabberwocky patter song that you can't get out of your head. (It is, of course, a demonstration of how unnecessary words are.) Influenced by René Clair's "A Nous la Liberté," Chaplin opens the film with a satire on the dehumanizing effects of technology (the machines speak—they whirl and pound and screech), but Chaplin is far more basic and sadistic than Clair. As a worker on an assembly line, Charlie the tramp is run through the gears of a huge machine and is force-fed by an experimental time-saving contraption that splashes soup in his face and shoves corn on the cob into his mouth. He can't take a second off work to scratch himself without turning the whole plant into chaos; after a long stretch of tightening screws, he becomes a robot who runs to tighten the buttons he sees on women. The picture is about the social disorders of the thirties, and there are clashes between the unemployed and the police, and a gag about a Communist demonstration, yet it's one of the happiest and most lighthearted of the Chaplin pictures—partly because his new leading lady, Paulette Goddard, who is listed as "a Gamin," has a beautiful grin and a bouncy, outgoing personality. And with the use of more sound, Chaplin seems to drop some of his pathos; this picture doesn't pull at your heartstrings—it has the spirit of a good vaudeville show, and the tramp doesn't lose



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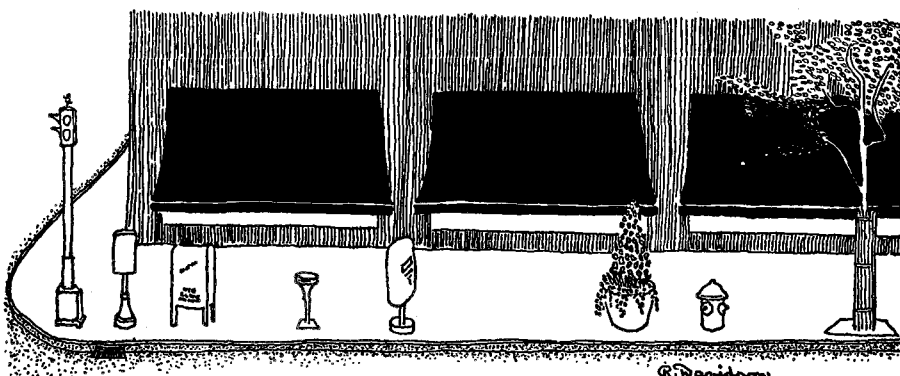
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

out at the end (he gets his gamin). Produced, written, and directed by Chaplin, who also takes credit for the music. With Henry Bergman as the café proprietor, Chester Conklin as the mechanic, and Hank Mann as one of the burglars. (Cinema Village; July 26-28. . . . Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 30.)

NEW YORK, NEW YORK (1977)—An honest failure. This United Artists big-budget musical film, directed by Martin Scorsese, suffers from too many conflicting intentions. Scorsese works within the artifices of forties movie-musical romances and stylizes the sets in order to emphasize the shot-on-a-soundstage look. Evoking the movie past, he's trying to get at the dark side that was left out of the old cliché plots. But the improvisational, Cassavetes-like psychodrama that develops between the stars (Robert De Niro and Liza Minnelli) seems hollow and makes us uneasy, and sequences go on covering the same uncertain ground. De Niro plays a restless hipster, a tenor-sax player who's frustrated in the big-band era—he's already into the progressive bop that's not yet accepted. Minnelli is a big-band singer who becomes popular with a wide audience through records and in musical movies. The story is about their meeting at a VJ Day celebration, their marriage, its dissolution, and their diverging musical paths. With Diahnne Abbott as the Harlem Club singer, Lionel Stander, Barry Primus, Mary Kay Place, Lenny Gaines, George Memmoli, and George Auld, who gives a good, sour performance as the jaundiced bandleader and also dubs De Niro's sax. In addition to some mellow big-band standards, there are new songs by John Kander and Fred Ebb. The screenplay started with Earl Mac Rauch; then Mardik Martin, the cast, and others worked on it. The cinematography is by Laszlo Kovacs; Irving Lerner and Marcia Lucas were the editors. (The film is dedicated to Lerner, who died during the final editing stages.) (Lincoln Plaza.)

NIJINSKY (1980)—A lavish, chocolatey, unconvincing portrait of the great dancer at the height of his career and the beginning of his madness (1912-13), when he made a celebrated debut in "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," did the choreography for Stravinsky's "Le Sacre du Printemps," and broke with his mentor and lover Diaghilev as the result of his own unexpected marriage. The director, Herbert Ross, a former choreographer, has unaccountably damaged his cause by interrupting most of the movie's ballet sequences with camera tricks and by his selection of a youthful dancer, George de la Peña, to portray the undanceable, and apparently unactable title role. The picture is enjoyable for its colors and music and grand Edwardian interiors, and for a dominant performance by Alan Bates as the sensual, bullying Diaghilev, but it disappoints us by converting art and genius into the stuff of a homosexual costume drama. With Leslie Browne (as Romola de Pulszky), Alan Badel, Carla Fracci, Ronald Pickup, and Anton Dolin. (3/24/80) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 28.)

OUTLAND—Science fiction set in a morally grimy future that is conceived as a continuation of capitalist exploitation in space. Sean Connery is the new federal district marshal on Io (a volcanic moon of Jupiter), who learns that Peter Boyle, the boss of the mines on Io, is selling the workers amphetamines that keep them speeding for ten or eleven months, until they go berserk and kill themselves or attack others. Peter Hyams, who directed, knows how to stage chases and fights. But he also wrote the script, which deadens everything and doesn't even make sense. It's a noisy, somber film, with an element of the repugnant (the high spots are the horrible deaths), but with good performances by Connery, Frances Sternhagen as a sour, snappish doctor, and James B. Sikking as Connery's sergeant. (6/29/81) (72nd Street East, and Criterion Theatres; through July 23.)

RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The time is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his arch-enemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Kinesthetically, the film gets to you,

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but there's no exhilaration, and no surge of feeling at the end. With Karen Allen as Marion, John Rhys-Davies as Sallah, and Ronald Lacey as Toht. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by George Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (6/15/81) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza. . . . Baronet; through July 30.)

RED RIVER (1948)—A magnificent horse opera—one of the more elaborate celebrations of those trail-blazing episodes that Hollywood used to glorify as "historical events"—this time it's the mid-nineteenth-century first cattle drive up the Chisholm Trail. (The cattle in this production are not to be passed over lightly: they are impressive, and they were very expensive. Six thousand head were rented at ten dollars a day each—and then it rained and rained while the cattle waited and the film's cost rose from \$1,750,000 to \$3,200,000. Figures like that help make a movie an epic.) The director, Howard Hawks, structures the drive as an exciting series of stampedes, Indian battles, and gunfights, with a ferocious climax in the fight between the two principals—John Wayne, as the father, and Montgomery Clift, as the adopted son. A lot of it is just terrible, but Clift—in his most aggressively sexual screen performance—is angular and tense and audacious, and the other actors brawl amusingly in the strong-silent-man tradition. Russell Harlan's photography makes the rolling plains the true hero; the setting has epic grandeur. The screenplay is by Borden Chase and Charles Schnee, from Chase's story "The Chisholm Trail," but as Chase admitted, it's actually "Mutiny on the Bounty" turned into a Western, with Wayne as Captain Bligh and Clift as Fletcher Christian. The cast includes Walter Brennan, Harry Carey, Coleen Gray, John Ireland, and frantic Joanne Dru, who acts as if the Old West were Greenwich Village. Music by Dimitri Tiomkin. (Thalia; July 31-Aug. 1.)

ROBERTA (1935)—Astaire and Rogers; Irene Dunne singing in white foxes and satin; and Randolph Scott, Helen Westley, and Claire Dodd. The apparatus is a bit heavy, but the Jerome Kern music includes "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" and "Lovely to Look At." Best of all is the dance to "I'll Be Hard to Handle." William Seiter directed. (Art; July 28-29.)

SERIAL (1980)—What may just possibly be happening among the aging swingers of Marin County, California, where everyone appears to be rich and amorous as well as foolish. Directed by Bill Persky, with Martin Mull and Tuesday Weld. (4/14/80) (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; July 22.)

SHOW BOAT (1936)—Despite (or is it perhaps because of?) the Edna Ferber plot, with its heartbreaks and coincidences, this classic musical melodrama with the Jerome Kern songs is hard to resist in any of its many versions. This one from Universal (which is far superior to the 1951 M-G-M version) features Irene Dunne and Allan Jones, but its greatest attractions are Paul Robeson as Joe and the marvellous Julie of Helen Morgan. James Whale directed, and the cast includes



Anne Briggs

Charles Winninger, Helen Westley, Hattie McDaniel, and Donald Cook. (Art; July 28-29.)

SMALL CHANGE (1976)—François Truffaut's series of sketches on the general theme of the resilience of children turns out to be that rarity—a poetic comedy that's really funny. Truffaut's deadpan, disjointed style is quicker and surer than ever before; the kids seem to be photographed in the act of inventing slapstick. There's a serious side (the story of a mistreated boy) that's a failure, and Truffaut's view of childhood innocence has elements of middle-class preciousness, but the jokes make the film worth seeing. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 27.)

S.O.B.—A sour mixture of slapstick, cynicism, and sentimentality. Robert Preston covers his thick head of graying hair with glory in the role of a hearty, imperturbable Dr. Feelgood, who gives all-purpose injections; Larry Storch has a bright scene as a guru; and Robert Mulligan is involved in a few funny sight gags. He plays a producer who cracks up after his hugely expensive film starring his wife (Julie Andrews) opens and closes practically simultaneously; wandering about his Malibu home in a suicidal stupor, he sinks through a hole in the second-story bedroom floor that has been covered with a large rug and lands gracefully in the middle of an orgy. But Blake Edwards, who wrote and directed this broadside against Hollywood, uses a tired plot about turning the disastrous picture into a hit by having Julie Andrews bare her breasts; he's snide in a square, unfunny way—he thinks he's showing us how corrupt the movie business is by casting Shelley Winters as a treacherous woman agent who wears tent-size caftans and shares her bed with a cutie-pie black woman. The picture is acknowledged to be based on Edwards' own experiences when his picture "Darling Lili" was a colossal flop. But "Darling Lili" wasn't a flop for the reason suggested—that it was innocent and charming at a time when the dirty-minded public wanted nudity and sex. (As a matter of bleak record, Julie Andrews did a striptease in "Darling Lili" that wasn't so very different from the breast-baring here.) With William Holden, Marisa Berenson, Larry Hagman, Stuart Margolin, Robert Loggia, Loretta Swit, Benson Fong, Robert Vaughn, Robert Webber, and John Pleshette, and the director's daughter, Jennifer Edwards, as Lila. (Coronet, and Festival. . . . Movieland; through July 30. . . . Criterion Theatres; starting July 31.)

STRAIGHT TIME (1978)—Dustin Hoffman gives what is possibly his finest (and most demanding) performance up to this time as Max Dembo, a paroled robber. Based on the novel "No Beast So Fierce" by a former convict named Edward Bunker (who plays the part of Mickey), the film provides a ruthlessly objective view of Max—a man with closer psychosexual relations to people in the prison world, such as his viciously zealous parole officer (M. Emmet Walsh), than he could ever have with outsiders, such as the scrubbed-faced girl (Theresa Russell) who takes up with him. The script (a synthesis of the efforts of Alvin Sargent, Bunker, and Jeffrey Boam) has first-rate, hardheaded, precise, sometimes funny dialogue, but it errs in bringing this girl too much to the center. Dramatically, the film lacks snap; there isn't enough tension in the way Max destroys his freedom, and so the story drags—it seems to have nowhere to go but down. The director, Ulu Grosbard, falters in most aspects of film technique, and he doesn't shape the material: he doesn't enable us to feel what we recognize intellectually—that the movie is really about life inside prison. But he excels in handling actors: scenes between Hoffman and Harry Dean Stanton (as an ex-convict) and between Hoffman and Gary Busey (as a junkie ex-convict) are performed superlatively. And Hoffman's acting suggests that he could have gone much further in "Lenny" if he'd been encouraged to; as the mean and unyielding Max, he even uses his voice well—softening it for a held-in, distrustful-of-talk effect. With Sandy Baron, Kathy Bates, Rita Taggart, Corey Rand, and Jacob Busey. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; July 28-29.)

STRIPES—Bill Murray as a wreck of a hipster who has screwed up his life and is in terrible physical condition. Having nothing better to do, he enlists in the Army to get back in shape,

and he cons his buddy, played by Harold Ramis, into joining up, too. The picture is just a flimsy, thrown-together service comedy about smart misfits trying to do things their own way in the Army. But it has a lot of snappy lines (the script is by Len Blum, Dan Goldberg, and Ramis), the director, Ivan Reitman, keeps things hopping (it's untidy but it doesn't lag), and the performers are a wily bunch of professional flakes. The story comes to a natural end with the recruits' commencement exercises; afterward, when the platoon is whipping around Europe, the action is standard farce. Yet even when the plot goes all over the place some funny lines turn up. With John Candy (the big-blob charmer from the Second City revue), Warren Oates as the drill sergeant, Sean Young, and P. J. Soles. (7/13/81) (Loews New York, 57th St. Playhouse, and National. . . .) Loews 34th Street Showplace; through July 23. . . . Gramercy; July 24-30. . . . Loews 83rd Quad, and Olympia Quad; starting July 24.)

THE STUNT MAN—A virtuoso piece of kinetic moviemaking. Working with material that could, with a few false steps, have turned into a tony reality-and-illusion puzzle, the director, Richard Rush, has kept it all rowdy and funny—it's slapstick metaphysics. Lawrence B. Marcus's script, freely adapted from the Paul Brodeur novel, is about paranoia and the making of movies; Steve Railsback is the fugitive who becomes a stunt man, and Peter O'Toole is the flamboyant, fire-eater director who, Railsback thinks, is out to kill him. Playing a protean figure—visionary, fierce-tempered, and ornery, yet ethereal and fey—O'Toole gives a peerless comic performance. With Allen Goorwitz as the dumpling scriptwriter who plays Sancho Panza to O'Toole's Don Quixote, Barbara Hershey, and Alex Rocco. (9/29/80) (Waverly, and New Yorker; through July 23.)

SUPERMAN II—It has charm and a lot of entertaining kinkiness, too. Richard Lester, who directed this sequel to "Superman," brings it one light touch after another, and pretty soon the movie has a real spirit—what you wished the first had had. Christopher Reeve, who brings emotional depth to Superman, pulls a switch on the material: Kryptonian that he is, Superman is the only human being in the movie. By the end, he's no longer a square; he has suffered humiliation and grown up—you come out of the picture thinking about Superman's feelings. And Reeve has become a smoothie: his transitions from Clark Kent to Superman and back are now polished comedy routines. Gene Hackman gives a juicy performance as the bald, shyster clown Lex Luthor, who tries to make a deal with the three archfiend Kryptonians in their black high-punk jumpsuits—Terence Stamp as General Zod, Jack O'Halloran as Non, and Sarah Douglas as the sadistic tease Ursa. This Ursa has the kind of face cameras worship, and she does her dirty deeds with blasé nonchalance and the merest flick of a malicious smile. The picture grows faster and quirkier as it moves along. With Margot Kidder as Lois Lane. (The special effects are highly variable in quality, and the film is visually very disappointing.) (7/13/81) (Murray Hill, Manhattan, Loews Orpheum, and R.K.O. Cinerama. . . .) Loews 83rd Quad; through July 30.)

SWING TIME (1936)—Rogers and Astaire at their peak as a team. The continuity is functional and uninspired, but the numbers are sublime ("The Way You Look Tonight," "Bojangles of Harlem," "A Fine Romance," "Pick Yourself Up," "Never Gonna Dance"). George Stevens directed; the songs are by Dorothy Fields and Jerome Kern; and the cast includes Helen Broderick, Victor Moore, and Betty Furness. (Art; July 30-Aug. 1.)

TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY (1946)—This monster thing, spawned at M-G-M, was meant to be the life of Jerome Kern. Robert Walker was the actor given the role (unlucky Walker was also miscast as Brahms), and he was surrounded by an all-star troupe that included Judy Garland, Lena Horne, Van Johnson, Dinah Shore, Tony Martin, June Allyson, and Frank Sinatra, who, in perhaps the most ill-conceived sequence in this staggeringly ill-conceived venture, sings "Ol' Man River" in white tie and white tails. There are twenty-two songs by Kern, most of them reasonably well performed, but not one performed memorably. Richard Whorf directed; Vincente Minnelli staged some of the sequences. (Art; July 26-27.)

THE TIME MACHINE (1960)—Entertaining George

Pal sci-fi, loosely derived from the H. G. Wells novel and set at about the time the book was written—1895. The plush Victorian furnishings in the home of the time-travelling scientist (Rod Taylor) are contrasted with the catacombs of the cannibalistic future, where Yvette Mimieux is a dainty morsel on the menu. The machine itself is a beauty, with a red velvet seat and gadgets made of ivory and rock crystal, and the time-travel effects help to make this film one of the best of its kind. However, it deteriorates into comic-strip grotesqueries when the fat, ogreish future race of Morlocks torments the effete, platinum-blond, vacant-eyed race of Eloi. With Alan Young, Sebastian Cabot, and Whit Bissell. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 29.)

USED CARS—A classic screwball fantasy—a neglected modern comedy that's like a more restless and visually higher-spirited version of the W. C. Fields pictures. (The Fields title "Never Give a Sucker an Even Break" sums up the theme.) The director, Robert Zemeckis, and his co-writer and producer, Bob Gale, have developed a homegrown surrealism out of earlier American slapstick routines. Set in the world of competing used-car dealers in the booming Southwest, this picture has a wonderful, energetic heartlessness; it's an American tall-tale movie in a Pop Art form. The premise is that honesty doesn't exist; if you develop a liking for some of the characters, it's not because of their freedom from avarice but because of their style of avarice. Kurt Russell is the hero: a fast-talking super-salesman who's so rambunctiously, ingeniously crooked that he's a standout—a star in the world of the mendacious. With Jack Warden as twin brothers who run rival lots across the street from each other, and Gerrit Graham, Frank McRae, Deborah Harmon, Al Lewis, Alfonso Arau, Harry Northup, and David L. Lander and Michael McKean as the electronic wizards who devise a way to cut into a Presidential address with used-car commercials. Cinematography by Donald M. Morgan; editing by Michael Kahn. (11/10/80) (St. Marks Cinema; through July 23.)

THE WANDERERS (1979)—The Bronx, 1963: dead-end kids vs. adolescent nightmares, to the music of Dion, the Shirelles, etc. A good adaptation, somewhat more upbeat, of the lurid novel by Richard Price. Directed by Philip Kaufman, who wrote the screenplay with Rose Kaufman. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; July 23-24.)

THE WARRIORS (1979)—Walter Hill's spectacle that takes its story from Xenophon's *Anabasis* and its style from the taste of the modern urban dispossessed—in neon signs, graffiti, and the thrill of gaudiness. The film enters into the spirit of urban-male tribalism and the feelings of kids who believe that they own the streets because they keep other kids out of them. In this vision, cops and kids are all there is, and the worst crime is to be chicken. It has—in visual terms—the kind of impact that "Rock Around the Clock" had when it was played behind the titles of "Blackboard Jungle." It's like visual rock. The action runs from night until dawn, and most of it is in crisp, bright Day-Glo colors against the terrifying New York blackness; the figures stand out like a jukebox in a dark bar. There's a night-blooming, psychedelic shine to the whole baroque movie. Adapted from the Sol Yurick novel. (3/5/79) (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; July 23-24.)

WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION (1958)—Billy Wilder's moderately entertaining version of the Agatha Christie courtroom thriller, with Charles Laughton wiggling his wattles, and Marlene Dietrich, Tyrone Power, Elsa Lanchester, and Una O'Connor. (Regency; July 30-Aug. 1.)

THE WORLD OF APU (1959)—Satyajit Ray's protagonist, Apu, whose consciousness developed from the village life of "Pather Panchali" and the university in "Aparajito," marries the exquisite Sharmila Tagore and grows beyond self-consciousness. Rich and contemplative, and a great, convincing affirmation. In Bengali. (New Yorker; July 23.)

YOU WERE NEVER LOVELIER (1942)—Fred Astaire and Rita Hayworth—with Astaire pursuing her by the route of her matchmaking father, played by Adolphe Menjou. Quite endearing punk, with tunes including "You Were Never Lovelier" itself, "Dearly Beloved," and "I'm Old-Fashioned." (Art; July 26-27.)

ZORRO, THE GAY BLADE—With George Hamilton, directed by Peter Medak. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Gotham Cinema, and Criterion Theatres; starting July 24.)

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THERE are moments when this city can jolt us with the certainty that we'd rather be alive right here and now than anywhere else on earth at any time whatever. Such a moment stretched to a radiant half hour one recent evening as we strolled up Fifth Avenue from our office. When we turned our eyes westward, each side street proffered a differing architectural frame to a brilliant and fiery sunset. To the east, the end of each street held its own enormous full moon—a great pink balloon mottled with lavender-gray, suspended only just at the height of, say, Saks' striped awnings, and bulging to nearly fill the space between the buildings. The luminous and rosy air transcended mere clarity to seem almost viscous. We had the sensation of a universe in balance as we passed between that series of dying Manhattan sunsets and rising Manhattan moons. We swam on a tide of the softly colored reflections they traded so confidently and playfully between them. All the people who were scattered along the Avenue at that moment—the scurrying Japanese businessmen, the tourist couples peering, arm in arm, into shopwindows, and even the weary cleaners vacuuming away inside

the airline offices and the old man who asked us for alms in Italian—had been dropped by chance and the onset of dusk into a magic world. We had the feeling that the lights had gone up on a theatre set and that something most significant was on the point of happening. Gilding sparkled from the black frame of the Victorian façade of Scribners' bookstore, and slanting beams of brightness gave the store's depths a sacrosanct dignity to rival St. Patrick's. Every inch of glass or metal in view beamed back its rosy burnishing. The poles of traffic lights glowed like treasure, and ordinary shoe-store windows looked like jewelers' showcases. The buildings had never appeared more intensely themselves. Pinkness soaked deep to play up textures and patches of light and shadow, while distinctive outlines and eccentric crenellations stood etched against the violet air. Citicorp Center raised a giant silvered finger; within the inky mass of the University Club we could pick out the gaily colored spines of the books in a library; the glass tower at 9 West Fifty-seventh swooped down toward us like a lustrous patent-leather waterfall. We paused. We were a block from the Grand Army Plaza, yet close enough to sense the draftsmanlike detail of the leaves and branches that waved in a halo about

the fountain. A street musician's saxophone wafted out peaceable forties jazz. A pedestrian rounded our corner. Because he looked an agreeable man, we hailed him—perhaps with unseemly agitation. "Have you seen the moon!" we cried, waving toward where the balloon was inching slowly upward over Queens and just beginning to fade from rose to yellow. He was startled but understanding.

EARLY this year, a Frenchman commandeered a helicopter and ordered it flown to a prison outside Paris, where he helped two friends, who were inmates at the time, escape. A few days later, one of the inmates was captured. Recently, the two other men were caught, hiding out in Spain. We saw a report of this on television with a friend. Our friend said, "Wow, that was so daring I am all for it." We could see what he meant. We could see it so clearly that we have made a list of our own of things that are so daring—well . . .

Instead of adding books to school libraries, removing books from school libraries: so daring I'm all for it.

A Secretary of the Interior who actually hates the interior: so daring I'm all for it.

Someone who is against a human-rights policy chosen to be in charge of



our human-rights policy: so daring I'm all for it.

Phil Donahue: so daring I'm all for it.

Mayor Koch: so daring I'm all for it.

Reviving the HUAC: so daring I'm all for it.

Abandoning the Voting Rights Act: so daring I'm all for it.

Revoking the Clean Air Act: so daring I'm all for it.

Suing your parents: so daring I'm all for it.

Writing a book in which you reveal sensational and shameful details of your personal life: so daring I'm all for it.

Tearing down a beautiful old building and putting in its place an ugly new building: so daring I'm all for it.

The arms race: so daring I'm all for it.

World War III: so daring I'm all for it.

Zoo Party

WE spent the cool, breezy evening of Bastille Day up at the Bronx Zoo getting to know Lucy, a cereopsis goose; Brenda, a water monitor lizard; Commander Cody, a three-banded armadillo; and Roy, a wide-eyed baby raccoon. They were the welcoming committee for a delightful small party that the Zoo gave at dusk, an hour after it had closed for the day. The festivities began at Wild Asia Plaza, where four female keepers in Zoo uniforms (dark-brown shirts, khaki slacks) were displaying their charges on a square wooden platform to the arriving guests. Lucy's keeper, Gloria Overgard, told us that Lucy—a large gray bird with a green-and-black beak—was a rare Australian species and had been hand-raised by human beings. "She was imprinted on people shortly after birth, and she thinks other geese are *totally* revolting," Miss Overgard said, scooping up the goose as she started to waddle toward a nearby bar. We turned our attention to Brenda, a ten-pound saurian who was resting comfortably on the hip of her keeper. She had a striped, scaly body, winking yellow eyes, and a pink forked tongue, which supplemented her sense of smell.

"What's her normal diet?" asked a guest.

"We feed her rats and chicks," said her keeper.

Another keeper grabbed Commander Cody, who was dashing toward an exit, and stuffed him into a cat carrier as Dr. William Conway, the general director of the Zoo, picked up a microphone to welcome his guests.

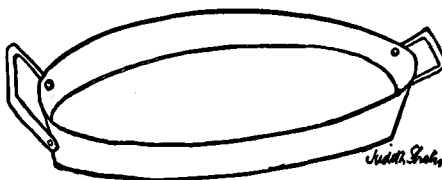
Dr. Conway announced that the program for the evening included a trip through Wild Asia, a forty-acre outdoor exhibit that is viewed from a monorail high above the ground; a visit to the newly opened Children's Zoo; and a picnic dinner at the Wildfowl Terrace. "Many of the animals you will see in Wild Asia are extinct, or nearly extinct, in the wild," he said. "This means that zoos are assuming increasing responsibility for the preservation of endangered species through conservation and selective-breeding programs. We've been breeding axis deer here since 1899 and Himalayan tahr since 1901. More recently, we've become part of the Species Survival Plan, an organization that is using a computer catalogue of animals in participating zoos to develop a program for the breeding of selected endangered species. We also sponsor the Animal Research and Conservation Center, a group of experts who conduct field projects in twenty-six countries which are aimed at helping animals survive in the wild."

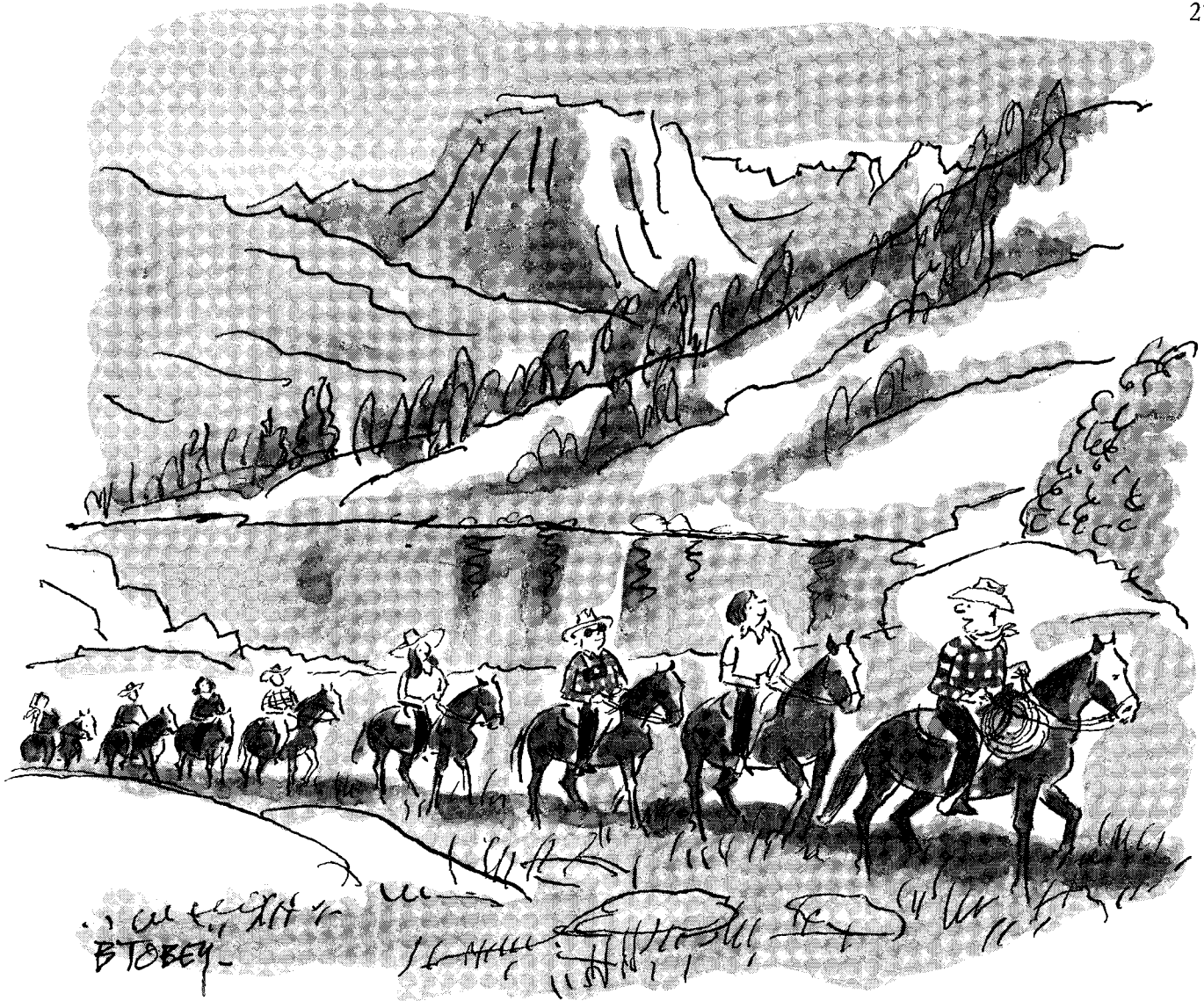
We climbed into a monorail seat for the trip through Wild Asia and found ourselves being whisked across a river ("It's the Bronx, but we think of it as the Irrawaddy," said Dr. Conway, who was addressing the passengers through a loudspeaker) and past the Kanha Meadow, a large, tree-dotted area that contained small white-spotted axis deer, black-buck antelopes with long, wavy horns, red barasingha deer, and Indian painted storks, who were hovering around a large nest. Then we looked down on some delicate Formosan sika deer in the South China Hills ("One of the largest remaining herds in existence"), a group of enormous brown gaur in the Angkor Forest ("There are only about a hundred of these wild cattle in captivity, but we're trying to breed more by transplanting gaur embryos into some domestic Holsteins. We're expecting births shortly"), and a solitary

Siberian tiger, immersed in a rock-lined pool and chomping away at a chunk of raw meat ("There are only two hundred and fifty Siberian tigers left in nature, and about eight hundred in zoos. One of the major questions we have to answer is, can we live with these creatures, can we make a vanishing species survive?"). On to three dusty elephants in the Khao-Yai habitat ("One of the females is pregnant, and since it's hard to determine the time of birth a keeper is always watching her"), two Indian rhinos in the Chitawan Valley, herds of gray nilghai antelopes and tiny barking deer ("They do bark like dogs, and the males have doglike canines, which they use for fighting") in the Rajasthan Uplands, and groups of Himalayan tahr—smallish taupe animals somewhere between sheep and goats—and hooded vultures in the Karakoram Range. "It's time for a civilization whose vultures are dying to take a good, hard look at itself," said Dr. Conway. "Even our native American vulture—the California condor—is on its way out."

Back on the ground, we strolled through the new Children's Zoo, a tree-filled compound that contained exhibits showing how animals see, hear, walk, choose and fix up their homes, and defend and camouflage themselves. There we fell into conversation with a pretty blond ornithologist named Chris Sheppard, who pointed out a flock of diving ducks from Iceland in an outdoor aquarium ("The legs are placed far back on the body for efficient diving") and a gray-and-white African cattle egret perched on a rock beside a pool. "He's a very smart egret," she said. "Even though his wings are clipped, he still manages to fly over to the bisons, which, of course, are his natural habitat." We looked at a screech owl sleeping peacefully behind a glass panel at the top of a tall fake cactus plant, and ended up in a large square that contained pens for geese, donkeys, sheep, and piglets. We asked Miss Sheppard how the Zoo decided how much space to allot to a given species, and she replied that this problem was the subject of a great deal of research. "Some species—deer or lions—are perfectly happy in groups," she said. "Others, including the hummingbird and the tiger, are loners, who have to aggressively stake out large amounts of territory in order to eat and survive."

During dinner—cold chicken, pasta





"President Reagan and Nancy rode this trail. Pass it on."

al pesto, fresh fruit, and white wine—we chatted briefly with John Behler, a herpetologist who had recently returned from Cameroon, and the field biologist Dr. George Schaller, who had been working in China. Mr. Behler told us that he had brought back eighteen goliath frogs from a remote jungle area in southwest Cameroon. "Our biggest American bullfrog weighs one and a half pounds," he said, "but the goliaths, which are olive green to chocolate brown in color, weigh up to ten pounds. The natives say that the largest of them is the size of a newborn baby. They live near plunge pools in mountain streams, and we captured them at night, with native help, using nets and torches."

"Are they happy here?" we asked.

"They're eating," Mr. Behler replied.

We asked him if there was one rare snake that the Herpetology Department was particularly eager to get its hands on, and he replied that the Zoo was always looking for a gigantic reticulated python from Southeast Asia and for a South American anaconda. "We think that snakes over thirty feet long exist, but there are no live ones in captivity," he said. "Now, *that* would be a spectacle appreciated by our visitors."

We asked Dr. Schaller, who has been studying pandas at the Wolong Natural Reserve, in Sichuan, what kind of projects he was involved with, and he told us that, under the sponsorship of the World Wildlife Fund, he had been observing pandas in the wild and helping to set up a captive-breeding facility for the animals. "We have large individual cages and facilities

for artificial insemination," he said. "I've been working to improve fertility with Professor Hu Jing Chu, China's ranking panda expert. I'm learning from him and he's learning from me. The Chinese estimate that there are a thousand pandas in the world, and say that most of the animals that are still in the wild live in a thirty-thousand-square-kilometre reservation in western Sichuan. They are very hard to spot or trace, because they're solitary except when mating and they live almost invisibly—surrounded by tall bamboo, which provides both food and cover. In the past seven months, Professor Hu and I trapped three wild pandas and tagged them with collars bearing radio transmitters before we released them. This will enable us to start finding out more about their habits—how fast they move, how big an area they will need

to survive. It's the first experiment of this kind in China, and I understand that Professor Hu is tracking them night and day."

Big

"THERE'S something about a big art work that can't be reduced to a small one: It's big! It's fifteen feet tall!" George Moore said to us, explaining why he and two other young artists, Frank Shifreen and P. Michael Keane, had organized The Monumental Show, a display of six dozen huge art works and works of performance art in a former munitions factory that rises above the crumbling and decayed industrial flatland around the Gowanus Canal, in Brooklyn. Moore, a tall young man with gentle eyes, who was wearing a bright-yellow shirt, open at the collar, and a narrow-lapelled beige suit, both of which looked as though they might have been made—or, at any rate, designed—a few decades before he was born (he appeared to be in his mid-twenties), and who had a crewcut that signified something other than conservatism, went on, in a mild-man-

nered voice, "Michael Keane had the idea for the show. He felt that, what with the loft situation being so tight, people were tending to do only smaller works—not because they wanted to do them but because space was so cramped. So we decided to put together a show of monumental works. We put an ad in the *Village Voice* and got five hundred responses, which we winnowed down, ending up with the seventy-five or so works that you see here." He gestured behind him, toward an immense, wood-ceilinged white room on the third floor of the munitions factory, where the art works, looking at a glance like rides at a street carnival, were on view. Many were hanging from the ceiling, many were lit up, many were in motion, and a few were saying things. (Just at that moment, we happened to hear the voice of President Roosevelt announcing the attack on Pearl Harbor.) We walked among the works, and saw five life-size clothed plaster dummies sitting on chairs near a television set, with a live person—the artist, Laura Foreman, it turned out—sitting among them; a fly as big as a house, whose body hair consisted of plastic cups and

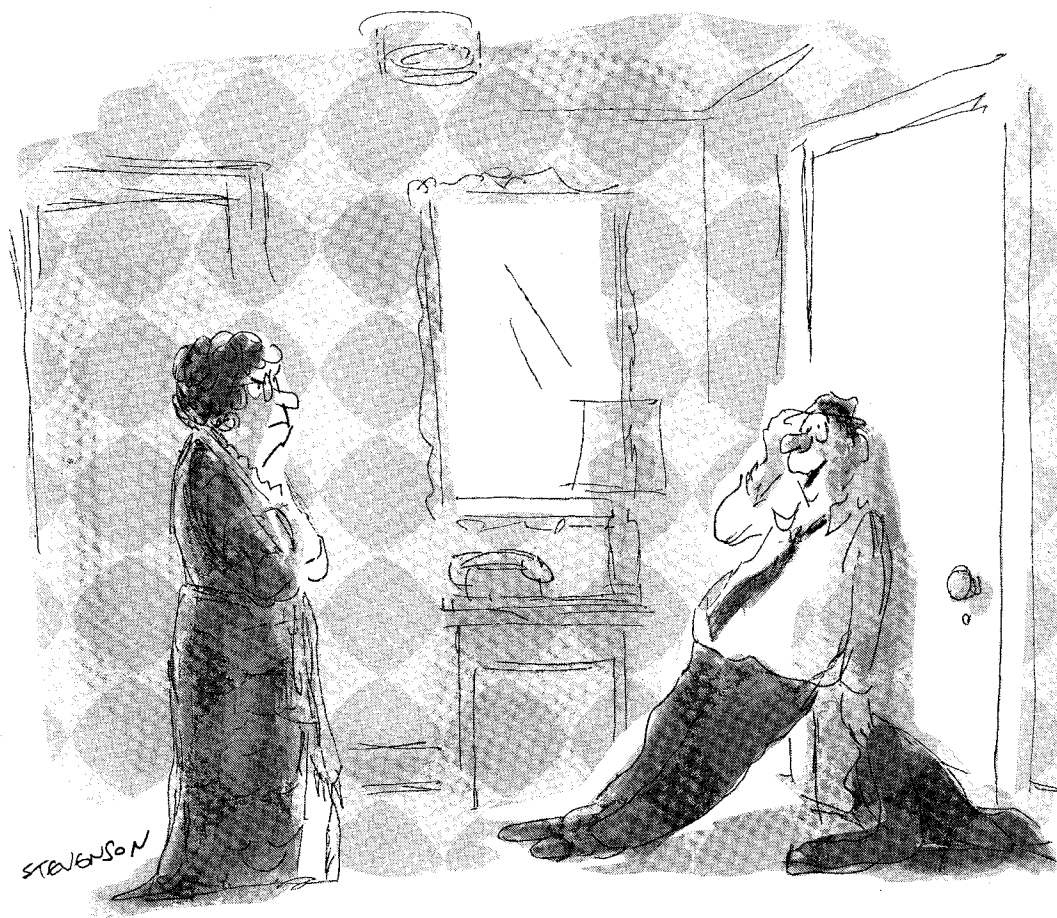
plastic forks, by Duilio Pierri; an eight-by-fourteen-foot painting of waves and sea animals, with waves that slowly moved, by D. R. Jacobson; a silk balloon fifteen feet across and several smaller silk balloons, representing Jupiter and its moons, by David Channon; and a wooden construction, by Jill Shechter, showing a bulldog and a poodle—life-size—sitting down to a large meal of Vaseline, which was heaped up on a platter between them. A number of the works, including a wooden construction that you could walk on, called "Gowanus Memorial to the Last Survivor," by Alan Stoltzfus, had social meanings, and others, such as a representation, by the TODT group, of some sort of laboratory containing a steel sink into which tufts of animal fur had been thrown, had undefined, ominous overtones, and seemed meant to disturb as much as to please.

In an adjoining room, Hiroshi Kariya, a slight man in overalls wearing a samurai-style ponytail, was busy connecting six microphones to a sixty-eight-foot-long and very shallow wooden pool—empty for the moment—which he had wired to two speakers to produce sound. From time to time, as he worked, a sound somewhere between a rumble of thunder and a groan issued from the speakers.

We asked Mr. Kariya if he would tell us something about his work.

"It is called 'The Sound,'" he said (wriggling two fingers on each hand to show the quotation marks around "The"), "and I will fill it with water at eight-thirty tonight. Sound is the meaning of time, because sound is always past. There is nothing future in sound. Experience of the being of time is sound. I think so, anyway. I'm not sure." He laughed.

A doorway gave onto a metal stairway leading down into an inner courtyard, which was overhung by a dilapidated warehouselike building and furnished with a stage. On the stage was a man whose identity was announced by



"I've been trying to buy Conoco."

a sign next to him as Boris Zeldin, preparer of "Deep-Fried Books." In front of him was a rack containing several books that he had just deep-fried in a small vat.

We asked Mr. Zeldin, who was wearing a checked flannel shirt and seemed to be bursting with energy, why he went in for deep-frying books.

"Other things must be prepared—why not books?" he said, with a strong Slavic accent. "I like to fry magazines, too." In his vat, something that looked to us like an old copy of *Newsweek* was being fried.

We asked Mr. Zeldin where he was from.

"From Russia," he said vigorously. "In Russia, you can't fry books. It's a problem. It's why I emigrated."

We returned to the third floor and wandered into a room where Abscam tapes were being shown on a TV screen. Off that was a room whose walls, we discovered when we peered in, were covered with objects very like those usually found in an ordinary kitchen.

"It's strictly functional," a young man at a stove told us.

Small

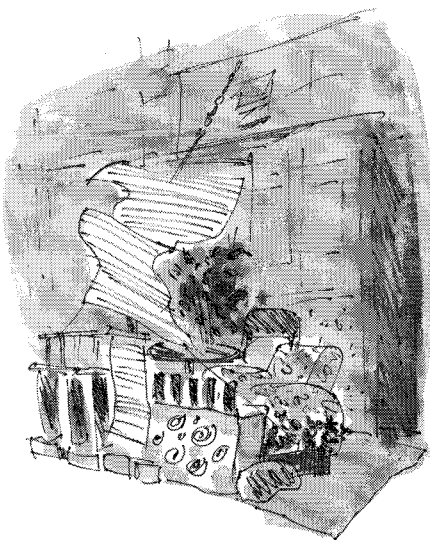
THE smallest sidewalk café in Manhattan (if it is a café) lies only a few blocks away from the crowded outdoor cafés of Columbus Avenue. It has no visible name and has never had any customers when we've gone past, but it displays a lot more style, color, and imagination than the more popular cafés nearby. It has three chairs—a fat easy chair covered in a blue material with yellow flowers, a red folding chair, and a gold folding chair—and one table, small and round, with a brown top and a purple base. A leg of the red chair is chained to the base of the table, and the chain is padlocked. A low wall about eight feet long across the front, parallel to the street, encloses the seating area. Part of this wall is a wooden railing with some slats painted Day-Glo purple and some Day-Glo red; the top of the railing is white. The major portion of the wall is a slab of gray concrete in which large clamshells are embedded. From the top of this part of the wall, several pieces of lathing about four inches long—painted Day-Glo pink—project upward. At the end of the wall is a large hunk of freestanding rough concrete.



A sidewalk-level window box containing about seven different varieties of plants (all doing well) sits at right angles to the wall, further enclosing the café. Next to the gold chair, at the rear of the enclosure, is a potted tree about four feet high. The door to the building is purple with pink trim. The windows are opaque or have been painted over. Under the entire arrangement is a green carpet of the

attached to the white top of the railing and at the other corner by a plain cord tied to a brick. A narrow post helps support the shade in the middle, giving it a flamboyant bulge. A smaller bamboo shade covers a section of the wall.

It was around six in the morning and already hot the last time we stopped to look at the café. Suddenly, the purple door opened and a nearly bald old man with faint traces of white hair came out. He was wearing green trousers and no shirt or shoes, and he was carrying a pair of worn work boots. He gave us a most pleasant greeting and a powerful, leathery handshake. The two of us admired the place for a while together. He said that his name was Jimmy, and that he had built it. It was difficult to understand what he said the first time around, and we didn't want to keep asking him what it was he'd said, so we didn't find out much about the place. We did find out that Jimmy had obtained the clamshells from a fish store up the block. Didn't we think they looked good? We certainly did. He sat down and put on his boots. He said it was going to be too hot to sit outside today. He went inside and emerged with a broom, and started to sweep the green rug. When it was time for us to go, Jimmy grabbed our hand and gave it a fervent shake. "Take care now," he said distinctly, with a big smile. "God bless you!"



wall-to-wall variety; it occupies about a third of the width of the sidewalk.

Overhead, descending from the building wall, is a large natural-color bamboo shade, flying like a spinnaker. It is held down at one corner by a red cord

THE INFLATING

(RATED W—ONLY CHRONIC WORRIERS AND HOLDERS OF
17%-AND-OVER HOME MORTGAGES ADMITTED)

SCENE: A sunny May afternoon in 1966. Bees buzzing in the lilacs, debentures smiling in the borders. The Dollar family—Federal Reserve (known to his friends as F.R.) and Silver—relaxing in the back yard of their suburban home in Bretton Woods. Silver, enceinte, stretched out on a deck chair, watches "Wide World of Sports" on portable television set. F.R., in chef's cap and apron cheerfully imprinted with the Great Seal ("Novus Ordo Seclorum," etc.), at the hibachi in back of two-car garage, brushing barbecue sauce on a roasting chicken. Peering over the hedge can be seen the beaming faces of the Dollars' kindly, concerned neighbors, Arthur and Beatrice Banks.

ARTHUR (beaming): Well, well. A capital scene if I ever saw one.

BEATRICE: And she looks lovelier every day! (Silver looks up, smiling sweetly.)

F.R.: Heh, heh. We didn't believe we could have any issue, you know.

FLASHBACK: The Banks' basement playroom. Cavorting naked drachmas, yen, Deutsche marks, escudos, lire, pounds, guilders, etc. The celebrants cluster around four piastres who carry on their shoulders a stupefied Silver Dollar toward a crude stone altar. As Arthur Banks waves a candelabrum over the pale body and leads a heretical backward recitation, "Etavirp dna cilbup, stbed lla rof rednet lagel si eton siht," the obscene gelatinous green form of excess liquidity begins to materialize before our eyes.

SCENE: A vault deep beneath Fort Knox. Two economists, Harry and George, wearing pith helmets with miner's headlamps, are tapping wall with hammers.

GEORGE: Here?

HARRY (taps hammer next to George): Y-yep. (Hollow place collapses beneath their blows. Dust and rubble settle, revealing hidden chamber.) W-wow!

GEORGE: What does it mean? (The miner's lamps illuminate a pyramid of skulls that, on closer inspection, turn out to be decomposed oval portraits of Washington, Lincoln, Hamilton, and Grant, partially submerged by a green river on which float stocks, bonds, savings passbooks, mortgages, insurance

policies, trusts, and pension funds.) I don't like it.

HARRY: W-what's this? (His beam picks out image of a healthy-looking young man with an oval curl on his forehead in the form of a zero.)

GEORGE: And what do you make of this? (Pointing to red legend beneath young man's face: MCMLXVI)

HARRY: N-nineteen sixty-six.

GEORGE: Watch out!! (Roof caves in, crushing Harry.)

SCENE: Hospital. F.R. pacing up and down outside delivery room, watched tolerantly by the Banks.

ARTHUR: Everything's going to be all right.

F.R.: How can you be so sure? We've never had a baby before.

BEATRICE: You'll be surprised how easy it is.

F.R.: I'm worried about Silver.

BEATRICE: You must see he's properly looked after.

F.R.: He?

ARTHUR (meaningfully): He's a very special baby. (He and Beatrice exchange meaningful glances.)

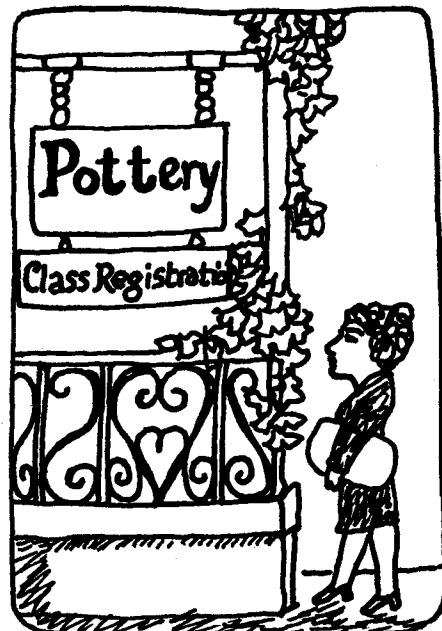
NURSE SIMOLEON (entering): It's a healthy boy.

F.R.: And Mrs. Dollar?

NURSE SIMOLEON: Doing just fine. Do you want to see it?

BEATRICE (eagerly): May we come, too?

(Cut to F.R., Arthur, and Beatrice



peering through glass of nursery.)

BEATRICE: Oh, he's so cute!

ARTHUR: A fine, fat boy!

(Closeup of Junior Dollar, his head expanding on pillow.)

F.R. (voice-over): He's growing in front of our eyes!

SCENE: George consulting a tall, lean Wise Man in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

GEORGE: And just before the roof fell in I thought I heard a voice.

WISE MAN: What was it saying?

GEORGE: "Weimar!" W-what does it mean?

WISE MAN (reaching beneath desk and taking out old box covered with cobwebs): It has been written that the Anti-Dollar will be born in 1966.

GEORGE: It is now 1967.

WISE MAN: I am too old to help you. (Opening ancient box) But you must find the Anti-Dollar and destroy him before it is too late! (Removes long, sharp credit instruments.) You have to apply these in just the right way, while reciting Gresham's law. It's no good without Gresham's law.

GEORGE: How will I find him?

WISE MAN: By the mark of the least.

SCENE: 1968. The Dollars at home. F.R. mending fragile gold window while Silver, on her knees, polishes tail-lights of the convertibility. Although Junior Dollar, playing in front seat, is only two years old, he looks and acts at least five.

SILVER: The servants are restless.

F.R.: They complain that our boy eats all the time.

(Closeup: Junior's little hand releasing emergency brake. Long shot: convertibility rolling over screaming Silver Dollar.)

SCENE: Funeral in cemetery.

F.R.: My poor wife. Even the open-market operation couldn't save her.

MINISTER: Ashes to ashes . . .

GEORGE (to F.R., plucking sleeve): I've got to talk to you. (The new governess, Antoinette Deficit, holding Junior's hand, watches George intently. She is tall and gloomy-looking, dressed in black.)

F.R.: This is an inappropriate time.

GEORGE: It can't wait. I've got to know. Was the boy born in 1966?

F.R.: Yes.

GEORGE: At exactly midnight?

(Closeup of governess, her eyes glittering redly. Cut to a tomblike top-

heavy debt structure behind George, tilting slightly and groaning ominously. Cut to two-shot: George and F.R.)

GEORGE: There's something you must know. You're in mortal danger. You must— (*Top-heavy debt structure topples over, striking George's crown and killing him instantly.*)

SCENE: 1975. Junior's bedroom. Governess prancing about in dappled moonlight, strewing cost-plus documents around the boy's bed in creepy, ritualistic fashion. Cut to F.R., asleep in bed but tossing from side to side. Cut to hall outside Junior's bedroom. An eerie glow leaks out beneath door, then glows more greenly. Back to F.R.'s bedroom. As sudden dark cloud obscures moon and harsh wind shakes autumn trees, F.R. starts up in bed.

F.R. (*covered with sweat*): YARRRGH!!!

SCENE: The next morning. F.R. stretched out on top of bed, exhausted. Watching him, smiling, are two stout Junior Dollars, with shoulder-length hair and zero-shaped curls on their foreheads.

F.R. (*sitting up*): I had a strange dream last—

1ST JUNIOR DOLLAR and 2ND JUNIOR DOLLAR (*in unison*): This is my brother!

MISS DEFICIT (*entering*): Come, children. Father doesn't want to be disturbed.

F.R. (*to himself*): That nightmare . . . Something expanding and, ugh! (*shudders*) . . . splitting in two! (*Shakes his head.*) Well, I must be off. I'm flying to Basel this morning. I'll be back on Friday, Junior—I mean Juniors.

SCENE: Dining nook, governess and two Junior Dollars.

MISS DEFICIT: Soon everything will be yours. You won't have to listen to your silly old father anymore.

SCENE: Interior, high-flying airliner. Everything looks normal, but wait! Reading that newspaper is Giuseppe Lira. The gentleman sipping beer is Hideki Yen, and those folks across the aisle are the Drachmas. Gradually we realize with a shiver that, far from being normal, the passengers are the very same hard and soft currencies we saw cavorting in the Banks' basement near the beginning



"This is the Main Street Bookshop. The copy of 'Nature's Way to a Two Week Face Lift' you ordered has come in."

of the picture! Although they look normal, pretending to knit, chat, etc., they keep exchanging furtive glances. A big, beautiful blond stewardess, Hedwig Eurodollar, sits down beside F.R.

HEDWIG (*whispering*): George left this (*handing F.R. package*).

F.R.: I knew George was trying to tell me something when that debt structure hit him on the crown.

(*Cut to flight deck. More of that green viscous mass, excess liquidity, is back, oozing around behind the control panel and beginning to eat vital wires!*) Exterior shot: high-flying airliner above clouds suddenly turns left and dives. Cut back to flight deck. Pilot shouting to co-pilot; both pale, gripping controls.)

PILOT: We're losing our balance!

CO-PILOT: There's nothing to hold on to!

(*Cut to cabin: voice on loud-speaker.*)

VOICE: This is your captain. We are out of control!

(*Panic in cabin, passengers rising from seats, advancing on F.R. in an ugly mood.*)

1ST PASSENGER: He's a Jonah!

2ND PASSENGER: He's no better than Monopoly money!

3RD PASSENGER: Get rid of him! Out! Out!

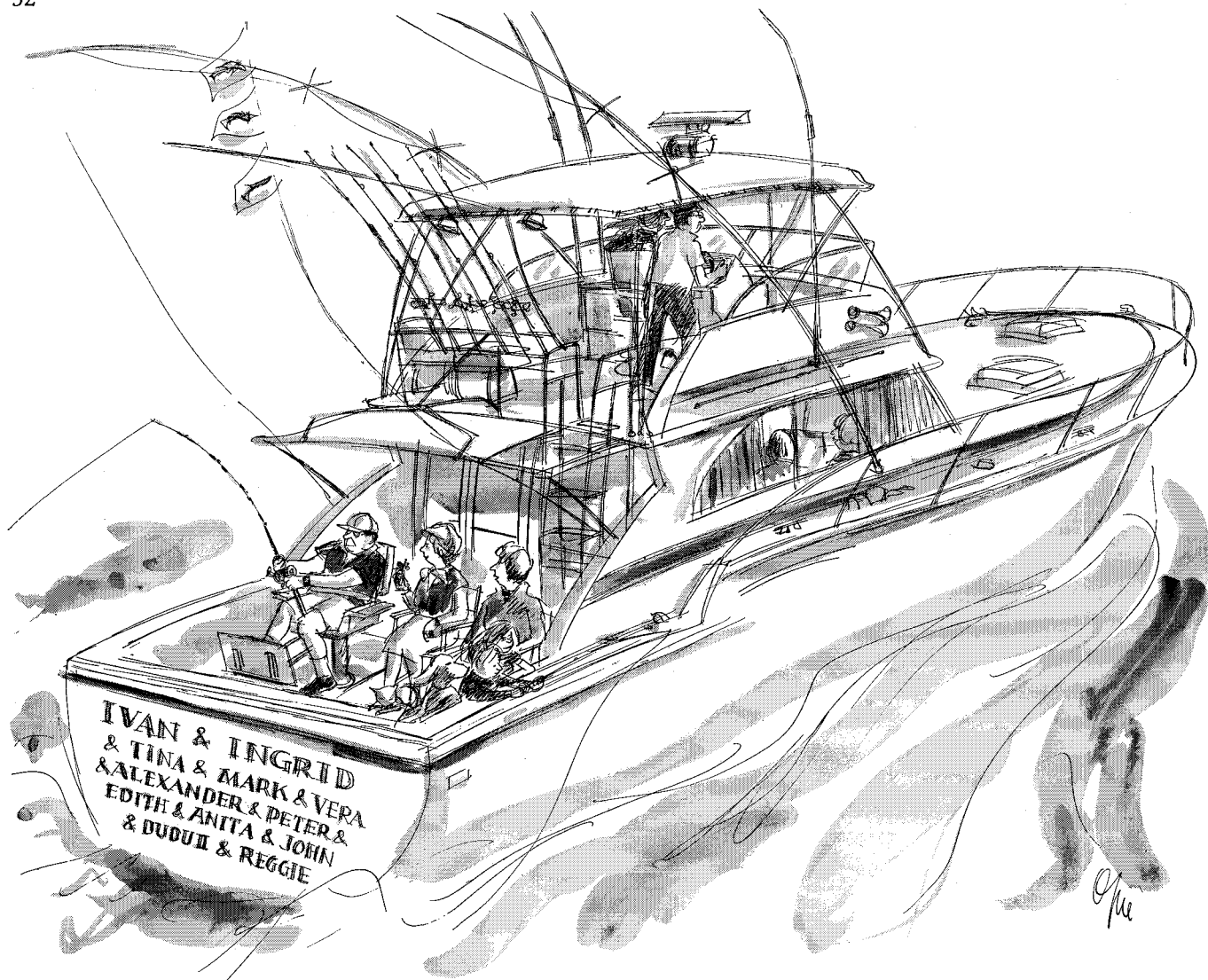
HEDWIG: No, no! Now is the time for prayer. We must pray for Mr. Dollar. (*Passengers pause as Hedwig kneels in aisle and lifts voice in prayer.*) Yea, let us raise the discount rate so that the direction of capital flows shall improve forever and ever. Amen.

PASSENGERS: Amen.

(*Miraculously, plane recovers its balance.*)

HEDWIG (*slipping into seat beside F.R.*): George told me. Only this can save us. (*They open the package, revealing Wise Man's box.*)

F.R. (*taking out credit instruments*):



But what am I supposed to do with them?

HEDWIG: Read George's letter. Courage, my friend.

SCENE: F.R. driving up to his suburban house. A cool evening, frost on the pumpkin. Very carefully, F.R. places credit instruments in his attaché case, then thoughtfully studies George's letter. Cut to letter, George's handwriting: "Destroy the Anti-Dollar or he will destroy the world! Know him by . . ." Cut back to F.R. finishing letter and resolutely placing it in pocket and striding toward front door. The house, except for ticking of grandfather clock in hall, is ominously silent. Moonlight throws dollar-sign pattern of mullions on stairs F.R. ascends. F.R. stealthily pushes door of sons' room open, finds sons asleep. F.R. opens attaché case. Cut to greedy speculator speaking into mike.

GREEDY SPECULATOR: Check up on Dollar. He's been acting suspicious.

(Cut to best-selling authors of books on fiscal crises and collapses in patrol car, getting message. With lights flashing, car accelerates to answer summons. Cut back to bedroom.)

F.R. (sharpening credit instruments, muttering): They must die. Bad money drives out good.

(Junior Dollars cry out in their sleep. Patrol-car siren wailing in distance. F.R. chanting. Sons squirm, trying to open eyes. F.R., over sleeping boys, raises long, sharp credit instruments. Heavily armed best-selling authors charge upstairs and throw open bedroom door. A volley of shots, interrupting downward plunge of instruments. F.R. falls dead. Sons run screaming from room. Camera moves up to window of Miss Deficit's room, from which several faces watch best-selling authors carrying F.R.'s corpse to car. The faces are of four—no, eight—Junior Dollars! Now lights go on all over the house, and we see dozens of Junior Dollars dancing on the lawn, and more and still more

coming out of the house, bloating and merging into a great shapeless, multilimbed, multiheaded green mass. The roof is undulating, bits and pieces of the chimney and walls break off and fall to the ground. Balloon's-eye view: The green flood spreading, loosening everything from its foundations. Dry-cleaning establishments, hotels, and utilities crumble. Commodities head for the hills. Bread and eggs climb poles. Pizza parlors and boutiques disappear in fissures. Soybean futures crowd aboard tramp steamers. Car-rental agencies disintegrate. Haberdasheries, banks, and savings-and-loan offices go down the drain. Chaos.)

—JAMES MUNVES

CHANDRA: A 12-year-old former performance artist turned singer chants her lyrics about the angst of living in New York City. Described as "abrasive minimalism of latter-day New York art-rock with a driving kinetic bass line."—Boulevards, a San Francisco monthly.

There's no angst like kiddie angst.

AT THE BEACH

THE very old couple, of whom everyone at the beach is so highly aware, seem themselves to notice no one else at all. Tall and thin, she almost as tall as he, they are probably somewhere in their eighties. They walk rather slowly, and can be seen, from time to time, to stop and rest, staring out to sea, or to some private distance of their own. Their postures, always, are arrestingly, regally erect; it is this that catches so much attention, as well as their general air of distinction, and of what is either disdain or a total lack of interest in other people.

Their clothes are the whitest at the beach; in the ferocious Mexican sun of that resort, they both wear large hats, hers lacy, his a classic panama.

They look like movie stars, or even royalty, and for all anyone knows they are—deposed monarchs from one of the smaller European countries, world-wanderers.

Because there is not much to do, at that resort, almost nothing but walking and swimming, reading, or whatever social activities you can devise, most guests stay for fairly short periods of time. Also, it is relatively expensive. The Detroit people, who have come as a group, will be there for exactly ten days. The couple that has the room just next door to that of the distinguished old couple will be there for only a week—a week literally stolen, since he is married to someone else, in Santa Barbara, and is supposed to be at a sales conference, in Puerto Rico.

But the old people seem to have been there forever, and the others imagine that they will stay on and on, at least for the length of the winter.

And, while everyone else can be seen, from time to time, to wonder what to do next—the Detroit people, apparently committed to unity of action, were heard arguing in the dining room over whether, or when, to rent a boat for deep-sea fishing—the two old people have a clear, unwavering schedule of their own. After breakfast, to which they come in quite late, as they do to all meals, they sit out on their small balcony for a couple of hours. The girl in the room next door, whose name is Amanda Evers, is passionately curious about them, and she tries to look through the filigree of concrete that separates the two porches. But she discovers nothing. (She is, in fact, too curious about too

many people; her lover, Richard Paxton, has told her so. Curiosity contributes to the general confusion of her life.)

The old man reads his newspaper, a Mexico City *News* that he has delivered to his table each morning, at breakfast, and sometimes he seems to be writing letters—or perhaps he keeps a journal? The woman does not read the paper; she seems to be doing nothing at all—a thing that Amanda, who is restlessly energetic, cannot imagine. (Amanda manages a travel agency, in Santa Cruz, California; she often considers other careers.)

THE arrival of the elderly couple, down at the beach, at almost precisely noon each day, is much noticed; it is when they look, perhaps, most splendid. In trim dark bathing suits, over which they both wear white shirts, in their hats and large dark glasses, advancing on their ancient legs, they are as elegant as tropical birds—and a striking contrast to everybody else on the beach, many of whom wear bright colors. One woman in the Detroit group has a turquoise-colored caftan that literally hurts Amanda's eyes.

The old people sit each day under the same small thatched shelter, a little apart from the others, at the end of the line. After a while they will rise and begin one of their long, deliberate walks, the length of the beach and back. Then, returned to their shelter, in a slow and careful way they divest themselves of the shirts, the hats, and glasses; they walk down to the edge of the water, and slowly, majestically, they enter the lapping small green waves. After a not quite total immersion they return to the shelter, to rest. Even in such apparent repose, however, they both have a look of great attentiveness. They seem highly conscious of each moment, and very likely they are.

They take lunch quite late, and al-

ways, of course, alone, at one of the small restaurants down the beach. They are seen to chatter away to each other, and to eat rather little. But no one can ever overhear what they are saying, nor would anyone dare address them. *Her* accent, however, is recognizably "foreign;" his is English, probably—giving further credence to the theory that they are royalty, deposed.

And that notion is not entirely incorrect. The old people are named Carlotta and Travis Farquhar, and once, if not royal, they were famous: Carlotta, originally Polish, as an actress, and Travis, a Scot, as an astronomer; an asteroid has his name. They both, simultaneously, reached their heights of achievement about forty years ago; since then, not entirely by choice, they have eased themselves into retirement. In Travis's case, what was then called a nervous breakdown took two years from his life; coming out of it, he was, or felt himself to be, too far behind, in terms of research. He could still teach, of course, but he tired of that, fairly early on. And Carlotta, who took care of him during those years, had never been truly dedicated to the stage; later she was happy enough to yield her place to younger actresses, or so she said.

They never had children, always travelled a lot.

ONE ostensible reason for the high cost of this resort is its extraordinary natural beauty—a beauty that most people seem to take some note of on arrival, and then, curiously, to forget.

The hotel is built on the downward slope of a hill above the beach, from which one faces a very large cove of bright, often glassy green water. Far out across that water, at the mouth of the cove, there are two widely spaced but similarly shaped promontories of land; both slope gently down to the water, like great, dark obedient beasts. Delicately feathered trees are silhouetted there at sunset, which is almost always brilliant and violent, or in the first pale light of early mornings.

The beach, a wide white ribbon, encircles the cove; above the sand is the powerful, encroaching, mysterious green jungle—impenetrable, probably dangerous. It marks the start of a mountain range that extends nearly to Mexico City.

The skies are almost always clear and blue and pale, and the air is warm—subtle, moist, insinuating. Getting



off the plane their first night, still in her Northern California clothes, Amanda gasped with pleasure at that tropical air and the smell of flowers that even at the airport hung in the slight evening breeze. "Oh, feel the air, it's so lovely," she cried out to Richard, by which she meant: Our time here will be lovely. But then she forgot about the air, or stopped thinking about it.

RICHARD is usually foremost in Amanda's mind and consciousness; he is a difficult lover (although she has reflected that all her lovers have been difficult, in one way or another). Her obsession with Richard is so anxiety-ridden that she cannot sort out those emotions; indeed, it is hard for her to imagine love without anxiety. Richard is not only married, in an explosive off-and-on way, but he is exceptionally handsome, a golden Southern California boy; he is spoiled, moody, and seemingly fond of his moods—he has put in some time at Esalen. He is five years younger than Amanda, which is not supposed to matter, but somehow, sometimes it does.

At this resort, though, he seems exceptionally cheery and calm. Before

breakfast he runs on the beach, two lengths, and he has announced that the sand is superior. Amanda, whose discovery this place has been, is more than relieved; she is delighted. They swim far out into the cove together, in the clear warm green water; sometimes, looking down, they can see small stray brightly colored fish. At lunch they drink the excellent Mexican beer and eat fresh garlicky seafood. They shower and sleep, they make love. They swim again, and shower again, and head up to the bar, which is cantilevered out into the open, starry, flowery night; they drink Margaritas, toasting each other and the lovely, perfect place.

And the next day they repeat the pattern.

Perhaps for that reason, Richard's relatively "good mood," Amanda's attention wanders from him more than usual, and she finds herself acutely aware of the elderly, possibly royal couple next door. How long have they been married, she wonders. And who are they?

"You could ask them for autographs," Richard suggests. "Then you'd know."

It is just past noon. From their beach chairs Amanda and Richard are

watching as the Farquhars slowly rise and start out on their walk, watching the slow progress of those erect, high, narrow bodies, on their thin brown wrinkled legs.

Choosing to ignore Richard's facetiousness (he enjoys teasing her), Amanda asks him, "Will your hair be white, do you think?"

He frowns a little. "Not any time soon, I hope." And then, as though taking her earlier question seriously, he says, "Why don't you ask those people to have a drink with us, if you really want to know something about them?"

"Oh, well. I really don't think so." Amanda says this calmly, but inwardly she has quailed at the very idea; of course, it would have to be the other way around, the older people would have to ask them for a drink, which, of course, they never will do—but oh! if they should. To be with those people, to know them at all, Amanda feels, would itself confer distinction; in their presence one would find peace.

And then, as she contemplates the two tall, erect figures that gradually grow smaller, walking down the white, white beach, slowly, near the bright green-blue water, for a moment Amanda's consciousness blurs; from

behind closed eyelids she has a sudden vision of herself without Richard, without the chaos of his presence in her life: she sees herself in some new and calmer phase, even released from her frenetic occupation. She is running a bookstore, perhaps. There is one for sale in Aptos, a town next door to Santa Cruz but smaller and quieter, by far.

Opening her eyes, as though she had been asleep, she shakes her head, and drowsily, rather impersonally, she speaks to Richard: "It's so restful here, isn't it."

"Well, that's one thing we came for, I thought. Leave our old problems behind?" He grins in a familiar, challenging way; they both know what



"When it comes to people, Beveridge has perfect pitch."

"problems" he means, and her usual fondness for discussing them.

But this time she does not take him up. "It's so beautiful. I could stay here forever" is all she says.

IF the Farquhars are objects of Amanda's admiring curiosity, the Detroit group inspires opposite emotions: she finds them noisy, obtrusive in their too bright clothes. One of them, a heavily mustached young man, smokes a cigar, *all the time*, which you can smell all over the beach. Their loud, quite unself-conscious voices dominate the dining room or the bar when they are present—as they seemingly always are, and always together. Amanda cannot imagine herself, with or without Richard, as a part of any group at all.

"Wouldn't it be great if they'd leave before we do," she whispers to Richard.

"They look pretty settled in," he observes.

"That's probably how they'd look anywhere. Do you realize that there're actually only six of them? I just counted. They seem more like ten or twelve people."

Richard laughs. Her ability to amuse him is a thing that Amanda counts on; it almost makes up, she feels, for being older and less beautiful than he is, although by most standards she is pretty enough (which she sometimes forgets), in a thin, rather original way, with her heavy dark hair, narrow face, and large pale-gray eyes.

ANOTHER object of Amanda's wayward curiosity is the hotel's manager, or manageress: a large blond strong-looking woman, who is unfailingly cheerful. A big happy woman, she walks about in old soft white pants and a blue work shirt. She is called, by everyone, Lisa, and she seems to have

neither a last name nor a history; her accent, in English, is vaguely Central European. She also speaks German and Spanish fluently.

She and the Farquhars appear to know each other, and this, too, of course, draws Amanda's attention. Lisa is, in fact, the only person to whom the Farquhars are ever seen to speak.

Amanda wonders how Lisa happened to come to Mexico, and if she has ever been married. Mainly, though, she would like to know the secret of such level cheerfulness: How can Lisa cope with the whole hotel, the guests and the help, answer everyone's questions, and still smile like that? Her own work has taught Amanda more than a little about the irritations of travel.

AMANDA is actually wrong about the people from Detroit: there are seven of them, not six, although she may have counted when one of them was missing. And they are not quite as homogeneous as to Amanda they appear. At least one of them, a recent

widow, Natalie Barnes, is out of sorts with the rest. It was good of them to ask her along, without Roger, but they all make too much noise, and she knows them well enough by now to have tired of all their jokes and stories. Besides, her skin is getting too old for all this sun.

Natalie, like Amanda, like everyone there, is fascinated by the Farquhars—especially that woman's skin, which is remarkable, so fine and smooth and white. Natalie wishes she knew what kind of sun block that woman uses.

And she wonders about their marriage, the Farquhars': Have they always been married to each other, and got along as well as they now apparently do? Natalie and Roger were actually separated at the time that he died, a fact known to none of their travelling friends, so that Natalie has been cast, by them, in a role that does not precisely suit her, that of Roger's beloved, bereaved wife. But she is just as glad that none of them knew about the girl.

Did those old people ever quarrel



"You were disgraced as a right-deviationist wind, rehabilitated, re-disgraced, re-rehabilitated, and through it all you were always the same old you."

and get back together? Would Roger have come back, had he lived? Would he have tired of that girl? Natalie sighs, afraid that she will never have an answer to anything.

THE bougainvillea, in that place, blooms with a wild extravagance; there is every shade of pink, of red, even violet and purple. Vines cling to the steep hillside, from which the gaudy blossoms foam. Brilliant colors lurk between the low, white plaster buildings of the hotel; everywhere there are sudden bursts of flowers—on the way to the dining room, or going up to the bar; and flowers bloom all around the porch-balconies of the rooms. Just beyond the porch that Amanda and Richard share with the Farquhars (except for the intervening filigree), there is a bush of yellow angel's-trumpets, and beside the bush a strangely branched small tree, reddish blossoms among its crooked limbs. Hummingbirds are drawn to the tree's red flowers, while among the trumpet flowers there often appear small yellow butterflies, almost indistinguishable from the yellow petals.

BY their fourth day Amanda is acutely aware of just that: four days gone, only three remaining. Less than half their time. And the four days seem to have passed as one, she feels. Just as the years of her life race faster and faster. Soon she will be middle-aged, then irretrievably old. In a discouraged way she looks around the beach, at so much exposed and aging flesh, the sags and wrinkles that painstakingly acquired suntans do not conceal.

Richard, though, is simply a darker shade of gold. The small fine patch of hair on his chest and the hairs on his arms and legs are all bleached out, pale, almost invisible. No wrinkles, anywhere. Amanda sighs, thinking of what they—or, rather, she—will be going back to: at work, days on the phone or at the computer, people either impatient or angry with her, or both, and most nights spent alone, either not hearing from Richard or hearing, via a hurried call, that they cannot meet, after all, wherever they had planned to.

For reassurance, or perhaps to answer some unformed question, she turns toward the elderly couple, who are resting beneath their small thatched shelter. He is lying back in his chair, his eyes closed against the sun, his mouth slightly open. But she,

SUNSET SCRUPULOUSLY OBSERVED

A flycatcher, small, species not identified, is perched,
Unmoving but for tiny turn and scanning
Shift of head, on the topmost twig, dead,
Of the tall, scant-leaved, and dying poplar. It
Is tiny and black against the cloud-curdled drama
Of sunset over the dark heave
Of the mountain.

The brook, in melodious meditation, unseen,
Moves in its little gorge now brimming
With shadow. The meditation will
Continue nightlong.

The sun itself now gone, rays angle upward
From beyond the mountain. They probe,
Authoritatively, the high clouds.

A jet, military no doubt, appears high, eastward.
It creeps across the sky, ten minutes by my watch,
Uncoiling a white trail, seemingly motionless in unmoving air.
Against paling, skim-milk blue of highest sky
That is above cloud-curdle, the jet moves. The trail
Is like a decisive chalk mark, which disappears
In penetrating a drift of cloud that is
Heavy, black-bellied, black on edge
Eastward, but westward with
Ragged margin inflamed by the flush of
One high-angled ray. The flush fades slowly
To gold as jet and white trail emerge
Into that ray, and the previously
Invisible fuselage bursts
On vision, like polished silver. It proceeds
Into a dark cloud now crouching on the horizon, waiting—
Just north of the last struggle of glory.

Nearer, much nearer, five sweeps, blunt-bodied like
Five tiny attack planes, zip by in formation,
Wings back-curved and pointed, twitching
In short, neurotic strokes at high speed, uttering
A twitter of needle-sharp, metallic sound.

The flycatcher, once silhouetted on the dying poplar's topmost twig,
Is gone. He is gone on his unseeable and lethal
Obligation, alone.

The evening slowly, soundlessly closes. Like
An eyelid.

—ROBERT PENN WARREN

her white skin shaded by the lace-brimmed hat, sits intently forward; she is looking, looking—but at what? Following the direction of her gaze, Amanda sees, in the foreground, a small outcropping of rocks, spattered with a little white moss. Then sand, and then the water, bright and clear

and green, rippling out in the dancing, dazzling sunlight, as far as the horizon. And the hot flat blue endless sky.

Further sadness for Amanda: after four days she and that couple, whose name she still does not know, are no closer to speaking or even nodding than they were on her arrival. They have never even seen her, Amanda believes.

THAT afternoon, after their siesta, Amanda goes up to the hotel desk to mail some postcards.





Rounding a corner, she is confronted with a trailing vine, a cloud of peach-pink bougainvillea; she sees it against the soft blue midafternoon sky—she has never seen that particular color before.

Reaching the desk, she is surprised to find Lisa standing there, in a skirt and blouse, black pumps. Lisa looking older than usual, and tired. The change in her is so marked that Amanda assumes she is leaving for good, and she cries out, “Oh, Lisa, you’re not going away?”—as though everything, lacking Lisa, would fall apart.

Lisa smiles, but her blue eyes remain worried. “I only go to Mexico City,” she says. “Probably I return tomorrow. I go each other week.”

“Oh. Well.”

Several more people, Americans, come up to the desk just then, followed by two Mexican boys who carry the American luggage; unfortunately, they are not the Detroit group, Amanda notes. The airport bus arrives, and they all get in, including Lisa.

Feeling abandoned, Amanda buys her stamps, and she sends off the cards

to her friends; on all the cards she has written, “This is paradise!”

FROM the plane, on which Lisa and the former guests are flying to Mexico City, they can see, as it gains altitude, the whole great horseshoe cove: the white curve of beach, abrupt green jungle at the edge of the sand, and even the clearing where the hotel is. Then the plane veers and heads directly inland, up over the huge sharp jungle-green mountains, which are sometimes briefly, darkly shadowed with clouds.

Lisa is simply going to Mexico City on hotel business, but the prospect always unbalances her a little. Never married, a childless but strongly maternal woman, Polish nationality being her common bond with Carlotta Farquhar, she loves her work, finds it deeply satisfying.

She is genuinely concerned about the well-being of all the guests, and especially that of the Farquhars; she grew up on the romantic legend of Carlotta, who left the stage so relatively young. And she has worked it out that despite appearances the Farquhars do not have a great deal of

money. She daringly hopes, on this trip, to persuade the owner of the hotel to give them a special rate, as long-term guests. In the meantime, she reminds herself to do their errands: a scientific magazine, in German, for Mr. Farquhar, for her a French cosmetic.

THE next night, which is Amanda and Richard’s fifth, they decide to return to the bar for after-dinner drinks; once there, they are dismayed to find the Detroit people, who obviously have had the same impulse. But, feeling that they have not much choice, there being not much else to do, really, at nine-thirty, Amanda and Richard sit down anyway.

Early in the afternoon Richard spent a long time on the phone with his wife, or so Amanda believes; he only said that he had to go up to the desk. Unable to read, she lay waiting for him, all that time not doing anything—not knowing, wondering, what they could be saying to each other. For all she knew Richard could be telling his wife that he is bored at his “sales conference” and can’t wait

to see her again. It is harrowing to Amanda not to know, and she feels that it is forbidden to ask; she would sound suspicious. When at last he came back to the room Richard looked cross, but that could have meant anything at all. At dinner he was pleasantly noncommittal: his usual self. But Amanda still feels anxious, vaguely apprehensive.

At the bar she is seated next to a woman whom she had not seen in that group: a surprisingly pleasant-looking woman, with short gray hair and a pretty dress. Amanda wonders why she has not noticed her before.

Natalie Barnes.

The two women exchange faint smiles of mutual approval.

Although the night is as clear and dazzlingly starred as all the nights have been, there are also, tonight, a few small drifting gray-white clouds. Mysterious rags. Tattered ghosts.

Natalie, who will be at the resort with the group for another five days, has hitherto felt that since they invited her along in spite of her widowed status, she was in some sense their guest. But just now, perhaps fortified by dinner, and some wine, she recog-

nizes the untruth, even the unfairness, of this theory: she is not their guest; she pays her own way. And she further thinks, Luther does not have to leave a cigar burning in the ashtray, constantly. Bracing herself, and trying for a pleasant voice, she says, "Luther, couldn't you please put those damn things out when you're not smoking them?"

They all stare at her; as a group they are not self-critical but mutually supportive, all the way. However, they are also dedicated to going along with each other's whims, all whims, and so Luther says, "Well, Nat, of course I'll put it right out. Why didn't you tell me before, if they bothered you?" Everyone stares reproachfully at formerly good old Nat, who was so brave when Roger died.

Turning away from them all, for a moment, Natalie finds the dark girl with the very handsome husband (or lover?), who is smiling and saying, or, rather, whispering, "Good. That smell has been driving me crazy."

Natalie whispers back, "I didn't sound too mean?"

"Heavens no."

Richard joins in, smiling charming-

ly. "Amanda has a thing about cigars."

Still whispering, Natalie admits, "Actually, so do I."

"Well, we were just going to have another drink. May I get you one?"

Natalie argues, and then accepts, and they introduce each other: Natalie, Amanda, and Richard. The darkness and the loose, informal arrangement of the chairs at that bar make such regroupings easy. As Natalie glances back for a moment at her former companions, she even sees smiles of approval on several of their faces: good old Nat is out there making new friends. All right.

At some distance from everyone else, the Farquhars are seated, she in something long and pale and supple, dimly shining, he in an open white shirt, a dark ascot knotted at his throat. Their postures, as always, are perfectly erect. Her head moves slowly on her long and slender neck, as she turns toward her husband.

"Do you think she could have been a dancer?" whispers Natalie to Amanda.

Richard answers, "That's a really good guess. I'll bet you're right."

Amanda suggests, "Or maybe an actress?"

"But what was he?" asks Natalie. She is thinking of Roger, who was in business, but not on the scale that he originally intended.

"He could have been an actor," offers Richard, who has often heard that remark made of himself. On the whole, though, he is glad not to be an actor; he likes the challenge of investments, at which he is very good. And most actors burn out young, their looks gone.

"Somehow I don't think he was an actor," Amanda muses. "He looks more like an elder statesman. Or some Nobel Prize-winning scientist."

Just at that moment, though, Mrs. Farquhar is seen and heard, by the three observing her so closely, to cry out, in



"Mr. Edelman? Mr. Clavershorn and his buckaroos—er, associates—are here to see you."

evident pain. With both hands she grasps her right side, at her waist, and she says something short and urgent to her husband. They both stand up, she with what is obviously great difficulty; they leave the bar, presumably going to their room.

Amanda feels cold waves of panic in her veins, in the warm tropical night—and so irrationally: she doesn't even know those people. "What can we do?" she asks of Richard and Natalie, and she hears a quaver in her own voice.

Richard, who thrives on emergencies (it is daily life that bores him), stands up. "I'll go down and ask," he says, and he is gone before the wisdom of his course can be questioned.

"Do you think it could be her appendix?" Amanda asks Natalie; she has somehow assumed that Natalie, being older than herself, would have more medical information.

Natalie does not, actually, but she makes a guess. "It looked a little high for an appendix, where she was clutching. But I don't know."

RICHARD, apparently, has done the right thing: within minutes he is back at the bar, with an errand. "I'm going up to the desk to get Lisa and phone for a doctor."

Amanda cries out, "But Lisa's in Mexico City."

"She's back." And, over his shoulder as he hurries off, he says, "Their name is Farquhar." And he is gone.

In a helpless way Natalie and Amanda turn to each other.

And just then, behind Natalie, the other Detroit people begin to get up, making sounds of departure. Luther, without his cigar, is the one who says, "Well, good night, Nat," with only the slightest querulousness in his voice. "See you in the morning," says someone else.

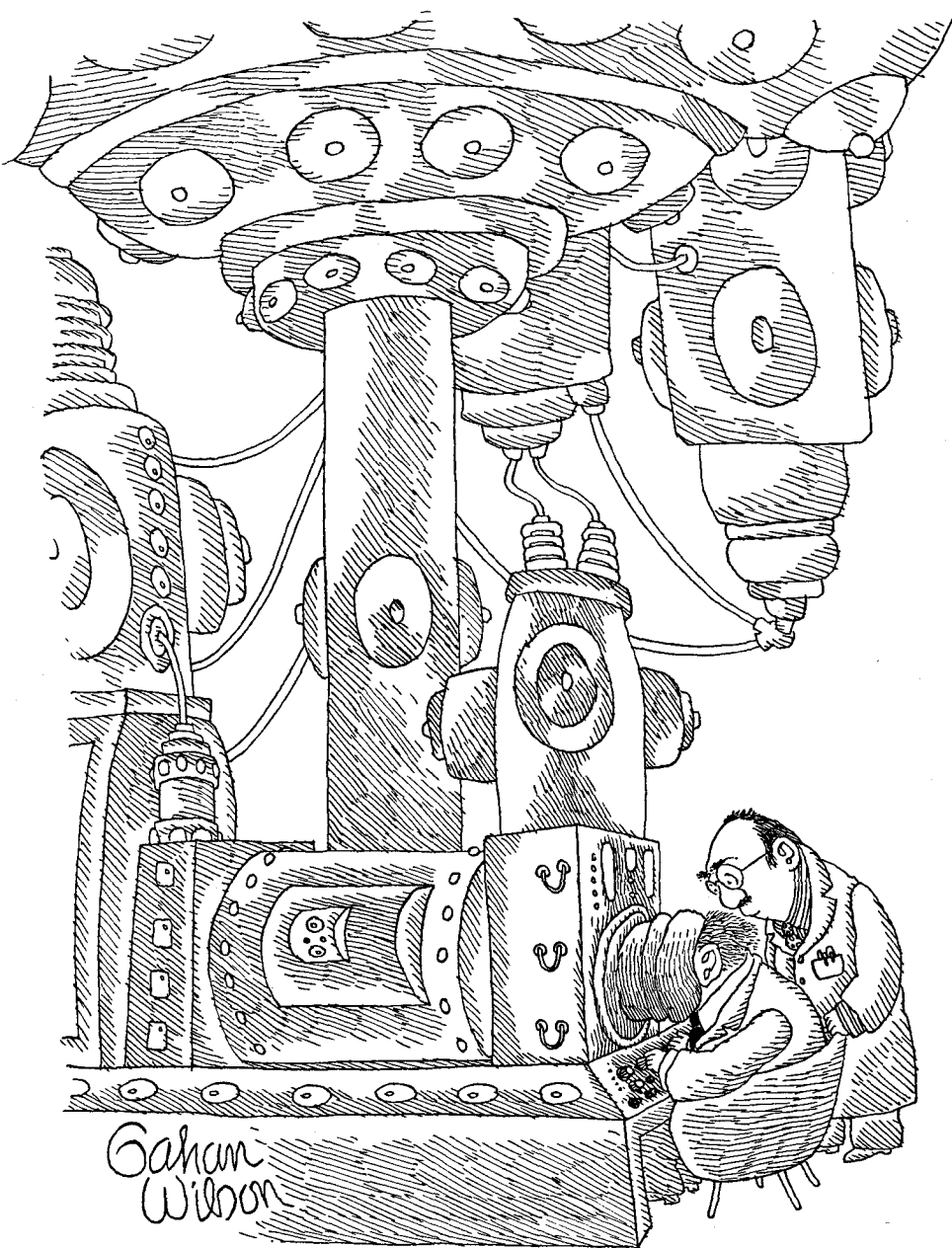
She turns to say, "Yes, see you then."

And they are gone.

"At their age almost any pain must be frightening" is the first thing that Amanda finds to say. It is understood that she refers to the Farquhars.

"Or maybe not? They must have had a lot of pains by now." As she says this, Natalie is rather surprised by what sounds like wisdom.

In a fairly short time Richard reappears, with Lisa—Lisa once again in her old pants and shirt; comfortable, competent Lisa, who says to Amanda,



"I think I may have spotted something!"

"The doctor comes. You could wait here? She knows where is the bar but not the room of the Farquhars. You could show her the way?"

"Of course."

Lisa sighs vastly, and to all three of them she says, "Oh, how bad that she should be sick now. I come back from the city with some good news," and she sighs again. "She come soon. The doctor. She is a friend to me."

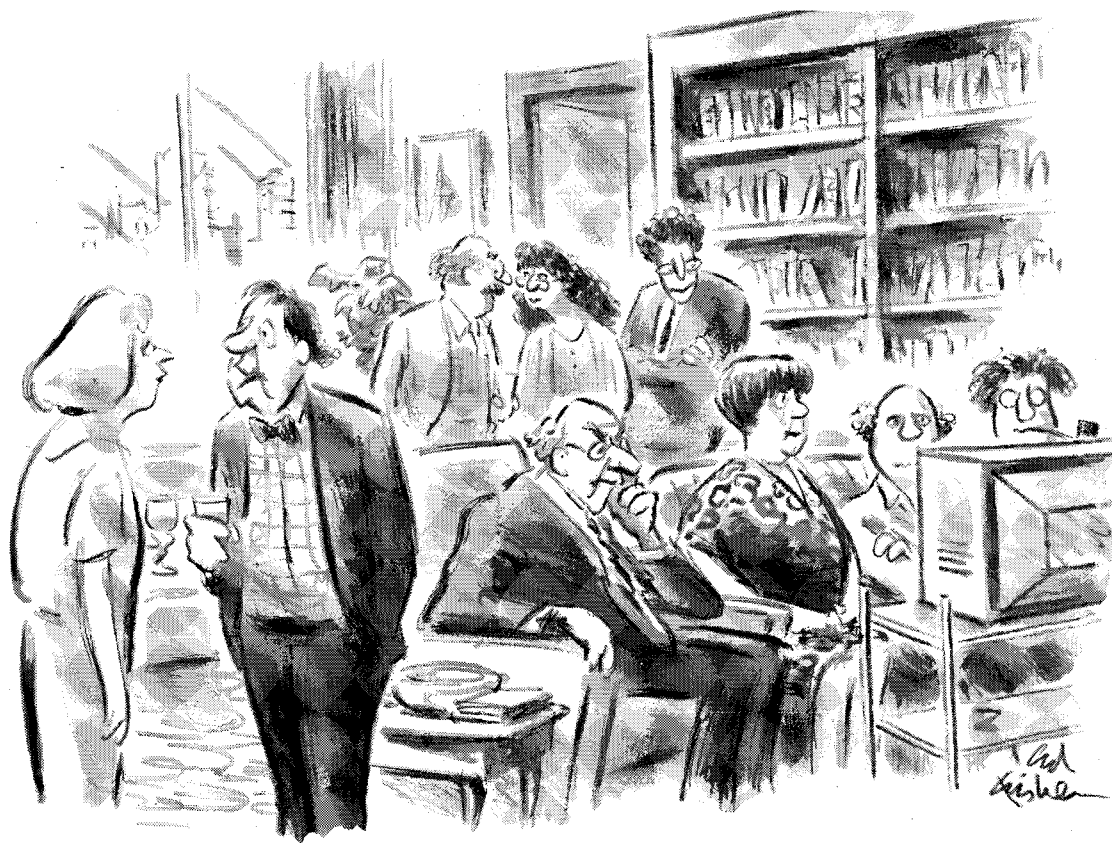
And then Lisa and Richard disappear in the direction of the Farquhars' room, as well as of Richard and Amanda's.

"A woman doctor?" Natalie asks Amanda.

"I guess. But how will we know her, or she us?" Amanda says.

SHE, the doctor, is immediately recognizable: a brisk young woman with a classic black doctor's satchel, who hurries down the steps toward Amanda and Natalie. She smiles, quickly, shyly. "It is you who will direct me to the lady not feeling well?"

"Yes, it's this way." And the three women, Amanda leading the doctor and Natalie, make their way down from the bar, down the series of dimly lit steps, past all the soft shapes of flowers, the colors now blotted out in



"We started out as an influential little literary coterie. But now we mostly just watch television."

the general dark. They reach the row of rooms, and go on to the room at the end, where Richard stands just outside the opened door.

As they arrive, through that door in one bright instant Amanda sees: two single beds, on one of which Mrs. Farquhar is stretched, immobile, her head back, chin raised, as on a bier. And beside her, bent toward her, is her husband. Lisa stands beside him.

Richard gestures the doctor inside, at which Lisa comes out, and the door is closed.

The four of them stand there in the flowery darkness, Amanda and Richard, Lisa, Natalie.

"It is perhaps not something terrible," Lisa tells them all. "She kept saying she only wanted a shot. She said she could sleep off the pain."

Richard: "She looked awfully white."

"She's always white," Natalie says. And in a subdued way she laughs. "I only wish I knew her brand of sun block."

"I can tell you. I just bring it from Mexico," Lisa tells her, and she names the French cream.

"Well, thank you," Natalie murmurs, in surprise. And then, a few minutes later, she says, "Well, I think I'll go on up. After all, I don't really know them." And she says good night, and she leaves.

As though it would insure her safety, they all watch her as she walks slowly up the barely lit stairs.

Turning to Lisa, Amanda repeats what she had earlier said to Natalie, but as a question: "At their age almost any pain is frightening, isn't it?"

Clearly thinking of something else, or possibly a little frightened herself, Lisa is slightly brusque. "At any age—no pain is good." And then, "You two should go in. There is no need for you also to wait. I know them a long time."

Dismissed, Amanda and Richard go into their room next door, from which they can hear nothing. Nevertheless, they continue to address each other in whispers.

"Another drink? Some brandy?"

"Oh, thanks. I could use some."

"Here. It's a little full."

Later they hear the subdued sounds of the doctor coming out of the adja-

cent room, murmurs of conversation, the door softly closed. Nothing more.

Later still they undress, and wash; they get into bed and make love. They are comforting to each other.

But, lying there in the hot unmoving night, Amanda is terrified. The beautiful, old, and almost totally unknown Mrs. Farquhar could die, and that possibility is intolerable to Amanda.

IN the morning, Carlotta Farquhar is perfectly well; the shot administered by the young doctor put her out for about nine hours, as she, Carlotta, knew that it would. Sitting out on the porch, propped against a small pillow, she breathes deeply, feeling only slightly sluggish from the morphine. Needing air.

Travis has made the tea; they always travel with a small kit. He hands her the cup, and he says, "Drink up. You look half asleep."

Carlotta smiles. "But, darling, I am." And then she says, "How kind of Señor Blumenthal. Our new rate."

"Oh, yes, that." He frowns, just slightly embarrassed. And then he lowers his voice, as he says to her, "The young couple next door, they were most kind, do you know? He went up to get Lisa, and to phone. They showed such concern, when they don't even know us. Don't you think—suppose we invite them for a drink?"

"Oh, darling, absolutely yes. We'll speak to them after breakfast. Or I'll write a note."

But just then Carlotta, who has been looking out to the early-morning sea and the bright pale sky, when she has not been turned to Travis, leans suddenly forward: there on the yellow bush at the edge of their terrace is the largest, the loveliest white butterfly that she has ever seen. She gasps with pleasure. There is nothing in her mind but the butterfly, on its flower.

—ALICE ADAMS

U.S. JOURNAL: LOUISIANA

THE TUNICA TREASURE

IN 1968, in a meadow along a virtually unspoiled and particularly beautiful stretch of the Mississippi River known as the Tunica Hills, Leonard Charrier discovered the mid-eighteenth-century village of the Tunica Indians and unearthed a collection of artifacts unmatched in North America as a record of the contact between the natives of the continent and the French. Working first with a conventional metal detector and eventually with a magnetometer, which indicates changes in the earth's magnetic field, Charrier uncovered the graves of more than a hundred Tunicas who had been interred with both Indian artifacts and European trade goods. In a period of about two years, he found two hundred iron or copper cooking utensils. He found a hundred pieces of European pottery, including some German mugs and French plates that looked little the worse for having spent two and a half centuries in the damp Louisiana earth. He found Indian pottery made not just by the Tunicas but by the Natchez and the Caddos. He found parts for twenty muskets. He found almost two hundred thousand glass beads. The Peabody Museum of Harvard had been carrying on an archeological survey of the Lower Mississippi since 1940; in one meadow, Leonard Charrier found a hundred times more trade goods than Harvard had managed to accumulate in thirty years—a hundred times more, in fact, than were known to exist anywhere. Charrier was not with Harvard. He worked at the Louisiana State Penitentiary, at Angola, just up the Mississippi from his find, as a prison guard. He did not even seriously claim to be an amateur archeologist. He referred to himself as a treasure hunter. Perhaps because of that or because there had long been a legend around the state that the Tunicas had buried not only pots and beads but a cache of precious metal or because the collection was so staggering in its size and importance, what Leonard Charrier found in the meadow came to be known as the Tunica Treasure.

Among those in Louisiana who have heard of the Tunica Treasure, it is sometimes said, with some satisfaction, that Leonard Charrier, a man whose post-secondary education does

not extend much beyond a few correspondence courses in corrections work, found a site that professional archeologists had been searching for without success for generations. It is said that he pored over eighteenth-century manuscripts and reinterpreted maps to account for changes in the Mississippi River that others had never thought to take into consideration. It is said that he has a gift for electronics which gives him an astonishing skill at using modern instruments to detect buried artifacts. According to a lawyer familiar with the story of the Tunica Treasure, "Leonard Charrier can play the Goldberg Variations on the magnetometer."

Not surprisingly, professional archeologists would take some exception to that heroic view of Leonard Charrier. A few years ago, the then State Archaeologist of Louisiana testified that the site of the Tunicas' village—a village contemporary accounts describe as being near an area called the Portage of the Cross—had been something archeologists speculated

about over drinks but not something they mounted elaborate expeditions to discover. Until the last couple of decades, archeologists had a certain amount of disdain for sites recent enough to be classified as "historic"—sites dating from after the arrival of Europeans. Jeffrey Brain, the field director of the Peabody's Lower Mississippi Survey, says that the Survey, as it made its way slowly down the river, would presumably have discovered the Tunica Treasure a decade or so after Charrier did—particularly if it had referred to an account by an archeologist named Clarence B. Moore, who in 1911 reported the discovery of a kettle and some Indian artifacts on precisely the same site. ("Seven trial-holes put down by us near where the kettle had been discovered failed to come upon graves," Moore wrote in the *Journal of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia*.) Although Leonard Charrier did indeed study maps and read the standard historical reference, a 1911 Smithsonian bulletin by John R. Swanton called "Indian



"I assure you there's nothing here that could possibly interest you."

Tribes of the Lower Mississippi Valley and Adjacent Coast of the Gulf of Mexico," he has himself testified that the final pinpointing of the site resulted from his simply asking local people where they had come across old objects while working the land—a method, of course, that is routinely used by trained archeologists. (He was drawn to the right meadow, in an area known as Trudeau, by what he learned from an elderly black man he met while chasing an escaped prisoner.) Still, no archeologist who knows anything about the discovery of the Tunica Treasure denies that Leonard Charrier is a shrewd and resourceful and energetic man—a high-school graduate who could analyze what he read in Swanton, a treasure hunter who quickly understood that the real value of the Tunica Treasure was as a scholarly collection rather than as an inventory of disposable pottery, a self-

taught electronic hobbyist who may have made his discovery with a metal detector that requires no extraordinary skill but who is, as it happens, remarkably good with the magnetometer. "I knew what I had," Charrier said recently. "I knew that Bienville and La Salle probably had their hands on it. I'm proud of what I found. I had a lot of people mad at me because of what I did and what they didn't do."

What archeologists would say upsets them most about Charrier's discovery of the Tunica Treasure is the way he went about recovering it. Since trained archeologists consider the context within which artifacts are unearthed to be as important as the artifacts themselves, Charrier—who amassed the Treasure secretly, without making photographs or scale drawings or extensive field notes—could be said to have destroyed as

much archeology as he discovered. Considering what he did discover, though, archeologists specializing in the Lower Mississippi were not inclined to chastise him to the point of losing an opportunity to study the artifacts. Harvard made Charrier an offer for the collection on first sight, at a time when he was still claiming, improbably, that he had found it in a sort of burial cave at an unspecified location. The Peabody's having been tipped off by an archeologist who happened to live near Charrier, Jeffrey Brain went to Charrier's house, in Bunkie, Louisiana, carrying a cashier's check with him as earnest money. "It was like Christmas morning," Brain later wrote. "Artifacts were everywhere. On every piece of furniture and covering the floor—except for narrow pathways—under beds, in every nook and cranny, and closets. So Tutankhamun's tomb must have seemed to Howard Carter." After a few minutes of staring at Charrier's awesome store of artifacts, Brain wrote, "I had gone into shock and found my powers of comprehension

slipping." Recovering, he offered Charrier four thousand dollars for the lot—then eight thousand. Charrier had something more like forty thousand in mind. It was decided that the artifacts would be lent to the Peabody, which could care for them properly, while attempts were made to appraise them and come up with some more money. From the start, relations between the Peabody and Charrier were edgy—Charrier referring mysteriously to others involved and hinting that he might be better off financially selling the Treasure bead by bead, the Peabody probing to find out where Charrier had actually found the artifacts, Charrier trying out a scheme to involve the Peabody in a bidding war with a couple of other museums, the Peabody asking, in a gingerly



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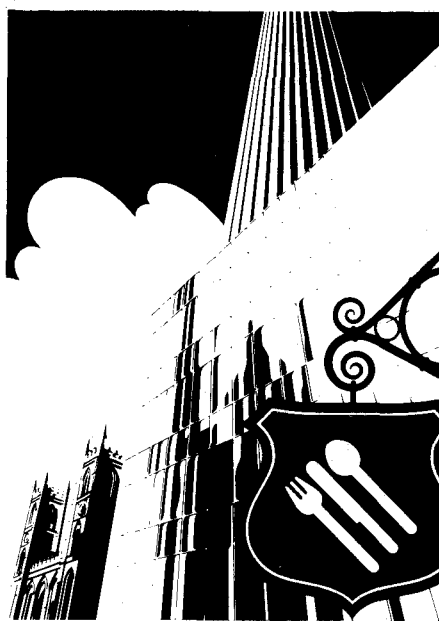
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way, about the sticky matter of whether Leonard Charrier had clear title to the Tunica Treasure. For a time, though, it appeared that the only serious disagreement involving the Tunica Treasure was a disagreement over how much money Harvard was going to have to pay for it.

THERE were further complications. The State of Louisiana's Archaeological Survey and Antiquities Commission eventually concluded that the artifacts were a part of state history that rightfully belonged to the people of Louisiana. Before the state could try to claim the Treasure from Charrier, though, it turned out that he might never have owned it himself. A couple of years after the artifacts had been shipped to the Peabody, Charrier finally told Jeffrey Brain where they had been discovered. Brain searched out the owners of the meadow, and it appeared that further negotiations about the Tunica Treasure would be carried on not with Leonard Charrier but with a group of heirs to a farm in Trudeau. Then, to Brain's dismay, Charrier filed a lawsuit arguing that no matter who owned the meadow the Tunicas had once lived on, he was the rightful owner of the Tunica Treasure.

To complicate matters further, the meadow was not the Tunicas' final home. In the late eighteenth century, many of them moved to a Spanish land grant just south of Marksville, a small, predominantly French parish seat thirty-five miles or so west of the Trudeau site. When Charrier found the Tunica Treasure, nearly two hundred years later, Tunicas were still living on the same land outside of Marksville. They had not prospered. Their numbers were small. Their bloodline included a lot of people who were not Tunicas, or even Indians. Generations of them had been uneducated because they were barred from white schools and refused to attend black schools. A significant number of them had moved to Texas during the Depression to find work. Their language had ceased to exist in the forties, with the death of Sesostrie Youchicant, the last Tunica speaker on earth. Still, they had survived. They knew they were Tunicas. They knew who their chief was and who the chief before him was and who the chief before that was. For years, they had been trying to gain recognition by the federal government as a tribe—recognition that would make them eli-

gible for federal aid in health and education and housing. About the time the Tunica Treasure was found, the Tunicas were beginning to get professional help—a specialist to document the historical and genealogical record required for federal recognition and, eventually, a lawyer whose response to the existence of the Tunica Treasure was to prepare a draft of a petition of intervention that said, “The artifacts which are now in the possession of the Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology at Harvard University are owned by the Tribe, by virtue of the fact that members of the Tribe, being the heirs of the persons whose graves were excavated by Leonard Charrier, have title to this movable property under the laws of intestate succession.”

There were a lot of complicated questions to be answered—factual questions and legal questions and even philosophical questions. Had a caretaker given Charrier permission to dig in the meadow? Could Charrier, under the laws governing “treasure trove,” claim ownership of an archeological treasure in the way he might claim ownership of buried jewels he happened across while walking down the beach? Under a legal doctrine called quantum meruit, was Charrier entitled to be rewarded for having enhanced the Trudeau heirs’ property by finding the Tunica Treasure on it? Could the Tunicas be said to have abandoned the property by burying it ritually with their dead? Still, there was a time, in 1976, when it appeared that the complications had been dissolved. The Tunicas had not yet made any serious threats about intervening in the law case. The appropriateness of eventually returning the collection to Louisiana was agreed upon by everyone involved—even the Peabody, which had been more interested in preserving the collection for study than in owning it. In the spring of 1976, under pressure from a judge in the seat of West Feliciana Parish, the relevant lawyers—lawyers for Charrier and the landowners and the Louisiana Attorney General’s office—tentatively agreed on a settlement that gave Charrier a third of whatever price was paid to the landowners for the Treasure and gave the state first refusal right on the purchase. Then Fred Benton, Jr., took over the case. When the proposed settlement was presented to the Louisiana Archaeological Survey and Antiquities Commission, Benton, a member of the Commission who also acted as its attorney, expressed outrage that the state

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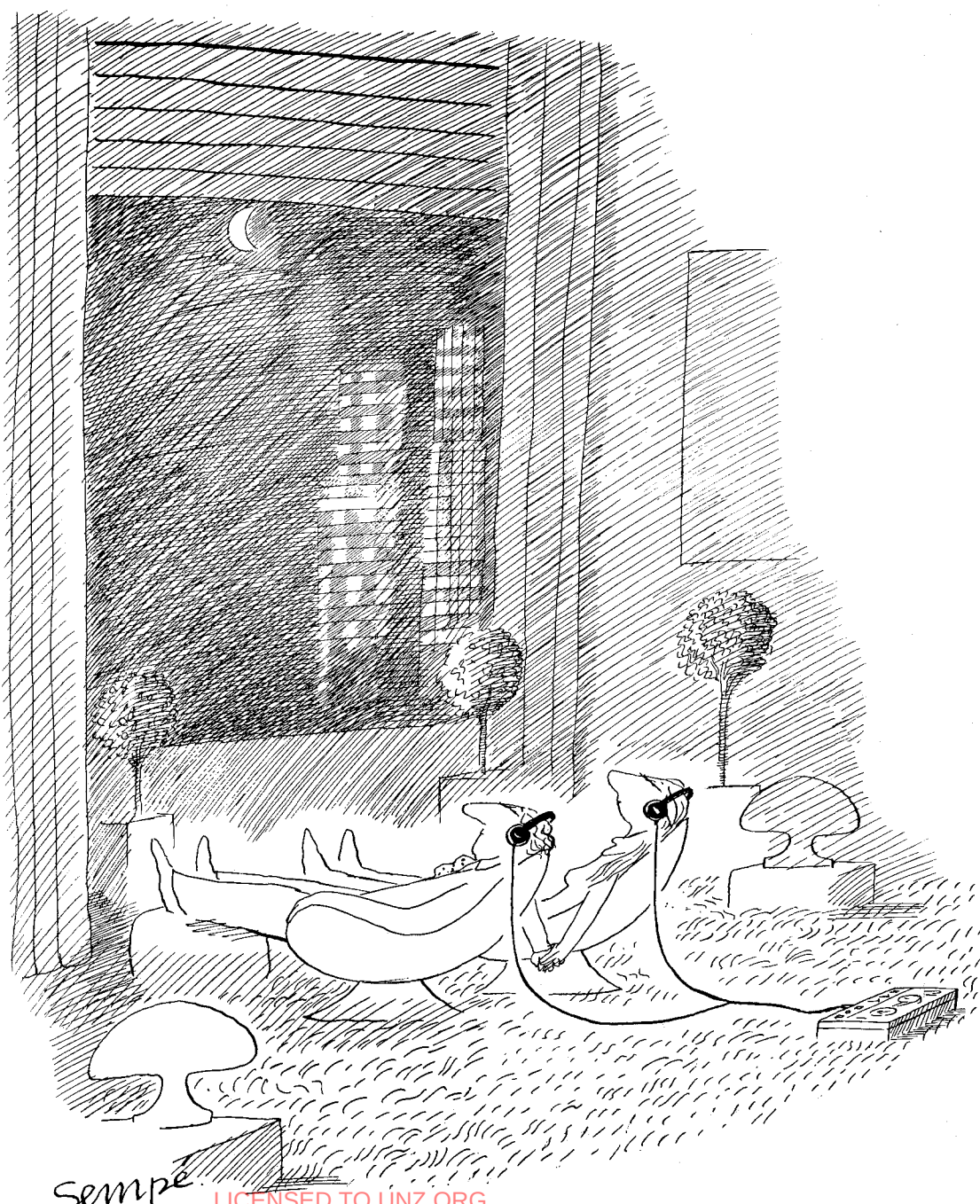
could consider surrendering the artifacts and setting a precedent that would reward treasure hunters. "It was not a settlement," he later said. "It was a capitulation." At Benton's urging, the Commission rejected the settlement as a compromise that would "violate the professional ethics of archaeologists on the Commission, bring great dishonor to the profession, and contradict the declared aims and objectives of the Society for American Archaeology." Eventually, mainly through Benton's efforts, the state bought the Trudeau property and the landowners' claim to the artifacts, and assumed the role of Charrier's adversary in court. Benton took over management of the legal case as a pro-bono-publico special assistant attorney general. He let it be known that the State of Louisiana could never agree to a settlement that rewarded a treasure hunter for destroying its archaeological heritage. So far, it hasn't. Five years after the case seemed settled—years of legal maneuvers and appeals and delays—the Tunica Treasure remains stored at the Peabody Museum, and the question of who owns it remains undecided.

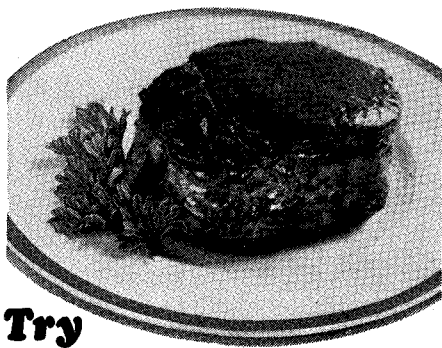
AMONG some people in southern Louisiana, particularly people whose ancestors spoke French rather than English, Fred Benton's outlook might be considered "very Protestant." In southern Louisiana, where it is customary for people to bend a bit for practical considerations or even to be bent a bit by cold cash, Benton's stand strikes some people as unreasonably rigid. Benton sees it as simple principle. Nobody, not even Leonard Charrier, expresses any doubt about Benton's sincerity or dedication. Fred Benton, Jr., is a direct, business-like man in his fifties who makes his living as

a municipal-bond attorney in Baton Rouge, an hour or so southeast of where the Tunica Treasure was found. He tends to be intense about his outside interests. Some of them are more or less hobbies—period airplanes, photography, printing, history—but some of them involve him in what amounts to public service. He has been the state's lawyer not just for the Tunica Treasure case but for a number of cases involving Indian matters. He has been deeply involved in efforts to restore a Civil War battlefield at Port Hudson, not far down the Mississippi from Trudeau. He seems to be nearly a one-man crusade for preserving the natural and archaeological and historical heritage of

the entire Tunica Hills area in some sort of state park. He has been active in establishing guidelines for archaeological digs in Louisiana—guidelines he believes would be mocked by any settlement with Leonard Charrier. "The place was pillaged," he said recently of Trudeau. "Are we to give a guy money for destroying all of this archeology?"

Over the years, a lot of people have tried to persuade Benton to settle the Tunica Treasure case. One of them was Jeffrey Brain. Writing Benton in 1977, Brain acknowledged that he was eager to see a settlement partly because a hostile Leonard Charrier might block publication of the substantial scholarly work Brain had done on the





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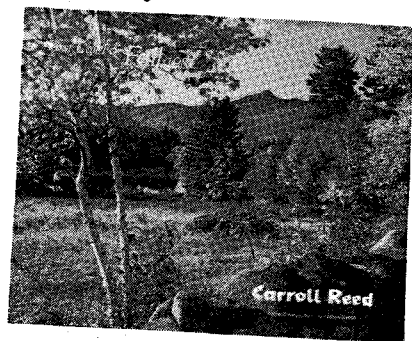
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Treasure, but he said he had another reason—"the long-standing conviction that Charrier should get something out of the deal." Admitting that Charrier was "no innocent," Brain nevertheless pointed out that Charrier had tried to keep the collection basically intact. "I certainly have a full measure of righteous indignation over the despoiling of the past," Brain later wrote Benton. "But I know this as an everyday reality, occurring on a large scale. The collectors, or pothunters, or treasure hunters, etc. are everywhere. Their numbers are legion, while we are so few. We must work under these conditions, and the question is how best to deal with the situation pragmatically." In 1977, Charrier's lawyer offered to settle for less than twenty thousand dollars plus court costs. A couple of years later, a member of the Louisiana legislature introduced a bill that more or less mandated a settlement, but it faded away under criticism of interference in the judicial process. Not long before Edwin Edwards left the governorship, he phoned Benton to ask if the principle involved was really worth the risk of losing the Treasure completely. Benton thinks it is. He is aware that he sometimes seems to be standing almost alone, in the uncomfortable position of defending the interests of highfalutin professors against a self-educated workingman, but he says he will never settle. "There's a time when lawyers have to put on their boots and be lawyers," he has said, "and not be settling cases affecting these basic principles of society."

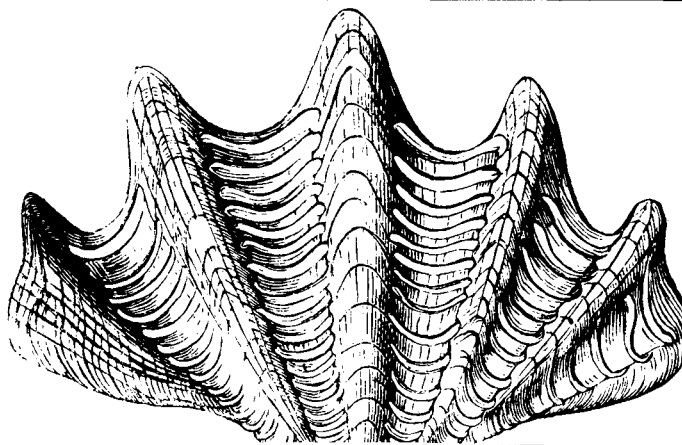
"I call him the white knight," Leonard Charrier said of Benton recently. Charrier has added some gray to the mustache and some thickening to the middle of the young man pictured in the early seventies as the discoverer of the Tunica Treasure, but he still has the look of a robust man in a rough line of work. He is, in fact, no longer a prison guard; he works on an offshore oil rig as a pumper, seven days on and seven days off. Charrier maintains that the precedent Benton is setting simply encourages treasure hunters to sell off their booty secretly instead of making a report that could result in their being buried in litigation. In Charrier's opinion, the behavior Benton expects is contrary to human nature. "Sure, I could have gone over to L.S.U. when I first found the Treasure, but I'm not a complete fool," Charrier says. "They would have said 'Leonard who? A little old

prison guard?' I would have been eliminated." There is nothing Protestant in Charrier's view of life. When he is asked about the Tunicas' resentment over white men digging up the graves of their ancestors, he says that the choice has nothing to do with race: "The Indian graves have a reason to dig them up. They have the goodies—and I've heard archeologists call them the goodies. Archeologists are treasure hunters, too—with fancy names and little brushes." Although Charrier says he loved the adventure of unearthing the Tunica Treasure, he has never denied being interested in the financial gain it could bring him. At times, he has said that he would use some of the money to build the prototype of a machine that he believes may be able to retard the aging process electromagnetically. Those who know Charrier, though, agree that his goal is not simply money, however he would spend it. One reason that Fred Benton, Jr., and Leonard Charrier are so unalterably opposed on the issue of Charrier's receiving money in a settlement is that they agree on what it would symbolize—a recognition by the state that Leonard Charrier, the self-taught Cajun prison guard, is the discoverer of one of Louisiana's most important treasures. When the New Orleans public television station produced a documentary a few years ago on how archeologists and historians had revealed the history of the Tunicas, the name of Leonard Charrier was not mentioned. It was not mentioned in "The Tunica Treasure," a pamphlet produced in Benton's office for the Committee for the Preservation of the Port Hudson Battlefield. It was not mentioned in "On the Tunica Trail," a booklet written by Jeffrey Brain in 1977 for the Louisiana Archaeological Survey and Antiquities Commission. It was not mentioned in "The Tunica Treasure," a pamphlet Brain wrote in 1970 as part of the Lower Mississippi Survey. "I want my children to know what their daddy did," Leonard Charrier now says. "I want recognition, and money is a good indication."

EVERYBODY involved in the fate of the artifacts Charrier unearthed has a different notion of why they constitute a treasure. Charrier, of course, sees them as a discovery for which he deserves to be rewarded. Benton envisions them as a cultural treasure that could be the centerpiece in a Tunica Hills park "of excellence,

of national importance." Harvard, as represented mainly by Jeffrey Brain, has always seen them as a scholarly treasure—the raw material for a major scholarly publication. The Tunica Indians have seen the artifacts as a means of further legitimatizing their history and as a potential source of employment (as guides and caretakers, for instance, in the sort of state project Benton envisions) and as a symbol of white callousness toward what Indians hold sacred ("If we'd go to work and dig up a white graveyard, they'd send us to the penitentiary") and as a possible bargaining chip in negotiating a settlement of a legal case they have given notice of pursuing once their federal recognition is final—a huge land claim, beginning with seventeen thousand acres around Marksville.

Because the parties have different uses for the Treasure and for each other, they have for years been involved in overlapping and shifting alliances. Both Charrier and Benton have felt the need of Indian support—although not badly enough, so far, for the Indians to have got much in return. It has always been Charrier's contention that he had a right to dig at Trudeau partly because he had the blessing of the then chief of the Tunicas, the late Joseph Pierite, Sr.—a man who was involved in some excavating of graves himself on the Marksville land, at least once in the company of Leonard Charrier. (A rival faction of the tribe ended that dig by calling the police.) At various times, Benton has asked the current chairman of the Tunicas, a member of that rival faction, to provide witnesses who object to the disturbance of graves and to intervene as a party in the case and even to make a land claim on the Trudeau site. What seemed to have settled into a working arrangement between Benton and the Tunicas shifted again not long ago. Although the Tunicas' petition for federal recognition was so well documented that the Department of the Interior had already given it preliminary approval, the Attorney General of Louisiana for a time tried to postpone final approval, apparently concerned about the effect recognition might have on a land-claim suit and about the effect a Tunica land-claim victory near Marksville might have on other potential Indian land claims—some of them for rich farmland and even land that could have enough oil and natural gas under it to induce shock in an Exxon vice-president if not a Harvard archeol-



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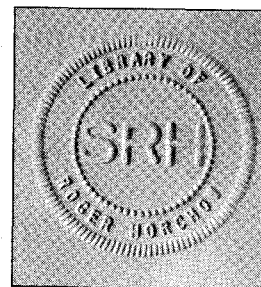
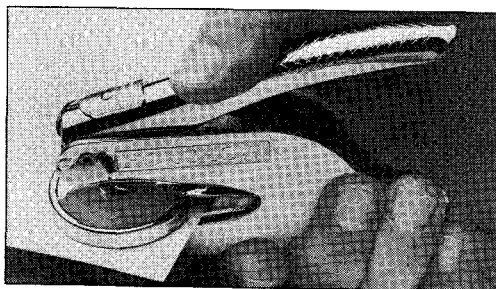
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ogist. The Tunicas have still not intervened in the Tunica Treasure court case, partly because of the need to husband their legal resources. Discussing the case not long ago, the chairman of the tribe, a straightforward young man named Earl Barbry, expressed resentment of Charrier ("I have no use for a grave robber") and irritation at the state ("The Attorney General wants us to help on the Tunica Treasure, and on the other hand he gives us a screwing on recognition") and amazement that artifacts removed from Tunica graves were in Cambridge, Massachusetts, being argued over by a variety of white people, before the tribe really knew what was happening. "I'd love to see them myself," he said.

Jeffrey Brain has tried to maintain good relations with both Benton and Charrier. He has been a witness for the state, a pal to Leonard Charrier, a proponent of working out some accommodation between them. Alone among the people involved, Brain has realized his vision of the Treasure. This winter, the Peabody published Brain's formal scholarship on the collection—an elaborately illustrated volume called "Tunica Treasure." The introduction reprints a number of the letters leading to the collection's acquisition—letters showing the Peabody people jollying Charrier along as they try to get their hands on the Treasure as well as letters showing Charrier trying to avoid the question of clear title. There are dozens of pictures of artifacts. There are color plates of glass beads. An advertisement for the book carries a quotation from Stephen Williams, until recently the director of the Peabody: "Brain's formidable rescue of the Tunica Treasure is a major triumph for American archeology." A month or so before "Tunica Treasure" was released, Brain wrote Benton to say that some imminent renovations would necessitate either shipping the Tunica Treasure back to Louisiana or placing it in a bonded storage that the Peabody could not pay for—and again raising the question of whether there was a way to recompense Harvard for its long curatorship of the artifacts.

"I think it's a shame that Harvard's the only one that's deriving the benefit from the Tunica Treasure," J. Arthur Smith III, one of Charrier's lawyers, has said. In a way, of course, everybody involved may benefit from Brain's book, because everybody has a stake in the distinction of the collec-



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tion. For Benton, "Tunica Treasure" is a tool for persuading the powers that be in Louisiana that the artifacts are important enough to justify significant expenditures for their care and display. For the Tunicas, it puts a Harvard imprimatur on the documentation of their past. Whoever ends up with the Tunica Treasure may have a financial reason to be grateful to Harvard for providing the sort of provenance that can only enhance the collection's value. As someone at the Peabody said recently, "The collection now comes with its own catalogue."

"Tunica Treasure" required a release from Leonard Charrier, and for a while Art Smith advised against giving one. There were some characterizations of Charrier in the manuscript Smith objected to, and the negotiation for release also happened to come at a time when Smith was suing Harvard. In a rather dashing legal maneuver based on a principle called litigious redemption, Smith had managed to win a lower-court decision (later reversed) awarding Charrier the artifacts if he reimbursed the state what it had paid for them as part of the Trudeau land purchase—an amount judged to be twenty-five thousand dollars. Harvard refused to send Charrier the artifacts while the decision was on appeal, and Smith occasionally mentioned the possibility of showing up in Cambridge with a U-Haul truck. After Brain made a few changes in the manuscript, Charrier finally insisted on signing a release. There was no doubt about the immediate benefit he could derive from "Tunica Treasure"—recognition. The book includes Charrier's letters and Charrier's maps, and even Charrier's picture. The final paragraph of the acknowledgments begins, "And last, although truly first, we must recognize the discoverer of this extraordinary find, Leonard J. Charrier. In the collecting, he was untutored and thus destructive, but in the finding he was sophisticated."

—CALVIN TRILLIN

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat]

"Those are roles I play, but for the (anti-smoking) commercials, I'm recognized as Brooke Shields the person, not an actress. They're me," she said.

Subcommittee Chairman John Dingell, D-Mich., asked why she thought "smokers are losers," as her commercials and an anti-smoking poster she posed for say.

"Smoking kills. If you're killed, you've lost a very important part of your life," she replied.



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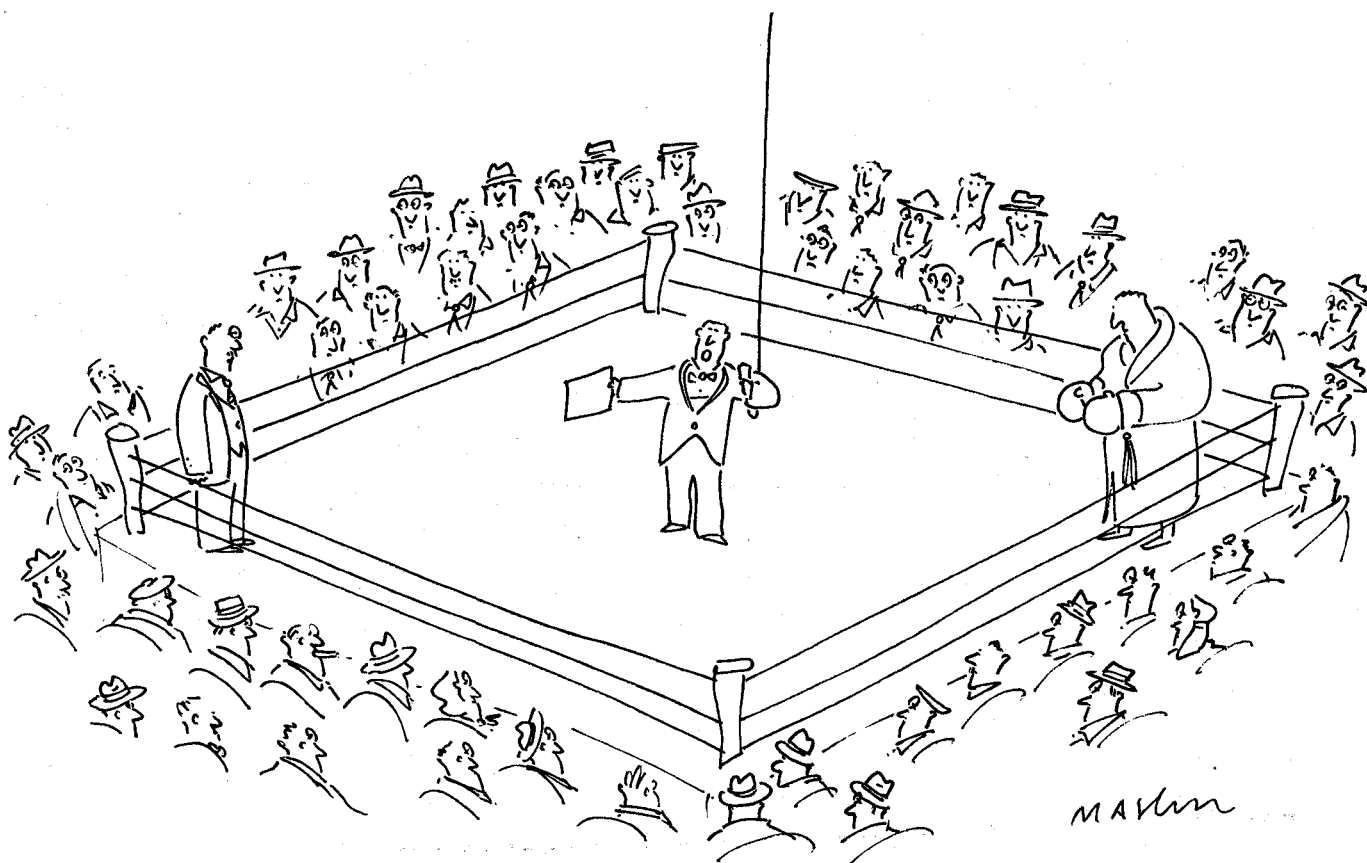
DAVID HENRY HWANG'S "FOB" last year combined realistic comedy and legend to tell of the encounters between a recent young Chinese immigrant to Los Angeles and a couple of Chinese-Americans who put him through a number of tests before accepting him. It was a remarkable play, and a young Chinese-American actor named John Lone, new to New York but not to California, gave a remarkable performance in the leading role. Now Mr. Hwang has compressed into a play that lasts under an hour and a quarter the whole story of Chinese immigration to this country in the nineteenth century, and again Mr. Lone is his hero. The time of "The Dance and the Railroad" (at the Public) is 1867, the place a mountaintop near the transcontinental railroad. There are two characters—Lone (Mr. Lone) and Ma (Tzi Ma). Both are railroad workers who have come to America to find and mine the "mountain of gold" and return rich to China and their hungry villages. We first see Lone by himself, twirling his pigtail, exercising his muscles, keeping in trim, ready

and dedicated, as he waits to resume his career in the Chinese opera; on the verge of being able to play a leading role, he was kidnapped and shipped off in steerage to America. Ma is his innocent and funny gull and partner, who comes to the mountain from the gang of Chinese laborers below in order to learn the technique of acting. There is a strike going on among the laborers, and both men are temporarily laid off. Ma asks Lone to teach him to act, and Lone, after first scoffing at him and then challenging him (by forcing him to impersonate a locust and remain crouched in the locust position overnight), finally accepts him as his student. Through speech and dance and music and pantomime, as the men perform classical Chinese movements together, occasionally duelling with long poles, we learn their stories and their dreams of mining that gold mountain (the poles, at one point, become pickaxes), and to the poignancy of exile is added another poignancy when we realize that Lone and Ma will never make much money here and will probably never return to take up the lives that they were put on

earth for. With the news that the strike is settled, the action is over. Ma returns to the labor gang below, but Lone stays on awhile to resume the ritual of his exercises; we leave him as we found him.

John Lone is superb as the foiled artist, divorced from his art and from the theatre and forced to be his own audience on a very commonplace mountaintop. (Lone began his career, by the way, in a theatre company in Peking, and he here quadruples as actor, composer, choreographer, and director.) His performance is elegant, and his wit is pretty elegant, too—especially when he delivers a flash impersonation of "the white devil," with his round eyes and his insane cadences of speech. Mr. Ma is very good as his clumsy, delightful companion. As for Mr. Hwang, now aged twenty-three, he has written a play whose effect is nothing short of hypnotic; his feeling and humor are always manifest, his imagination is vivid and controlled, his lines are spare and telling. He also doubles as violinist. The effective setting—a rippling sheet of white plastic reaching from stage to ceiling—was designed by Karen Schulz. The effective lighting and costumes were designed by Victor En Yu Tan and Judy Dearing.

—EDITH OLIVER



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JAZZ

Down the River

FRIDAY, JUNE 26TH: George Wein has sold his Newport soul to the Brown & Williamson tobacco company. The brave little Newport Jazz Festival, which was first held in 1954 on two successive July nights in the Newport Casino, and included an incomparable list of performers (Pee Wee Russell, Bobby Hackett, Lee Wiley, Jo Jones, Lester Young, Buck Clayton, Dizzy Gillespie, Billie Holiday, Lennie Tristano, and the fledgling Modern Jazz Quartet, with Horace Silver on piano), has become, in its twenty-seventh year, the Kool Jazz Festival New York. Brown & Williamson will pay Wein an undisclosed amount over the next five years for having removed the name Newport (also the name of a rival mentholated cigarette, of course), and it will assume all advertising and promotional costs of the festival. (This all becomes a gallimaufry when we are also told that Wein, in order to protect his copyright on the name Newport Jazz Festival, will hold a two-concert Newport Jazz Festival in Newport in August.) Wein states in the program that his deal with Brown & Williamson will enable the festival to continue. More likely, it will help the festival to continue its self-competing giantism (this year hundreds of musicians will perform over ten days in fifty events at fourteen locations in New York and New Jersey, and some of the events will last twelve hours and involve simultaneous performances), its repetitiveness (a dozen events being held this year are variants of events given before), and its deepening unimaginativeness (Wein now farms out the production of many programs to jazz writers and enthusiasts). So the festival, in its tawdry new clothes, began this afternoon, in Carnegie Recital Hall, with an unaccompanied concert by the pianist Cedar Walton. He played three standards, three Duke Ellington tunes, a couple of Bud Powell numbers, and some of his own material. Walton is a clear, robust, declarative pianist, who speaks with the tongues of Art Tatum, Powell, and Lennie Tristano. But this afternoon, without rhythmic support, he donned protective rhapsodic robes. His arpeggios rose and fell, and he kept break-

ing them in unexpected, Bud Powell places. These ceaseless contrary motions caused Walton to slip and slide rhythmically, and they also hid the fact that, at his ease with a bassist in a night club, he is a joyous and swinging pianist.

Walton appeared to better effect at the evening concert in Carnegie Hall.



This was a celebration for the old drummer Art Blakey that was carried forward by Blakey's present group and by such alumni as Walton, Walter Davis, Johnny Griffin, Jackie McLean, Freddie Hubbard, Bill Hardman, Donald Byrd, and Curtis

Fuller. It was hard-bop heaven again. (Blakey formed his first Jazz Messengers in 1954.) There were the dull unison ensembles, the interminable solos, and Blakey's toneless thunder-clap drumming. But it was good to hear Hardman's hilly phrasing (so intense beside Hubbard's glassy vacuity), and to hear how far Griffin, who has lived in Europe for many years, has moved from where Don Byas stopped. The sound system nearly destroyed the evening. (Carnegie Hall, an acoustic miracle, scarcely needs amplification.) The piano sounded like china being unpacked and the ensembles like a hennery when a fox gets in.

JUNE 27TH: The pianist Joanne Brackeen, tall and narrow and stooped, appeared in Carnegie Recital Hall this afternoon in a blouse and skirt and an immense Virginia Woolf straw hat. She did half a dozen numbers, all of them unidentifiable but presumably hers, and they varied from silken Debussy barges to hardboiled Keith Jarrett fantasies. Rhythm and melody were implied. It was a mannered music also marked by Cecil Taylor avalanches and belling McCoy Tyner chords. The straw hat seemed disembodied after a time, and it never stopped bobbing and swaying and tipping.

There was a long, loose history of Chicago jazz at Carnegie Hall this evening. A swing group led by the bass trumpeter Cy Touff and including Norman Murphy on trumpet, Franz Jackson on tenor saxophone, Marty Grosz on guitar, Truck Parham on bass, and Barrett Deems on drums played four easy, elated

numbers. Touff's flat-faced playing contrasted nicely with Murphy's sweet, round tone and Jackson's Ben Webster lyricism. Next came a surprising duet by two members of the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians—the reedman Roscoe Mitchell, who works with the Art Ensemble of Chicago, and the trumpeter Hugh Regan. They did one ten-minute number, which was made up of long-held treble notes, some in unison and some in a freakish bagpipe harmony, broken here and there by scratching sounds, steamboat whistles, and bird tremolos. It was funny, needling, free music. There was booing, and several people fled the hall, their fingers in their ears. Time fell back thirty years for a bebop set by the trumpeter and reedman Ira Sullivan, who had Lee Konitz on alto saxophone, Chris Anderson on piano, Victor Sproles on bass, and Wilbur Campbell on drums. There was good ensemble lobbing by Sullivan and Konitz—when it was audible (the sound was again piping and blurred)—and Campbell revealed that he is an alert, driving bebop drummer. Then back twenty years, to around 1930. Art Hodes played a solo version of "St. Louis Blues," which moved from deep-blue left-hand chords to stride figures, and he and Parham accompanied Mama Yancey for three numbers. She is in her mid-eighties and came onstage in a wheelchair, but her dry, sad, flat voice was intact. She sang "Trouble in Mind" and "Make Me a Pallet on the Floor," and Hodes was there at every turn with tremolos and low-register rumbles. He rocked the hall. The tenor saxophonist Von Freeman (father of the tenor saxophonist Chico Freeman) moved us up to the fifties with a hard-bop group that had Paul Serrano on trumpet, Sproles, and Campbell. Von Freeman is a curious saxophonist. He likes dying notes and notes that sound as if they were split, and his tone is reedy and diffuse. Sonny Rollins is always passing by. Then back to 1930 for good. Jimmy McPartland and Wild Bill Davison (together and separately), assisted by Frank Chace on clarinet, Jim Beebe on trombone, and a rhythm section of Hodes, Parham, Grosz, and Don DeMicheal on drums, went through seven Chicago anthems, including "Sugar," "Royal Garden Blues," "Big Butter and Egg Man," and "China Boy." McPartland was in hustling form (he sang on one number and, like many horn players, is good),

and Davison rooted and growled and champed. The concert was produced by Harriet Choice, and the singer Joe Williams read a script she had prepared as if he were a Latin teacher intoning a first-year student's composition. At the very beginning of the evening, he also demonstrated the wild melismatic street cry he used as a kid when he hawked the Chicago *Defender*.

JUNE 28TH: Duos are cheaper to hire than trios or quartets, and in the past ten or fifteen years they have become the most fashionable jazz ensemble. Their members have discovered that the form, which involves counterpoint, soloing, unison and harmonic playing, accompanying, and intense listening, is as challenging as any in jazz. They have also discovered that a successful duo must balance. The players must be equally gifted, they must relish each other's work, and their instruments must be complementary. Multi-noted instruments (guitar with guitar, piano with piano) work well, and so do different single-noted instruments (alto saxophone with tenor saxophone, trumpet with trombone), and one single-noted instrument (tenor saxophone) with one multi-noted instrument (guitar). But identical single-noted instruments (two trumpets, two trombones), hobbled by similar tones and timbres, do not. A program of duets—seven in all—was assembled by Dan Morgenstern at Carnegie Hall tonight, and only one really worked. This was made up of the guitarists Wayne Wright and Marty Grosz. Wright, a Django Reinhardt admirer, favors quavery single-note lines, while Grosz uses a chordal attack. They offset each other's solos, and they have worked together enough to have found each other's nooks and crannies. They did "It Don't Mean a Thing If It Ain't Got That Swing," Reinhardt's "Tears," "Goody Goody," and a three-part piece written down in the thirties by the guitarists Dick McDonough and Carl Kress. Red Rodney and Ira Sullivan played their trumpets and flügelhorns, Zoot Sims and Lee Konitz played their soprano saxophones, and Major Hol-

ley and Slam Stewart sang and played their basses. Herbie Hancock on acoustic piano and the bassist Ron Carter turned out to be Hancock accompanied by Carter. The same imbalance was true of the singer Carol Sloane and her pianist, Norman Simmons. The final group, made up of Milt Jackson and John Lewis, sounded exactly like what it was—the top half of the Modern Jazz Quartet. Herewith some fool-proof duos for concerts to come: Zoot Sims and Bucky Pizzarelli; Jim Hall and Michael Moore; Red Norvo and Dave McKenna; Dick Wellstood and Ralph Sutton; Ellis Larkins and Joe Wilder.

JUNE 29TH: We listen to jazz to be surprised. Tonight, at an all-star concert at Carnegie Hall, we waited a long time. Set after set went by, consisting of the likes of John Bunch, Eddie Bert, Al Grey, Kenny Burrell, Frank Foster, Dave Brubeck, Bobby Rosengarden, and Gerry Mulligan, and then it happened. Ellis Larkins, accompanied by the bassist Billy Popp, played two quiet unamplified blues—one slow and one in medium tempo. The first, Larkins' own "Happiness Boy Chaser," was an ingenious arrangement of right-hand riffs that turned around and around against an ostinato bass, rose in a delicate crescendo, and subsided. The second,

Mercer Ellington's "Things Ain't What They Used to Be," deepened the subtle blue mood established in the first number. Here were Larkins' zephyr touch, his rueful ease, his hidden, spinning arpeggios, his cumulative rhythm. He enthralled us, and nothing that followed (Dizzy Gillespie, Clark Terry, Machito, Cecil Payne, Benny Powell, Billy Taylor, Jimmy Rowles, Zoot Sims, Mel Tormé, Joe Albany, Kenny Davern) diminished his hold.

JUNE 30TH: Two groups played at Avery Fisher Hall tonight—the Red Norvo Trio, which was meant to be the crowd-quieter, and the Chick Corea Quartet, which was meant to be the main draw. But there was a dazzling turnaround. Norvo's one-hour set was overarching, while Corea's one-and-a-half-hour set was listless and inconclusive. The evening, to all intents and purposes, ended with Norvo. He insisted that his group be heard without amplification, and the results in the hall were as Cyril Harris intended them to be: the group's delicate, treble, latticework music could be heard everywhere. (Its sound was slightly stronger in the back than in the front, where it tended to leapfrog the first dozen rows or so.) Norvo's trio—Tal Farlow is on guitar and Steve Novosel on bass—was reconsti-



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AN EVENT IN ITSELF

tuted three weeks ago (he disbanded his first trio in 1956), and it has been playing at Michael's Pub. The engagement has brought the group close to perfection. The ensembles breathe, the accompanying is clairvoyant, Farlow has his chops back, and Novosel is braver. There were wonders in every one of its ten numbers: Farlow's double-time solo on "Here's That Rainy Day;" Norvo's serene, belling, hymnlike a-cappella version of Bix Beiderbecke's "Candlelight;" Norvo and Farlow's twining but parallel counterpoint on "The One I Love" and "Fascinating Rhythm;" and all of Fats Waller's "Jitterbug Waltz," a tricky, irresistible tune that seems to force jazz musicians to surpass themselves. Norvo's triumphs go back nearly fifty years; tonight's was the latest.

Chick Corea changes his musical address every year or so. Having abandoned Electronic Heights, in Fusion City, he introduced a group tonight that included a hard-bop tenor saxophonist (Joe Henderson), an aging avant-garde bassist (Gary Peacock), and a bebop drummer (Roy Haynes). And he himself played acoustic piano. The music, partly written, partly improvised, was romantic, motionless, and eclectic (tatters of free jazz, acres of hard bop). No one seemed to be who he was. Peacock, that lyrical speedster, had a barbarous sound and used a lot of whining notes. Haynes, a champion chatterer, sounded bored. And Corea never got much beyond several two-handed high-register glisses. But what else could he do? He, too, had been out front during Norvo's set.

JULY 1ST: It no longer matters whether Art Tatum was a great jazz pianist. He was a magnificent hybrid, caught somewhere between Vladimir Horowitz, on the classical side, and Lee Sims, on the popular side, and he changed the course of jazz with his rococo, million-noted, arpeggiated attack. Charlie Parker heard him as a young man and never forgot, and so did Bud Powell and Lennie Tristano and Don Byas and John Coltrane. We are still swimming in his florid sea. Tonight, at Town Hall, the pianists Billy Taylor and Dick Hyman gave a joint lecture on Tatum, and they illustrated their remarks by performing separately and together and by bringing on such pianists as Jaki Byard, Dick Wellstood, Adam Makowicz, John Lewis, Ellis Larkins, and Barry Harris. They also sat in, separately,

with the Art Tatum Trio—Tiny Grimes on guitar and Slam Stewart on bass. The presence of some of their exemplars was puzzling. There is very little of Tatum in John Lewis (there is more Count Basie), and Byard's Tatum is watery. Wellstood and Harris are a generation removed: Wellstood mirrors one of Tatum's idols, Fats Waller, and Harris one of Tatum's descendants, Bud Powell. The best of tonight's illustrators was Hyman himself. (Taylor is too diffuse, Larkins brings us mainly Tatum's touch, and Makowicz is close to an unintentional caricature.) Hyman's "Body and Soul" with the trio was faultless, and so was his solo reading of the Thad Jones-Alec Wilder "A Child Is Born." All that he lacks is Tatum's pneumatic touch and his ability to make you gasp. A series of duets—Byard and Lewis, Harris and Taylor, Wellstood and Hyman, Larkins and Makowicz—followed. The winners were Wellstood and Hyman with a stride version of "If Dreams Come True." They matched that overweening, roaring quality that Tatum took on when he shifted into a stride bass at a fast tempo and blew the house down. There are only two film clips of Tatum in action; both were shown tonight. The first is a snippet from a "March of Time" newsreel, and the second is from a jam-session sequence in a feature film called "The Fabulous Dorseys." One hears and sees more in it of Charlie Barnet and Ziggy Elman and Ray Bauduc than of the mighty Tatum.

JULY 2ND: The lack of decent movie footage on early jazz music was due to racism and ignorance. (How would Samuel Goldwyn have known in 1933 that Louis Armstrong was playing the most lyrical and original music in the United States when Olin Downes, the *Times*' music critic, didn't?) Bessie Smith and Charlie Parker appear only once on film, and the brief glimpses we have of Bix Beiderbecke and Chick Webb are useless. There is no known footage of Fletcher Henderson, King Oliver, Jelly Roll Morton, or Charlie Christian. What does exist from the twenties and thirties and forties (television has done far better than Hollywood) is almost accidental: generally hoked-up "jam sessions" from feature films (one has Wingy Manone on trumpet, Joe Venuti on violin, Les Paul on guitar, Jess Stacy on piano, and Abe Lyman on drums), newsreel clips, and cheap

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shorts made as fillers to be shown between the cartoon and the newsreel. (The first honest, serious attempt to capture jazz in the movies was Gjon Mili's 1944 "Jammin' the Blues.") The film collector David Chertok showed thirty-four of these oddities at Town Hall tonight, and all were of big bands. The earliest was from 1933 (Claude Hopkins playing "Careless Love" in a huge barbershop, with Edmond Hall on alto saxophone), and the most recent was from the late forties (Woody Herman's "Lemon Drop"). Much of what we saw was nonsense (Charlie Barnet playing "Cherokee" in a field next to a tepee; Bob Crosby doing "Sugarfoot Stomp" in a baggage car; Gene Krupa playing a frantic, yeah-man "Leave Us Leap"), but some of it was fine (the 1943 Duke Ellington band doing two numbers with Ben Webster, Tricky Sam Nanton, Ray Nance, and Johnny Hodges; Sidney De Paris, still in his Louis Armstrong shoes, soloing with Don Redman in 1934; the 1936 Jimmie Lunceford band doing "Nagasaki;" and a brief solo by the rare, lyrical trumpeter Don Fagerquist on Les Brown's "I've Got My Love to Keep Me Warm"). There was good singing along the way by Frank Sinatra, Helen Forrest, Peggy Lee, Billy Eckstine, Fran Warren, Helen O'Connell, Sister Rosetta Tharpe, and Louis Armstrong, who did "I Can't Give You Anything But Love" in a bartender's jacket.

JULY 3RD: The late-afternoon piano concerts in Carnegie Recital Hall continue to be uneven. Ram Ramirez, who wrote "Lover Man" and plays composer's piano, did a Duke Ellington medley and a medley of songs associated with Billie Holiday, a couple of blues, some Gershwin, a tune by Richie Wyands, and "Lover Man." He is a loose-kneed swing pianist who has listened to Red Garland and Erroll Garner. Albert Dailey offered half a dozen harmonic castles, built of arpeggios, loud pedal, rubato, and portmanteau chords, and concealing in their dungeons such songs as "Emily" and "What Is This Thing Called Love?" Dorothy Donegan, a vaudevillian who plays Art Tatum piano, made her corkscrew faces and day-lily hand motions, and played her usual concatenation of "Tea for Two," "Rhapsody in Blue," and "The Man I Love," all the while using rubber tempos, interpolation, stride piano, and winged arpeggios.

And this afternoon Ross Tompkins, who went West with the "Tonight Show" band ten years ago, followed in the ad-lib footsteps of Walton, Brackeen, and Dailey. He is a fine jazz pianist, and it's too bad that, on this rare trip East, he didn't show us that.

At an afternoon concert at the 1970 Newport Festival, Bill Cosby presented a Los Angeles band that he called Badfoot Brown and the Bunions Bradford Marching and Funeral Band. It was made up of a tenor saxophonist, a trombonist, two Fender bassists, three guitarists, two pianists, an organist, and two drummers. Its principal number lasted forty-five minutes and was a sly, blueslike survey of modern jazz, done up with endless breaks and tempo changes, duets, mountainous crescendos, and a vocal of "White Christmas" interrupted several times by drum solos. The piece swung massively, and it remains indelible. Tonight, Cosby brought B. B. King, Arnett Cobb, Nat Adderley, Jimmy Smith, and Mickey Roker into Carnegie Hall to play the blues. They played slow blues, medium blues, and fast blues, but the group never found its heart. Cosby himself delivered the best music—a parody of a blues singer who can't get off a word unless it has at least a dozen notes in it. A study in melismatic madness, it cut so close to the bone it shook up B. B. King.

JULY 4TH: All-female jazz events are voluntary acts of segregation and seeming admissions that only through numbers can women equal men in jazz. But women have long been equal to men in jazz. Men have dominated its instrumental side, but women have dominated its vocal side. A syllogism could even be fashioned: the human voice is the greatest instrument; women are the greatest jazz singers; therefore, women are the greatest jazz instrumentalists. Who has surpassed Billie Holiday's sense of rhythmic placement? Who has scaled the melodic peaks and plumbed the melodic depths of Sarah Vaughan? Who has matched the majesty of Bessie Smith? So "Women Blow Their Own Horns," a concert put together by Rosetta Reitz at Carnegie Hall tonight, was needless. And it was not an all-female event anyway—Melba Liston's band had three men, and Dizzy Gillespie and Clark Terry wandered on and off during the evening. The Willene Barton quintet began the concert, with two old-fashioned jump numbers and a slow "As Time Goes



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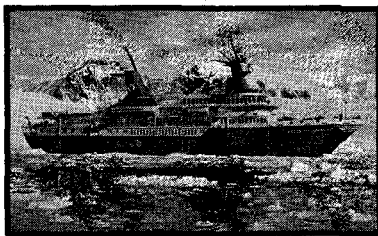


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By." The leader, seeing her tenor saxophone up and down, appeared to be cutting her way through her music. Dorothy Donegan did a coherent "An Affair to Remember," then opened her "Tea for Two" box and let her flying arpeggios out. Melba Liston, who was in Dizzy Gillespie's big band in the fifties, played four numbers, two of them in the sort of barely moving tempos that dance bands used to sink into late at night. Britt Woodman, the old Ellington trombonist, was with her, along with a fine tenor saxophonist named Erica Lindsay. The rest of the evening was a kind of jam session, with Marian McPartland or Dorothy Donegan on piano, Mary Osborne on guitar, Jean Fineberg on tenor saxophone, Lucille Dixon on bass, and Barbara Merjan on drums. Gillespie and Terry leafed through their solos.

JULY 5TH: Miles Davis, absent from jazz for the past five years or so, turned up for two shows at Avery Fisher Hall tonight with a reedman (Bill Evans), a rock guitarist (Mike Stern), a Fender bassist (Marcus Miller), a percussionist (Nino Cinelli), and a drummer (Al Foster) and, for the hour that the first show lasted, pretended he was in "Apocalypse Now." Davis was dressed for the trip. He had on a fisherman's cap, a dark jacket, which he kept taking off, a singlet, gray pipestem pants, and clogs. It was night, and the darkness was broken by a searchlight that followed Davis as he stumped from side to side of the boat; sat on a stool in front of Foster's drums, his back to the audience; raised his fist and brought it down to turn the ship of sound in a new direction; played one of his brief solos (sixteen or twenty bars at the longest), his back bent almost double, so that the bell of his horn was inches from the floor; and sipped from a cup brought by a deckhand. The heavy-metal roar of guitar, bass, and drums was almost always present, and to make himself heard Davis had a small microphone fastened to his trumpet. His muted solos rose clearly above the din, and when he took out his mute and let loose an open-horn blast the crocodiles lining the banks jumped. Davis played one non-stop number, which was unidentified and unidentifiable. Evans soloed on soprano and tenor saxophone, the guitarist soloed, and the percussionist soloed. The tempos changed ceaselessly, and so did the rhythm. Davis's chops are in good shape, but he played the same solo

again and again. It went like this: an ascending shriek (Dizzy Gillespie, 1945) followed by a scurrying downward run; a second, lower shriek; silence; another run, broken off abruptly in the Bud Powell manner; silence; a three-note cluster, the last note flatted and held for a measure or two; silence; an upward run; and a closing six-note cluster. When the boat reached Kurtz's hideaway, Davis turned to the audience for the first time, and *waved*, as if to let us know that he is just one of us after all and that what we had been watching—it was a visual music—was only imaginary.

This afternoon, at the last of three concerts given during the week at the Guggenheim Museum, the drummer Louis Hayes appeared with Frank Strozier on alto saxophone, Harold Mabern on piano, and Jimmy Rowser on bass. Strozier came up from Memphis in the fifties with the late trumpeter Booker Little, the tenor saxophonist George Coleman, and Mabern, and he is one of the most original of Charlie Parker's second wave of admirers. The group played five numbers. The finest was a long, intense "My Funny Valentine." It had formidable opening and closing cadenzas by Strozier and a sumptuous in-tempo solo, full of Parker runs, Strozier's peculiar high-register pipings, and his way of fashioning a phrase—a descending six-note figure, say—and playing it over and over, each time with slight variations, as if he were slowly turning it in the light. Nothing played on Davis's trip beat Strozier's "Valentine."

JULY 8TH: Having a jazz festival at all in New York is like shipping artichokes to Castroville. The thirty or more jazz night clubs in the city celebrate the music continuously, and in often ingenious ways. During the past year or so, we have heard Jabbo Smith, the Lee Konitz Nonet, Lee Konitz and Gil Evans in a duo, Art Hodes, the new Red Norvo Trio, Ralph Sutton, the George Coleman Octet, Warne Marsh, and endless piano-and-bass duos. Now still another duo, made up of Dick Hyman and the California pianist Roger Kellaway, has turned up at Michael's Pub, where it will be through July 25th. Hyman and Kellaway first played as a duo at one of Dick Gibson's Colorado jazz parties (Gibson brought Zoot Sims and the late Joe Venuti together; the explosion still echoes), and they are a

stunning combination. Hyman, with his long, pale face and white, flickering fingers, is a delicate, almost academic Art Tatum, while Kellaway, bearded and stubby-fingered, is a plunging Oscar Peterson admirer. (Both men are also highly gifted composers and arrangers.) They balance. Hyman's touch is light and self-effacing, while Kellaway digs in—sometimes he splats the upper register with his right elbow. Hyman's single-note figures are swallows, Kellaway's woodpeckers. In their melodic statements, Hyman suggests and Kellaway points, Hyman outlines and Kellaway itemizes. Hyman, got up tonight in a dark-blue blazer and tie, swayed from side to side at the keyboard, while Kellaway, in an electric-blue velvet jacket, light-colored trousers, and a yellow open-neck shirt, bent over tightly or, when he got off a good one, reared back wildly. Duo pianists can be relentless, crowding the air and making an endlessly quarrelling music. But Hyman and Kellaway step aside when the other takes off, giving him catapult chords and glistening backdrops. On "Yesterdays," Kellaway played octave melodic lines in both hands and Hyman laid down drifting, applauding tremolos. Hyman unrolled into-the-wind arpeggios in "Get Happy" and Kellaway rocked around in his lowest register. They made rhythm machines out of "Get Happy" and an Albert Ammons boogie-woogie number and out of a slow "Just a Closer Walk with Thee." On a very fast "Blue Skies," they sat at the same keyboard and switched places every other chorus. Their hands advanced, bowed, retreated, advanced, bowed, retreated, and the sound was as dense as thunder. On a medium-tempo "Remembering You" (Kellaway's song, and the closing theme of "All in the Family"), they did two-handed octave figures and in the last chorus created brilliant counterpoint, their right hands making voices that wound around and around, never touching, never separating. What exhilarating music!

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

He told reporters in a wide-ranging news conference that both he and Special Trade Representative William Brock have advised members of the European Economic Community that further subsidies of their farm products could lead to retaliation by the United States. He declined to be elaborate.—*New Haven Register*.

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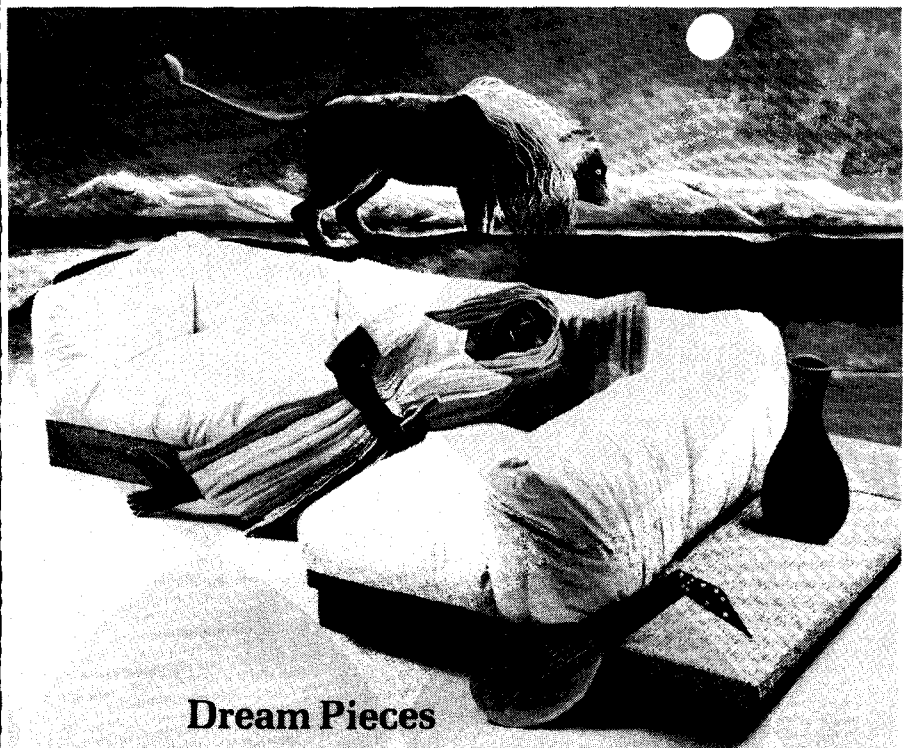
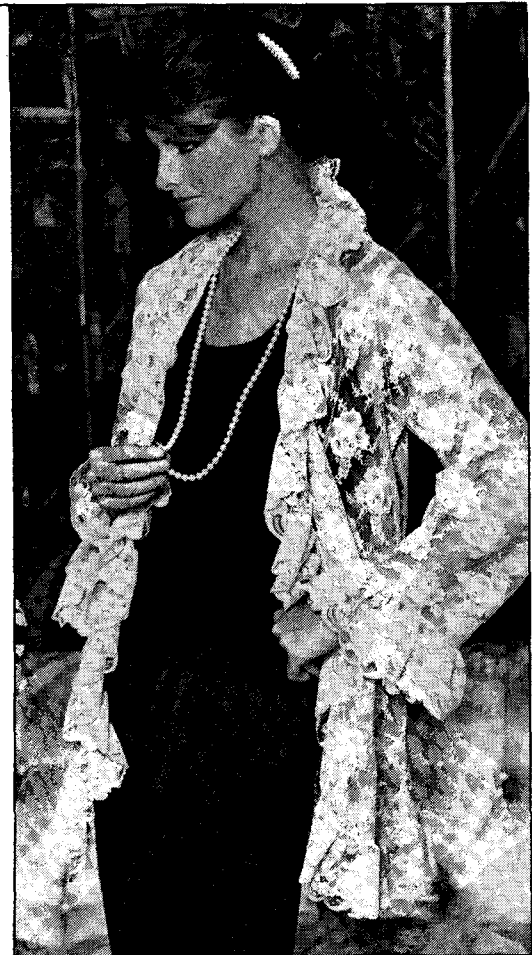
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LETTER FROM ISRAEL

JULY 16 ISRAELI affairs, it has been said, demonstrate a remarkable combination of the rational and the irrational. Ten years ago, in a book entitled "The Israelis: Founders and Sons," Amos Elon took note of this in some statements applicable to the situation today. "The explosive mixture of nationalism and religion that goes into the making of Israeli patriotism might have been easily comprehensible to a nineteenth-century Irish nationalist," he said—or to an Eastern European nationalist of the same period, such as a Pole, whose nationalism "often came intertwined with Catholicism or orthodoxy." Those twin elements, always just below the surface in Israel, have regularly exerted their force on Israeli politics, and they have never been more apparent than they were in the election just held—particularly in the post-election bargaining with secular and religious parties to form a new coalition government. Because of the closeness of the vote—Prime Minister Menachem Begin's Likud coalition received forty-eight seats in the hundred-and-twenty-member Knesset to the forty-seven for the Labor Party alignment, headed by Shimon Peres—the bargaining power of the two principal religious parties, the National Religious Party and Aguda Israel, is greater than it has ever been, even though the N.R.P. lost half its 1977 seats, and currently has just six, while the Aguda simply held its own, with four. In the days following the election, most of the negotiations that Begin conducted were with representatives of these two parties, both of which had supported him in 1977; after that year's election, the Likud had built up a majority starting with forty-three seats—something it was able to do because the Labor alignment had won only thirty-two, thus falling out of power for the first time since Israel declared its independence, in 1948.

The National Religious Party has been trying for several years to be more of a modern domestic political force, though its external politics have remained strongly right-wing—as is shown by its support of Jewish settlements on the West Bank of the Jordan River, in territory seized by Israel in the Six-Day War of 1967. The Party held three ministerial posts in the last Cabinet—the powerful Ministry of Religious Affairs and the Interior and the Education Ministries—and will

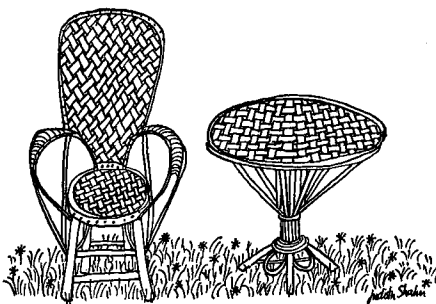
probably get two in the new Cabinet. The Aguda, which is run by a rabbinical council, has not demanded any Cabinet seats, and has remained content to let the major parties conduct the government as long as it receives funds for its yeshivas and nothing is done to change the strict religious laws it has fostered—including laws regulating marriage and divorce, restricting abortion, and banning most public transportation on the Sabbath. Only a minority of the Israelis are Orthodox—many don't even observe the Sabbath—yet the majority of the population tolerates most of the religious laws pertaining to personal status, though it finds some annoying. The question of "Who is a Jew?" nevertheless remains a matter of constant parliamentary debate. In the aftermath of the election, the Aguda, taking advantage of the fact that Begin needed its support more than he had previously, made new demands, among them an amendment to the so-called law of return which would require that an immigrant Jew either have a Jewish mother or be a convert according to the Orthodox rabbinical law known as Halakah. Israeli law at present defines a Jew as anyone who has a Jewish mother or is a convert under less doctrinaire Jewish laws and regulations, including those of Reform and Conservative synagogues. The Aguda's rabbinical council has also insisted on stricter legislation concerning work on the Sabbath; it wants such work limited to those engaged in life-and-death matters—hospital workers, for instance—and those involved in security affairs. In addition, the council wants tougher anti-abortion and autopsy laws, more power for the rabbinical courts, and more money for religious schools and student housing.

In a notable demonstration of participatory democracy Israeli-style, Begin spent many post-election hours discussing the Aguda's religious demands, and by the end of the first week after the balloting, which took place

on June 30th, he had obtained the party's pledge of continued support by promising to give its rabbinical councillors at least some of what they wanted. Debate in the Knesset on these issues is certain to be intense, however, and it won't be easy for Begin to obtain a majority for the passage of new religious laws and amendments. Rabbi Ira Youdovin, of the Reform Zionists of America, has already noted in an article published here that thousands of converts in Israel and abroad would "come to the staggering realization that neither they nor their progeny are Jews in the eyes of the Jewish state" if the desired changes in the law on conversion were passed. After Begin had talked several times to the Aguda representatives, they remained divided on the question of how hard to press for such fundamental changes.

Israel has had its share of political scandals, and one of them has figured prominently in this election and its aftermath. In May, Aharon Abuhatzzeira, the Minister of Religious Affairs, was acquitted of bribery in connection with the dispensation of funds to certain religious institutions that depend on his ministry for support, but he is still facing trial in a case involving the alleged embezzlement of funds from 1974 to 1977, when he was the mayor of the city of Ramle. Abuhatzzeira, who is a Moroccan, broke away from the N.R.P. after his acquittal in the first case and started his own party, called TAMI—an acronym for the Israel Heritage Movement—and it won three seats in the election. The Party is financed by a Swiss multimillionaire named Nessim Gaon, who is of Sudanese origin. While this party claims to be non-ethnic, it was obviously out to capture the large Moroccan vote and give the Moroccans in Israel more political power in the government. The bitter feud between the N.R.P. and Abuhatzzeira has continued, and the fact that he was responsible for some of its losses in the election has heightened feelings on both sides. Begin needs TAMI's support for his coalition, and at the moment his task is to get the two parties together. Early negotiations to this end have hinged on whether Abuhatzzeira would retain the Religious Affairs position, which Begin was said to have promised to the N.R.P.; it may be that Abuhatzzeira will get another ministry.

Once Begin had obtained the support of the N.R.P., Aguda, and TAMI—



which he appeared to have done by the end of the first week of negotiations—he had the foundation of his coalition lined up, giving him a tentative majority of sixty-one seats in the Knesset, but there is no assurance of how long such a replica of the previous government will last. To bolster his position, Begin has sought to strike a number of relatively mundane bargains with the minority secular parties in order to hold off the opposition—particularly Labor, which made such a strong recovery after its abysmal defeat four years ago. Begin has talked to Moshe Dayan, who was his Foreign Minister until 1979, when he resigned—partly because of his health but also because he opposed the way the Camp David formula for Palestinian autonomy was being applied.

Dayan, too, formed his own party, called Telem, and it won two seats in the election. Because of the touchy situation involving the religious parties and Abuhatzzeira, Dayan's support, even if it should be only tacit, could prove to be important; moreover, the fact that Mordechai Ben-Porat is the No. 2 man in Telem and has friends in the Herut Party, which is the backbone of the Likud coalition, is in Begin's favor. But Dayan, who conducted the Palestinian-autonomy talks when he was Foreign Minister, wants to be in charge of them again if they are resumed, and the hawks now surrounding Begin don't approve of the Dayan policy of unilateral withdrawal from the West Bank. The chances are that Dayan will not be in the government, while Ben-Porat might, and that Telem will support Begin on some issues but not on others.

All these delicate negotiations will go on until the new government is formally presented to the tenth Knesset, which is scheduled to meet on July 20th. On July 15th, President Yitzhak Navon asked Begin to form the new Cabinet, and Begin said he hoped to complete the process by July 27th. Few analysts believe that Begin, who is an experienced negotiator in domestic politics, will fail to reconcile the differences among the religious and



"And just why do we always call my income the second income?"

secular parties, but he will have to weigh his deals and compromises and his appointments to the Cabinet carefully, and will undoubtedly have to offend some of his friends in the Herut and its adjunct Liberal Party. I asked Eliahu Ben-Elissar, a former Ambassador to Egypt and one of Herut's most able politicians, if he anticipated any serious trouble in forming a government. Ben-Elissar, who is said to be in line for an important government position, replied, "No, we'll do what we always do—we'll find a solution."

In the days following the election, there was some talk of setting up a coalition government that would include members of the Labor alignment and that Begin would still head. Although this was not regarded as a workable solution—no one really wanted it, and certainly not the Labor Party—many observers now feel that because of Labor's strong showing there may well be a new election in a year or so. Thirty-one parties took part in the balloting this time, but many of them—including a number of small ethnic and ultra-right-wing ones—failed to receive the necessary one per cent of the total vote to qualify them for a single Knesset seat. Large numbers of voters forsook these smaller parties for Likud or Labor—they were really voting for or against Begin—and the two major parties to-

gether received seventy-four per cent of the total vote. The two biggest losers were Shinui and the Citizens' Rights Movement, both of which had expected to win four or five seats; Shinui won only two and the Citizens' Rights Movement just one. Shinui was originally part of the Democratic Movement for Change, which won fifteen seats in 1977, mostly at Labor's expense, but later split. The Citizens' Rights Movement has been headed by a vigorous human-rights advocate named Shulamit Aloni, who has recently allied herself with the Labor coalition. The future of Israel's small liberal parties is now in doubt. Many Israelis regard this as an unfortunate situation, maintaining that these parties represent the best hope of voters who are eager to keep the country on a sound democratic track in the face of a growing conservative trend—a trend that the still divided Labor Party may not be able to combat alone. Members of the small parties and other independent voters would do better if the system of proportional representation—under which voters choose entire lists rather than individuals—were abandoned in favor of direct election through constituencies. In view of the fact that every Israeli government to date has been a coalition in which the religious parties, representing only a small proportion of the total electorate,

have had an inordinate influence, a strong body of opinion in Israel feels that such a change is overdue.

The Labor Party's immediate reaction to the election results was voiced by Chaim Herzog, one of its leaders, who told me that his party had underestimated the swing of small-party voters to the Likud. "The country is moving firmly in the direction of a two-party system, and we weren't prepared for that," he said. "We were ready to make concessions to the religious parties, but we didn't spell them out sufficiently, and we didn't adapt ourselves enough to the pulse of the nation and the swing to the right. Part of this swing is due, of course, to Begin's style, but, over and above that, the trend of the vote demonstrates a threat to our democracy, even though we increased our own vote by almost fifty per cent and regained fifteen seats in the Knesset. On the ethnic issue, although we received twenty-five per cent of the Oriental vote, gaining two or three per cent, we didn't really establish a common language with the body of Oriental voters—the immigrants from the Middle East and North Africa. At the same time, in raising funds we tried too hard to curry favor with the American Jewish Reform and Conservative leaders, forgetting that most immigrants from the United States and Western Europe are Orthodox. So we alienated some of those voters." Herzog said that various factors, including the Likud's past inability to resolve the country's serious economic problems, notably inflation, suggested that the new Begin government might have trouble staying in power four years, but he also pointed out the possibility that so many interests will be involved in the new Begin coalition that its members won't readily abandon their stake in it by allowing the new government to fall.

The strange combination of intense bargaining with the religious groups over fine points of Judaic law and old-fashioned wheeling and dealing with both the religious and the secular parties seemed to confirm Elon's observation that although Israel is basically a secular state today, deep currents of nationalism and religion still run side by side. The conflict between the two has increased, in part because the younger generation has lost the sense of messianic Zionism that inspired David Ben-Gurion and other early founders of the state. (Ben-Gurion, incidentally, was married in New

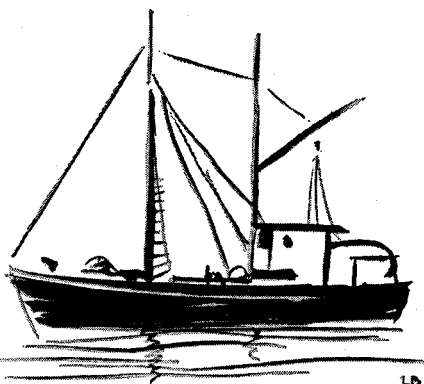
York in a civil ceremony, and refused on principle to go through a religious one.) On the one hand, Elon wrote, the younger generation will be satisfied "if Israel will simply be a pleasant place in which to live," and on the other hand, he noted in commenting on the gradual adoption of Orthodox rabbinical rules into the body of the universally binding state law, "Orthodox Judaism is not (yet?) the established religion of Israel." In a particularly perceptive paragraph in the last chapter of his book, he wrote:

A new breed of hard-boiled "pragmatic" politicians is succeeding generations of True Believers and octogenarian founders. The past is a lengthening shadow that diffuses as the years go by; yet it continues to cast a spell which few Israelis ignore. In this sense, Israel remains one of the least "synchronized" countries on earth. Its several clocks strike different hours. Israel resembles a man racing ahead with his eyes turned back in a gaze transfixed by a landscape that constantly recedes into the distance. Memory, a main source of inspiration of Zionism, remains one of Israel's major emotional resources today. Israel is more "future oriented" than most countries. But it is also badly orchestrated, like a band simultaneously playing an old Hasidic tune, a Wagnerian march, the "Internationale," and an atonal symphony by Schoenberg.

Much of this seems particularly pertinent in the aftermath of last month's inconclusive voting. Even if the domestic political squabbles are resolved, the uncertain mandate likely to be held by a reconstructed coalition again headed by Begin can probably do little either to help the Camp David process of seeking a more substantial peace with the Arabs or to speed the restoration of harmonious relations with the United States—leading to the formulation of a common Middle East strategy—which were upset by the Israeli raid on Iraq's nuclear reactor, on June 7th. Begin is perfectly capable of springing some surprises, of course, or, at least, of reacting in unexpected fashion, as he did to Egyptian Presi-

dent Anwar Sadat's peace initiative in Jerusalem four years ago and, later, at Camp David and in Washington, when he signed the peace treaty with Sadat in President Carter's presence. Assuming that he can put his coalition together in time, he and Sadat are to meet in Alexandria, Egypt, at the end of this month; in August, Sadat is to go to Washington, and Begin is to follow him in September. These meetings may produce some results and lead to a resumption of the deadlocked autonomy talks, but for the moment the feeling here is that indefinite delays lie ahead on the Palestinian issue and on additional matters of international concern.

THE election has given rise to further reflections about the country's immediate future which are hardly optimistic. Perhaps the most significant is that the political landscape has been frozen: the inability of the two main parties, of nearly equal strength, to make decisions and reach a national consensus about important domestic problems—particularly the highly inflated and oversubsidized economy but also the thorny Palestinian issue and Israel's continued and strengthened occupation of the West Bank—will loom even more starkly than before. Of almost equal significance is the fact that, with the exception of Begin, whose physical health and political health are both shaky, the leaders of the older generation have all passed from the scene, and there are no new figures of comparable stature to take over and chart a definite future. Both the Herut and the Labor Party, which overcame deep internal divisions to make its sharp election recovery, remain in a state of transition, and the close vote and the subsequent feverish bargaining will certainly do nothing to clear the political waters. Beyond that, social, psychological, and ethnic changes in Israel's character are slowly reshaping its structure as a Jewish state. For more than three decades, first-generation and second-generation Ashkenazi Jews have presided over the country, but now the Sephardim (the more generally used term "Orientals" is a somewhat careless colloquialism)—emigrants from countries stretching from Iran to Morocco—are becoming more politically conscious, vocal, and demanding. As a result, while the anomalies of nationalism and religion persist, Israel is evolving into more of a Middle Eastern nation, different from the



one that has traditionally looked toward Europe. Nationality, rather than religion, is what has brought about this transformation. It is too soon to tell how the change will affect the country's relations with the various Arab and Muslim countries among which it still exists so precariously, and whose own rivalries are becoming more intense. But despite the failure of the small ethnic parties in the election (it might also be noted that the maverick Communist Democratic Front for Peace and Equality—an Israeli-Arab organization bound together solely on the basis of expedient anti-Zionism—lost one of its five Knesset seats to Labor), ethnicity as such is undeniably a factor of growing importance. While there seems to be little immediate danger of Israel's losing its status as a secular state, the country's early Zionist and socialist ideals and aspirations may be further blunted by a new process of homogenization, of which the shifting ethnic patterns are a part.

Much of this, including some ethnic violence, came out into the open during the election campaign, which everyone agrees was the most vitriolic and divisive in Israel's history. Early this year, Begin looked like a sure loser, but the gap between Likud and Labor narrowed during the spring months. By the time the election was held, various polls (the Israelis are as strongly addicted to polls as the Americans) showed the two parties running even. Begin, a ruthless and extremely adroit politician, who mixes a grandfatherly demeanor and approach with heavy sarcasm and the counterpunching of a veteran street brawler, emerged increasingly as a populist figure, appealing especially to large groups of Sephardim, who kept interrupting his speeches with shouts of "Begin, Begin, King of Israel!" During a speech in Beersheba, a town whose population is predominantly North African in origin, the shouts kept mounting, but Begin was able to subdue the mob by holding up a hand. He pulled out all the stops in his final campaign appearances, and, despite his poor health—he has a weak heart—seemed to relish campaigning more as the election deadline drew closer. Having recently appointed a new Minister of Finance, Yoram Aridor, who lowered prices on such staples as bread, eggs, and cooking oil through heavy subsidies and encouraged the purchase of luxury items like color television sets and automobiles by re-

ducing the tax on them, Begin was able to draw attention away from the soaring rate of inflation, which is now over a hundred and thirty per cent annually. He concentrated instead on external issues that appealed to the Israelis' pride and patriotism, and aroused their near-paranoid determination to fight the rest of the world—alone, if need be. These issues included a tough policy toward the Syrian anti-aircraft-missile emplacements in Lebanon, which he kept threatening to bomb, and his questionable decision to destroy the Iraqi nuclear reactor. The fact that at the same time he continued to mollify President Sadat and suggested only minor technical revisions in the Sinai withdrawal plan, which is to be fully carried out by next April, drew criticism from the Israeli hawks, who want at least to maintain the small Jewish settlements established in the Sinai, but it served to confirm him as a man of his word, who means to stick by the Israeli-Egyptian peace treaty, no matter how uncompromising his position may be on the question of Palestinian autonomy. The treaty and the now somewhat shaken American alliance were the main things he had going for him, along with his tough border-control policy, which has all but eliminated Palestinian terrorist attacks in the past year, and he kept emphasizing these points in his campaign performances.

Such nimble tactics threw Peres, the Labor candidate for Prime Minister, and his fellow-campaigners off stride. Unable to make headway on the unglamorous economic issues, serious though they are, Labor attacked Begin for his rash international policies and decisions, with emphasis on Lebanon and the raid on the Iraqi reactor. But Labor's criticisms—especially those offered by Peres himself—were expressed with more petulance than precision, and Begin struck back at the opposition in his usual flamboyant style. He made numerous false claims—in particular, about the raid—but he still managed to keep Labor off balance. In the last fortnight, a wave of election violence directed against Labor by hoodlums—mostly young Sephardim—which each side accused the other of inciting, ultimately redounded against Begin and helped Labor's recovery at the polls, and so did a rather restricted television debate between the two candidates, in which Peres handled himself well. Labor's late recovery may or may not have also

been helped by Peres' last-minute appointment of his arch-rival, former Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin, as Defense Minister in his Shadow Cabinet. In any case, the recovery was not strong enough. As Herzog indicated, Labor's inability over the past four years to make peace with the National Religious Party and Aguda (and Peres committed an early blunder by indicating that he would try to weaken some of the religious laws) diminished whatever chance Labor might have

had to form a government. Most members of the Labor hierarchy are now prepared to reassemble their factionalized forces, become a more formidable back-

bench opposition than they have been for the last four years, and wait for what they hope will be a demonstration of Begin's inability to cling to power. Several commentators have suggested that President Navon, himself a Labor Party member—who, it is said, regrets his acceptance of the figurehead Presidency, to which he was elected by the Knesset, and would like to be Prime Minister himself—should resign (his term expires in twenty-one months) and assume the leadership of the Labor Party. But even if he did he could not become Prime Minister unless he was first elected to the Knesset.

Among the people I spoke with here—politicians of all parties, poll-takers, journalists, and academics—I encountered a broad range of opinion. Most of the academics and writers, who belong to the Ashkenazi Labor élite and are more strongly than ever opposed to Begin, denounce him as a dangerous demagogue who is capable of initiating further military action and of exacerbating Israel's isolation not only in the Arab world but also in Europe, which has adopted a conciliatory policy toward the Arabs and the Palestinians, and in America, where the Reagan Administration has still not formulated a clear Middle East policy, but where Peres was generally favored, because of his supposedly less intransigent views on Palestinian and other key issues. Many of the Jerusalem taxi-drivers are Arabs who can't vote, but the Sephardic Jews among them were mostly for Begin. I was struck by the perspicacious remark of one Jewish driver in Tel Aviv; though he had voted for Begin in the past, he said, he would vote for Peres this time, "because I want a good accountant and a good lawyer"—meaning someone to defuse the overblown economy



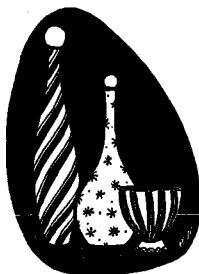
and run the government more efficiently. Under Begin, the Likud has justifiably been accused of poor management, and there is little to indicate that it will improve in the new coalition, which will be composed not of technocrats or other experts but mostly of politicians chosen in back-room deals.

Begin may appoint as a new economic super-minister Ya'acov Meridor, a wealthy businessman and sometime politician, who is close to him personally; the two men worked together in the early nineteen-forties in the Irgun Zvai Leumi, the anti-British underground group. Meridor, who has no formal training in economics, would have to take on an economy that is about to collapse as a result of the measures introduced over the past few months by Aridor, whose main effect has been to give the country a false sense of prosperity. The heavy subsidies he provided caused a vast buying spree and, at first, enabled him to collect more tax money on the purchases the public indulged in, but in May, when the cash flow began to slow down, the government had to resort—as it had done many times before—to printing more money and injecting it into the economy to keep the spree going and avoid fiscal disaster. In the first half of the year, the subsidies, amounting to nine per cent of the national budget, have already exceeded by far the annual total set aside for them.

The inflation rate, many experts say, could reach between two and three hundred per cent by the end of the year unless Israel gets off the roller coaster set in motion by Aridor's two immediate predecessors as Minister of Finance, the first of whom pushed free enterprise and a laissez-faire economic policy and the second a program of belt-tightening, before Aridor came along and encouraged high spending and overconsumption. Shortly after the election, the government announced that all government contracts would be frozen to cut back on public consumption—a move that will curtail spending on defense and education as well as the further buildup of settlements on the West Bank and has obvious political implications. A freeze on the hiring of workers by the civil service or government-supported institutions was also announced. The overconsumption of goods is to be slowed down, and prices on a number

of items will soon be raised. The hope is that these moves to tighten the budget will stem inflation.

According to Ezra Sadan, who is the director-general of the Ministry of Finance and also a professor of economics at the Hebrew University, the key to controlling the economy is what is called indexation—a formula to determine the rate of additional wages paid to workers as prices go up. Sadan maintains that the inflation rate is meaningless as long as the indexation mechanism works, but he concedes that if inflation rises beyond a certain point, printing more money will solve nothing and the whole system could collapse. For this reason, he says, it is essential to cut down on government spending immediately—even defense spending—and to reverse the



recent trend to overconsumption in the private sector as well, which many regard as nothing but an election gimmick. Sadan believes that the country's growth rate is less important as such than the growth in exports, which are continuing to increase, and which now provide about a third of Israel's gross national product.

Another source of worry on the part of Labor supporters and economists is that the Likud might now try to emasculate Histadrut, the vast labor federation, which runs a health-insurance program and has its own industrial base, in the form of factories, and also its own bank. During the first Likud government, labor groups staged protests on occasion but seldom went out on strike. If the Likud does move against Histadrut, the analysts say, the unions will defend their position more strenuously, and seek wage increases to combat the inflation, so a confrontation is sure to emerge. "The government is going broke," one expert said. "It hasn't enough money to meet its pledges to the yeshivas and other religious institutions, to pay for defense, and to keep the subsidies going. Organized labor's new demands will make things more difficult for Begin."

Those who most dislike Begin maintain that—in the words of one of my academic friends (an American married to an Israeli)—"he brought out the worst in everybody in this campaign, and, by stirring up all the prejudices we've overcome in setting up a new society, has set things back a generation." They attribute the pre-

election violence to his rabble-rousing tactics, particularly at large outdoor meetings of Sephardi crowds. They have considerable justification, but, Begin's rhetorical talents and tactics aside, the question of his appeal to the Sephardim and the larger question of whether a Sephardi political leader may emerge in the future are more complicated. People speak of "the black Orientals" versus "the white Ashkenazim," but the differences implied are more social and economic than racial. The Ashkenazim, having been here much longer than the mass of Near Eastern and North African Jews, are established and relatively élitist. The Sephardim, who have arrived in large numbers only in the last three decades, many of them settling in the new towns, initially had a hard time making a living, under often adverse conditions—as had also been true of the earlier Ashkenazi settlers of the pre-independence and immediate post-independence periods. The recent arrivals have not gravitated to the kibbutzim and dedicated their lives to creating a dynamic new society based on a tough work ethic and early Zionist ideals, but then many of these ideals, among the Israeli-born, have been diluted over time and replaced by a new, nationalistic, nonreligious fervor. The Sephardi immigrants have made their way in a different fashion. Some have settled in the moshavim, or agricultural coöperatives, where, under less strictly organized conditions than those in the kibbutzim, they and their families have gradually improved their economic status as growers of fruits, vegetables, and flowers. Some, including the predominant Moroccans, most of whom lacked professional qualifications when they came here (many of the professionals and members of the Moroccan intelligentsia went to France rather than to Israel), have managed to work their way up the economic ladder, and some have become wealthy. Such Sephardic solidarity as ever existed—and some sociologists and political scientists claim there never was such a thing, because of the many differences among Iraqis, Yemenis, Moroccans, and the others—has certainly suffered as a result of the intermarriage of Sephardim and Ashkenazim and of Sephardim from different countries. A distinction must also be made between the latter-day Sephardic immigrants and the Sephardim who came here generations ago from Spain and Greece and other Southern European countries and were

part of the original élite establishment, along with the Ashkenazim, many of whom they predated. President Navon, for example, comes from an old and distinguished Sephardi family.

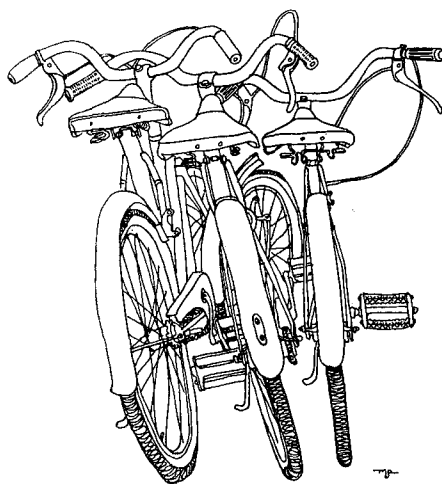
A significant question remains: How was Begin, a Polish Jew from Brest Litovsk, able to generate such special enthusiasm among the Sephardim? Part of the answer lies in Begin's own background and in the history of the Herut Party, which he organized in 1948 as an outgrowth of the Irgun Zvai Leumi underground and the original Zionist-revisionist movement, founded in the early twenties by the activist theoretician Vladimir Jabotinsky. From the outset, Herut had its base among the socially disadvantaged working class and some middle-class-shopkeeper elements, both of whom were mostly Eastern Europeans of Sephardic origin. The Party quickly gained new adherents among the Jews arriving from Arab or Muslim countries, and then, especially, among the second generation of these immigrants. Coming from a poor Polish family and, as an Irgun leader, mistrusted, excluded from power, and even ridiculed and feared by the élitist Ashkenazi establishment, and particularly its military leaders, Begin was an outsider who retained his populist roots and views. Before he came to Israel, he had been a leader of the Betar Youth Movement in Poland, and he early acquired a predilection for making his way in political combat by trying to destroy his opponents. He has never been accepted by the middle-class and upper-class Ashkenazim, and he has never had much money. After he came here, he and his wife lived for years in a small Tel Aviv apartment, and had a struggle to earn enough to keep going. Even though the Party steadily gained more of the Sephardic vote, Begin and the Herut lost eight elections before they finally made it to the top, in 1977—largely as a result of Labor's being belatedly held responsible for the mishandling and misfortunes of the 1973 Yom Kippur War. When power at last came to Begin, he was quick to see its uses, and they included making a further appeal to the Sephardim as a traditional but not Orthodox Jew.

The Sephardim, of course, were themselves widely regarded as outsiders when they came to Israel, and were mostly traditional rather than Orthodox in their religious observances. As a populist figure, Begin also addressed himself to the symbols

of Judaism in a broad political sense, appealing to the Sephardim, with their special background of Jewish identity in a hostile Muslim world. None of the Labor leaders, whether secular Labor-Zionists or Orthodox Ashkenazim, used these symbols. Begin's Eastern European ghetto background, which has often made it hard for him to deal with Westerners diplomatically, served him well in his domestic political appeals. Until Hitler came along, Western European Jews had not experienced that special sense of danger suffered by the Eastern Europeans, who had survived pogrom after pogrom. The Sephardi Jews, while they had not generally been treated as badly as the Russian Jews under the czar or the German Jews under the Nazis, had undergone centuries of more subtle, restrained forms of discrimination. They had not been so much physically mistreated as relegated to second-class status as citizens— forbidden in some places to appear outside on certain days of the week, forced to walk on the opposite side of the street from Muslims, and so on. Having been made to feel subservient to the Arabs for centuries, they had developed their own form of xenophobia, and had come to feel special pride in themselves as Jews in a Middle Eastern context. This was unlike the experience of the Ashkenazim, who, when they came to Israel, grew up with Arabs around them in a different relationship. The Ashkenazim were the insiders, intellectually and otherwise. It was not surprising, then, that Begin and the Sephardim shared the feeling of being outsiders, and that when, during his campaign speeches, he hurled insults and warnings at such leaders as Saddam Hussein, of Iraq, and Hafez Assad, of Syria, the Sephardim understood him and applauded. One Western diplomat with long ex-

perience here remarked to me, "This was like throwing red meat to them. Such populist and revanchist imprecations spurred their latent sense of injury and their pride based on their special heritage."

IN part because the ethnic factor was introduced so openly into the campaign, and was the cause of some violence, a debate has now begun about what the future will hold and what direction the country will take. There is a basis for the sense of anxiety many people feel. Several months ago, a poll conducted by *Monitin*, a respected monthly magazine, indicated that a large number of Israelis were skeptical about the prospects of democracy and would not be averse to having a more authoritarian form of government. Some observers, such as Meir Merhav, a writer for the *Jerusalem Post*, fear that four more years of Begin's government will turn Israel into "a second Rhodesia" or that the increasing demands of the religious parties will transform it into a "medieval theocracy." Merhav's fear is that "the monopolistic hold of the religious parties on our educational system" will indoctrinate a whole generation "into making Israel over into a replica of a Polish or Moroccan ghetto," and that "Zionism, a creed and movement of national liberation and renaissance, will degenerate into an ideology of oppression." He is worried not so much about Begin himself as about his Herut Party successors—in effect, Beginism without Begin. Herut, too, is concerned about the problem of succession, though obviously for different reasons. Begin has always completely dominated the Party. Although David Levy, a Sephardi from Morocco, who has been Minister of Housing, and who ran as the second man to Begin on the Likud list, is well liked and respected, he is not much of a politician. The Party has suffered because many of its most able members forsook it for professional and business jobs during its long years in the wilderness before victory four years ago. Ben-Elissar, though, maintained when I spoke with him that there were a considerable number of bright young Party members coming up through the ranks who were potential leaders but whom the public didn't know well yet. If Begin's health fails or if he retires two years from now, at the age of seventy, as he has sometimes said he would, the most likely candidates to succeed him are Yitzhak Shamir, the



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Foreign Minister, and Meridor. Shamir, like Meridor, was an early associate of Begin's. Neither, however, has any of Begin's political appeal.

Labor suffers from an opposite malady: it has not too few top-ranking team members but too many, and they don't always work well together and often end up as rivals; the best-known examples are Peres and Rabin, who, now that the election is over, are apt to resume their rivalry. A number of Party leaders would prefer to see Rabin, who has been a war hero as well as a former Prime Minister and is a more dynamic figure



than Peres, again take over as Party chairman after the next Labor convention, but, whether he does or not, the Party has to do some serious overhauling of its rather tired and overbureaucratized machinery if it is to reemerge as the moving force it was for so many years in Israeli political and public life. "We've clogged our own arteries—maybe we've got a death wish," one of my academic Labor friends said after the election. "There's such a thing as too much teamwork. The bureaucracy has taken over the kibbutz movements and Histadrut, and the Party has gone through so many transformations that it has lost its identity. Now it has to find a fresh one, capable of appealing to all the elements in the new generation—particularly the Orientals." Shoshana Arbelli-Almozlini, a Sephardi woman from Iraq, who ran in the No. 2 slot on the Labor list, told me, "We have to get our Sephardi members to feel that they're taking part in the making and execution of decisions. We have to keep ourselves one nation, without feelings of frustration and discrimination. Our record of social legislation prior to 1977 should appeal to the Orientals, but we need to exert extra effort to make them feel that they can really belong to the movement. More than half of our central committee's eleven hundred members are Sephardim, but the basic problem is one of education—from an early age—because you can't hand out power and jobs on a percentage basis. What counts is talent and quality."

Mordechai Gur, a former general and chief of staff, added, "For the first fifteen years, the Oriental immigrants were so far down on the ladder that they didn't know their rights or how to express them. But they've moved into key positions very fast, and now

they not only know their rights but have become extremely outspoken in expressing them. We used to talk about the possibility of something like this, but the situation has exploded sooner than we had imagined it could."

Concern over the ethnic issue has also been voiced by a number of respected national leaders, including the highly cultured President Navon, who has frequently spoken of the need to bring more Orientals into the mainstream of Israeli life.

If Navon should eventually take command of the Labor Party, he might be able to do three things: bring peace

among the other Labor leaders, inject new blood into the Party, and pave the way for an influx of sophisticated Sephardim like him into positions of leadership, to offset the Sephardic drift to Herut and the Likud front. The Sephardim might then be more acceptable to the Ashkenazim who make up the Labor Party establishment, many of whom, whether they like to admit it or not, still look down on the Orientals. Shevah Weiss, a professor of political science at Haifa University, recently wrote, "By the mid-nineteen-eighties, if no candidate of undefined ethnicity—a Sabra, a war hero, a figure above politics—is to be found, a member of one of the ethnic groups will lead this country. This is not to be decried. It will reflect the new Israeli society." Like Herzog and others, Weiss believes that the Labor movement has lost its control over, and even its connection with, the Sephardi electorate, which for reasons beyond Begin's populist appeal has come to see the Likud as "our people." Another commentator, Charles Hoffman, is not discouraged by the fact that the Likud is favored by almost twice as many Sephardi voters as Labor. Hoffman believes that in the long run, as the Sephardim continue to gain more education, they will become what he describes as "rational" voters, rather than the "nonrational" sort who gravitated to Begin because he was a charismatic figure, and voted for the Likud primarily as a protest against the discrimination they had felt.

AMOS ELON, writing a decade ago, projected the future on the basis of geography and the nation's size. Commenting on Israel's smallness—one can traverse the country from one end to the other in less than eight

hours—he wrote, “The dangers of smallness are at least as grave as the corroding effects of continuous war. Smallness also begets provincialism; provincialism breeds arrogance; arrogance leads to ethnocentricity; ethnocentricity comes at the risk of prejudice and cultural isolation.”

All these characteristics can be said to exist in Israel today, along with the nation's many admirable qualities. Certainly the sense of isolation is growing, and the raid on Iraq's nuclear reactor, which so upset the rest of the world, did nothing to alleviate it. Now that the initial excitement and euphoria surrounding the raid have died down, some calmer assessments of the gains and losses it occasioned are being made. Shai Feldman, a research associate at the Center for Strategic Studies at Tel Aviv University, has just prepared a paper pointing out that the attack, and Israel's threat to repeat it if Iraq or any other Middle Eastern nation starts building nuclear bombs, may slow down the nuclear-weapons race, partly because countries that have both uranium and the necessary technology may be impelled to stop supplying them. If, however, nuclear proliferation in the Middle East is stimulated by injured Arab national pride and the determination to punish Israel for its action, Feldman suggests that it will be more important than ever to achieve progress toward settlement of the Arab-Israeli conflict, before such a nuclear race can get under way. “If nothing would be done politically with the time gained, the brilliant tactical operation would turn out to have been strategically useless,” he concludes. General Aharon Yariv, a former Army Intelligence chief and the head of the Center for Strategic Studies, is more skeptical about the chances that the short-term benefits of the raid will outweigh its long-term disadvantages, and he places even more emphasis on the need to speed up the peacemaking process between now and April, when Egypt takes over the rest of the Sinai Peninsula. Once peace is established, he says, it should be followed up by an area-wide agreement to control nuclear proliferation—an agreement in which Israel, with its strong retaliatory capacity, would participate. Such an agreement would include international inspection of all nuclear facilities, which Israel up to now hasn't permitted. Feldman, in referring to the damage that the raid did to American-Israeli relations, suggests that Washington's earlier will-

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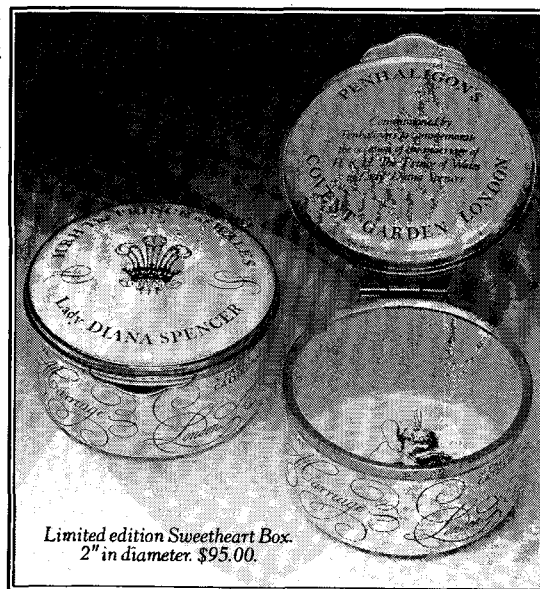
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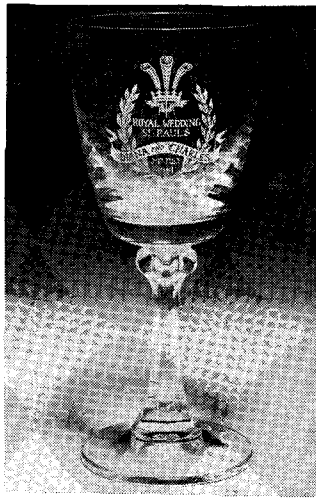
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ingness to deliver a nuclear reactor to Israel—two such reactors are being given to the Egyptians—may now be delayed or reversed unless the Israelis agree to full-scale international safeguards. Moreover, he fears that, vital though renewed peace talks are today, the raid may "simply strengthen domestic forces in Europe and America which claim that Israel is the principal obstacle to Mideast peace," and that "Israel's relations with its Arab neighbors are likely to suffer a long-term setback," including a reduction of the chances of achieving "integration in the Middle East," for now the Arabs' potential willingness to make political compromises and accommodations is being eroded by a hostile Israel.

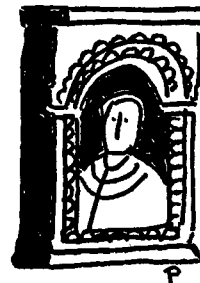
Since the election, discussions have been resumed about possible new approaches to the peace process and to the issue of Palestinian autonomy and the future of the West Bank. Nothing can be done, of course, until the new government is formed, and no one knows what new ideas, if any, the unpredictable Begin may propose. There is nothing to indicate that he will modify his autonomy plan, which includes continued Israeli military control of the West Bank and the Gaza Strip, and possible annexation of both unless administrative compromises and other aspects of autonomy can be agreed on, along with increased economic and social benefits for both Arabs and the Israeli population there. Suggestions for a milder form of Israeli "trusteeship" over these areas pending an ultimate settlement within five years under the Camp David formula are being renewed, and so are other ideas, including Dayan's proposal for unilateral withdrawal by Israel—a proposal that many observers say sounds good but is really no solution, because disturbances would be sure to break out among the West Bank inhabitants, and the Israeli Army would then have to be called in.

As for the other big stumbling block—the future of Jerusalem, which the Israelis insist should be completely theirs, as their nation's rightful capital, and the Arabs maintain should be jointly administered—no progress toward its removal is in sight. How delicate this situation is was brought home to me in the days immediately after the election, when the American Consulate General, which has its main office in West Jerusalem and a branch

in East Jerusalem and does not recognize Israel's claim to the whole city, gave two separate Fourth of July parties, neither of them on July 4th. The first, for the Arabs, was held, at the Arab-run American Colony Hotel, on July 1st, that date being chosen because it was the eve of Ramadan, the annual Muslim holy period; the second, for the Jews, was held, in the garden of the Consulate General, on July 5th, which was a Sunday—the day after the Jewish Sabbath. The Arab party was attended by nearly three hundred people, but a considerably smaller number attended the Jewish party; among those absent were Christians, because it was a Sunday, and Orthodox Jews, who may have been expressing disapproval of the United States policy on Jerusalem and of Washington's support of moderate solutions to other aspects of the Arab-Jewish conflict.

I attended both parties, and was left with the distinct impression of having been in two different countries—an impression that one has, to a lesser extent, every time one moves between West Jerusalem and East Jerusalem, watching Jews worship at the Western Wall, for example, and Muslims doing the same at the Dome of the Rock Mosque, a couple of hundred yards away. The crowds mingle peacefully, and the hostility, if it exists, is subdued. One would like to think that a resolution of the Jerusalem problem could somehow be achieved, but it seems further away than ever now, in the light of the Knesset's having formally annexed East Jerusalem last summer—an act that sent the eight embassies then remaining there, mostly Latin-American ones, scuttling to Tel Aviv.

The reelection of Begin and his subsequent new arrangements with the Orthodox Jewish parties are not apt to ease the situation either in Jerusalem or on the West Bank. "Begin may not be King of Israel, but he's still cock of the walk," one of my disillusioned Labor friends says. This sentiment seems to be common among those who were hoping for a Labor victory, but some who are more reflective are taking a longer view. They fully expect the Labor Party to make another strong showing in the next election, whenever it is held. And they are hoping that in the meantime Begin, approaching the latter years of his extraordinary career as a longtime outsider who



finally became Prime Minister and made history—including peace with Egypt—will now seize his second, and last, chance to be a statesman, and, advancing beyond the Sinai agreement, take the next vital step: toward a settlement of the Palestinian-autonomy issue. Certainly he is conscious of the role he has played, and he has a strong sense of his own destiny, and also of his mortality. He has two friends beyond Israel—Sadat and the United States—though his recent conduct, particularly the raid on Iraq, has shaken the confidence of both. But now he has a fresh opportunity: to abandon his obdurate stand on autonomy and the inviolability of Israel's 1967 borders, and offer compromises that could insure Israel's security and at the same time win its acceptance in the Arab world—or, at least, the moderate part of it.

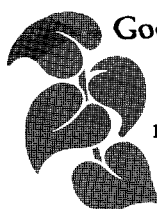
Whether he will do so or will continue his hard line on the West Bank settlements and the Lebanese and Syrian issues remains a question. His television appearance here on July 8th, during which he spoke of houses for more people on the West Bank, though not of more settlements as such, and reiterated his determination to retain the Golan Heights, in what used to be part of Syria, was not an encouraging sign; nor were the renewed Israeli attacks on bases of the Palestine Liberation Organization in Lebanon in mid-July. Nevertheless, even those who were most disappointed in the election results but are Israelis first, and think in terms of the country's survival, are suggesting that Begin, perhaps stimulated by President Reagan, might now meet the challenge that his narrow victory has offered him, and make another dramatic gesture that would contribute to Middle East peace.

—ROBERT SHAPLEN

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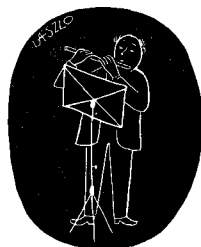
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Hooking Leviathan

"THE Lear of Shakespeare," Lamb said, "cannot be acted. The contemptible machinery by which they mimic the storm which he goes out in, is not more inadequate to represent the horrors of the real elements, than any actor can be to represent Lear; they might more easily propose to personate the Satan of Milton upon a stage, or one of Michael Angelo's terrible figures." A. C. Bradley called the play Shakespeare's greatest achievement and grouped it with "Prometheus Bound," "The Divine Comedy," and "even with the greatest symphonies of Beethoven and the statues in the Medici Chapel," but he also deemed it a "defective drama" and "too huge for the stage." What could be acted was Nahum Tate's Lear. In 1681, in Lamb's vivid phrase, Tate "put his hook in the nostrils of this Leviathan, for Garrick and his followers, the show-men of the scene, to draw the mighty beast about more easily." He banished the Fool, devised a romance between Cordelia and Edgar, and provided a happy ending; and for a century and a half Tate's Lear trod the stage. Betterton, Garrick, Kemble played him. So did Kean, although in 1823 he restored a tragic close. Then, in 1838, Macready returned to Shakespeare. On June 18, 1847, as he noted in his diary, he "acted King Lear with much care and power, and was received by a most kind and sympathetic and enthusiastic audience." Verdi, who was in London, may well have been one of that audience. Jenny Lind, the prima donna of his forthcoming "I Masnadieri," certainly was, for Macready recorded the excitement her presence aroused. Four days earlier, Verdi had probably seen Macready act Macbeth "in very ablest manner;" he said later he had seen "Macbeth" in London, and the dates fit. He had just composed his own "Macbeth" and in 1845 had planned a "Lear" opera for London. Macready had hesitated to restore the Fool, despairing of an actor to impersonate "the sort of fragile, hectic, beautiful-faced, half-idiot-looking boy that he should be," but had then found his performer in Priscilla Horton (better known to music history as Mrs. German Reed). Verdi, who considered making a "Lear" opera on



and off from 1843 to 1865—and very much on between 1850 and 1857—after his London visit cast the Fool as a woman.

What cannot meetly be said may sometimes effectively be sung. Operatic versions of "Lear," written and unwritten, add a chapter to the long stage history of the play. Many composers have dreamed of a "Lear" opera: notably Verdi and Benjamin Britten, who hoped to use Peter Pears as the Fool and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau in the title role. Only lesser men have got their hooks in firmly enough to land a finished score, and only one of their scores, Aribert Reimann's, which had its première in Munich three years ago and its American première in San Francisco last month, has made any mark. A glance at other, forgotten operatic "Lear"s—there are at least five—reveals an interesting variety of grappling techniques.

The "Re Lear" of Antonio Cagnoni, who was fifteen years younger than Verdi, remained unperformed but was published. Echoes of Tate sound on. Act II includes a love duet for Cordelia and Edgar. Edgar's chief aria begins "O celeste Cordelia," to a stepwise ascent, and includes other echoes of an aria that the same librettist, Antonio Ghislanzoni, had written for Verdi's Radamès. Regan launches a brindisi and has a mad scene in which she sees spectres of Gloster and her father. The Fool is a soprano. Alberto Ghislanzoni's "Lear," to his own text, appeared in Rome in 1937. I have seen only the libretto, a skillful piece of condensation but conventionally "operatic." Over the sleeping Lear, Cordelia sings to her own harp accompaniment "*un'antica e dolce canzone de la terra celtica*." The Fool is a tenor. Two years later, an odder "Re Lear," Vito Frazzi's, appeared in Florence. The librettist, Giovanni Papini, declares in a preface that he must have been mad to lend his name to that "indispensable, indefensible" operatic adjunct called a libretto, maddest to lay hands on Shakespeare, and maddest to mutilate the play by suppressing Cordelia. Friendship for Frazzi, he says, led him to it. All that remains of Cordelia is a voice from on high joining Lear's at the close. The

division-of-the-kingdom scene has gone: Kent tells Edgar about it in an opening conversation. The Fool is a soprano.

Alberto Ghislanzoni's and Frazzi's operas were made in the knowledge of Verdi's struggles with "Lear," after several of his many letters on the subject had been published. These letters amount to a correspondence course in opera-making. In his adventurous, unconventional "Macbeth" Verdi wrote, if not the first opera with a plot drawn from Shakespeare, the first that can in any significant sense be called Shakespearean. In 1850, he announced his intention of treating all Shakespeare's principal plays, and that year he drew up a very workable four-act synopsis of a "King Lear." Sending it to Salvatore Cammarano, he said that although "Lear" might seem at first sight too vast and complicated for operatic treatment, the difficulties were not insuperable provided that old formulas were abandoned and it was "treated in a new, vast way, without respecting the conventions." Cammarano, a master librettist, died before much work had been done. Verdi turned next to the inexperienced Antonio Somma, and by 1856 a libretto was complete. I have been reading it (there is a microfilm in the American Institute for Verdi Studies, in New York); and now it seems plain that one reason Verdi did not compose his "Lear" is that he had saddled himself with a dreadful libretto, one he could not believe in. Reasons that he gave at various times, to various people, were that the available casts were inadequate, that Meyerbeerian spectacle was lacking (that was to Paris), that the storm terrified him, and that the Fool eluded him.

Verdi's thinking about Shakespeare was formed first by his energetic response to the poet "whom I have had in my hands since earliest youth, and whom I read and reread constantly." It was colored by A. W. Schlegel's influential "Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature," many pages of which are appended to the translation of Shakespeare, Carlo Rusconi's, that Verdi used. (It still stands by his bed in Sant'Agata.) Schlegel's "Lear" commentary dwells on the five characters—Lear, Cordelia, Edmund, Edgar, the Fool—whom Verdi designated to both Cammarano and Somma as his five principals. Schlegel also claims that the combination and interweaving of two parallel but contrasting plots "constitutes the sublime

beauty of the work." That must have given Verdi pause when he reflected on Somma's treatment. For Somma, exhorted by the composer to be more concise, hit at last on the desperate expedient of removing the subplot: his final version has no Edgar, no Gloster. Verdi approved at first, calling the excision "a hundred-per-cent gain," but wondered how the end could be effected without Edgar's challenge and duel. To retain a quartet on the heath, an Old Herdsman was introduced, and "Blow, winds" became a quartet for Lear, Kent, the Fool, and this Herdsman. A multiple chorus of courtiers, ladies, knights, and pages, singing the praises of "ricca Albion" and its new rulers, opens the next scene; a love duet for Regan and Edmund closes it. More chorus work appears at the "tribunal" (an episode that Verdi deemed "very original, very moving"); it takes place with the participation of *"una moltitudine di pastori, giovani, vecchi e fanciulli colle loro donne."* The composer was curiously polite to Somma about his work, but his final letter on the subject, in 1856, expresses a certain (well-justified) dissatisfaction. Nine years later, when "Lear" was mooted for Paris, he said that Shakespeare would have to be followed closely; any tampering destroyed the originality and character that made his work so powerful.

THE libretto of Reimann's "Lear," as of his previous opera, "Melusine," is by Claus H. Henneberg. It is based on the German translation of Johann Joachim Eschenburg (1777), which Henneberg describes as "harder, clearer, more theatrical"—than what, he does not say; presumably the Schlegel verse translation. (Beethoven—according to Anton Schindler—also preferred Eschenburg's Shakespeare to Schlegel's, finding the latter "stiff, forced, and at times too far from the original.") Henneberg's libretto is largely a straight and not unskillful abridgment, but there are odd additions. One is crucial: the first presentation of the protagonist. Verdi, concerned lest Lear's motive for disinheriting Cordelia seem "childish, perhaps even absurd in our day," sketched a version of Shakespeare's opening scene in which Gloster refers to the aging King's whims and quick petulance, but Somma persuaded him out of it. Others, too, have sought to diminish Lear's initial magnificence and "rationalize" his conduct. In 1955, John

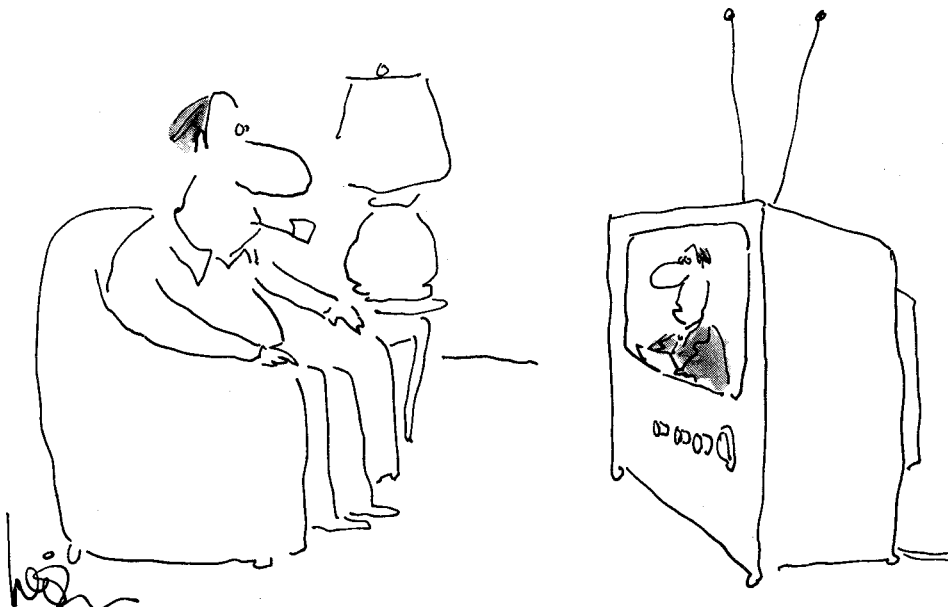
Gielgud played him as a dodderer from the start. Henneberg's first stage direction says, "At times it seems that Lear is almost overcome by sleep, and the procession falters;" and the King's first speech acquires the invented aside "Ah, ah, this longing for sleep." From this line—according to an essay by Reimann that accompanies a Deutsche Grammophon recording of his "Lear"—"the path trod by [Lear's] psyche begins." We see a senile, crumbling wreck, not Shakespeare's great image of authority. The opera, it seems, has missed the point of the play.

There are two acts, the first about eighty-six minutes long, the second about an hour, with the division falling after Shakespeare's Act III, Scene 6, as Lear is led to Dover. At that point, not only the Fool but also the loyal Kent disappears. (Presumably, Shakespeare used one actor to double Cordelia and the Fool. His play seems to be constructed that way. The Fool keeps reminding us of Cordelia during her long absence, from I.1 to IV.4. The concinnate wordplay of Lear's "And my poor fool is hang'd"—referring to Cordelia—resists translation into either German or Italian.) To provide chorus work, Gloster is accompanied by a search party and, earlier, Henneberg adopts Goneril's (and Peter Brook's) view of Lear's knights, giving them a rowdy drinking song. They are not "men of choice and rarest parts, That all particulars of duty know." As if Shakespeare's horrors were insufficient, he requires Regan herself to pluck out Gloster's

second eye. Much, much is cut, but, surprisingly, six lines of the Fool's "Merlin's prophecy" speech, commonly regarded as an interpolation, are retained.

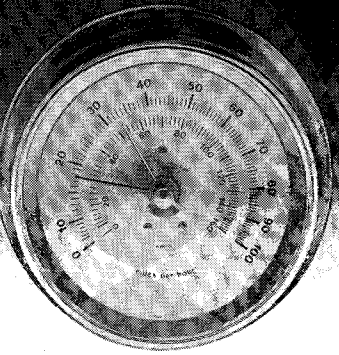
IT became plain that Britten, like Verdi before him, would not compose a "Lear" opera; Fischer-Dieskau, in 1968, asked Reimann to write one for him instead. The two had given recitals together, and in 1960 Reimann had composed two works for Fischer-Dieskau, "Fünf Gedichte von Paul Celan" and "Ein Totentanz." "Zyklus" followed in 1971, and "Wolkenloses Christfest" in 1973. Meanwhile, as Reimann's essay reveals, he hesitated about "Lear" for four years, planned and pondered for four more, and composed most of the opera in 1976-77. It appeared at the 1978 Munich Festival with the triple peals of publicity insured by a Fischer-Dieskau "creation," a new production by Jean-Pierre Ponnelle, and a big opera published by the house of Schott. I read the reviews and was not tempted to go. Then I heard the recording and found disappointingly little music in the piece. Having now seen and heard it, in San Francisco, I think no better of it. When "Lear" was announced as the new production of the San Francisco Opera's summer season, the critic of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, Robert Commanday, deplored the choice, and he was right. "Lear" has achieved a certain modish réclame, but there are many contemporary operas with a stronger claim to be heard.

Reimann is, at least, an efficient



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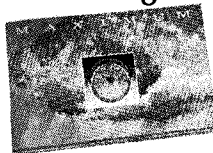


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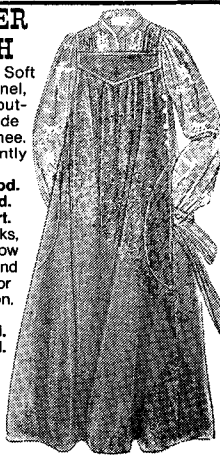
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composer. Everything is carefully thought out. The three sisters are three contrasted sopranos: Cordelia lyric, Goneril dramatic, Regan dramatic-coloratura. Lear is a heroic baritone. Edmund is a robust tenor, Edgar a lyric tenor with a coloratura extension up to high F to use in his Poor Tom impersonation. Kent is a tenor, Gloster a bass-baritone. The Fool, designated a speaking role, is asked occasionally to pitch rather than speak his songs. The good characters, Cordelia and Edgar, share a lyrical note-row moving by small steps. The bad characters, Goneril, Regan, and Edmund, sing various kinds of vigorous, jagged music. Much of the time, Lear himself merely recites in unmeasured, largely monotone chant. A big orchestra makes a great deal of noise, often in long-sustained, impenetrably dense cluster chords. By way of contrast, there are quiet, gentle episodes: as Edgar assumes the guise of Poor Tom, motifs drawn from his row steal out on solo flutes (bass rising through alto to the regular instrument, then down again) against a soft string blur; Edgar continues the strain with florid wordless melisma high above the staff (suggested, Reimann says, by his hearing a muezzin in Jerusalem); Cordelia's return is signalled by a sweet, slow triple canon on her row, from muted violins; a parallel passage—two solo violins in high, melodious canon—accompanies her principal aria. All this is intelligently planned and deftly executed. One can read Reimann's composition diary—his account, say, of a vision of the storm music which came to him one night in 1977—and then follow the working out of his notions in the score, and admire his intelligence, seriousness, industry, and dexterity. But those are not virtues enough to insure a powerful music drama. For all the elaborate artifice, the music itself is commonplace—and unworthy of a "King Lear."

THE opera might make a slightly more favorable impression in another production. Mr. Ponnelle is not a man to give first place to a composer, and this show, a reworking of the Munich première for the San Francisco stage, is more "Ponnelle's 'Lear'" than Reimann's—or Shakespeare's. (The season also included a vulgar travesty of Verdi's "Rigoletto" devised by Mr. Ponnelle—a demonstration that even *that* opera is not director-proof but can be unmoving

when every effect intended by the composer is countermanded.) Mr. Ponnelle's "Lear" staging is striking but drab, on a single set—a realistic heath of reeds and rocks laid out on a platform within a stage house stripped bare to its outer walls. Court and palaces are throneless. Courtiers pick their way through bushes and boulders. There is much to be said for playing Shakespeare's "Lear" on a bare stage and letting the poetry create the pictures, less for mounting an operatic "Lear" planned in distinct scenes (one of them multiple), with curtain rises and curtain falls indicated, in a set that makes a specific locative statement modified only by the floor's ability to move up and down in various patterns. The storm, however, was effectively brought on by clusters of bare horizontal rods lowered from the flies: economical but not contemptible machinery. Reimann wrote instrumental interludes between his scenes; Ponnelle in his unit set fills them with pantomime, some of it gross. The lyrical music of Cordelia's return here accompanies Edmund's tugging of Goneril against the proscenium arch. The bad characters are rendered as caricatures: Goneril and Regan drop into the comedy routines of the Ugly Sisters in a crude "Cinderella" pantomime; Edmund gesticulates and grimaces as if parodying a Kabuki actor. The Fool is a wizened, croaking mini-Lear dragging on in his royal crown and mantle after Lear has been divested of his. It amounts to a comic-strip account of the play enacted against sound effects.

In San Francisco, the opera was done in English—a "back-translation" into pidgin Shakespeare by Desmond Clayton. As a translator of four Shakespeare operas, I sympathize with anyone who must choose between misquoting very famous lines and mismatching the music. But where Reimann writes unmeasured monotone declamation, without rhythmic or melodic significance, Mr. Clayton's attempts to match the syllable count of the German seem perverse. The storm monologue went thus: "Blow, winds, blow!" Orchestral racket. "Crack your cheeks, winds!" Orchestral racket. "Rage and blow!" Orchestral racket. And so on. There was perhaps some idea of avoiding archaisms. Gloster's "But have I fall'n or no?" became "Did I then really fall, or not?" Yet "Off, off, you lendings!" remained. "Regan, don't do that!" was blunt for

Lear's reproachful "O Regan! will you take her by the hand?"

In a Ponnelle production, individual singers are apt to count for little, but two of those in the San Francisco "Lear" made their mark. Helga Dernesch, as Goneril, was trenchant—arresting in every gesture, powerful and precise in all she sang. And David Knutson's Edgar—his Poor Tom a blend of Peter Quint, the Hindu Merchant in "Sadko," and the Simpleton in "Boris"—spun limpid, tender vocalises in touching tones where tenor flowed into countertenor without audible break. The voice was small for Edgar's challenge. Edgar is a protean role. In the straight theatre, it is hard enough to find a virtuoso to encompass the credulous youth, the feigned madman, and the hero who at the end of the play agrees to rule the realm; on the lyric stage, harder still. Thomas Stewart, an artist of force and feeling, took the title role. Reimann's score and Mr. Ponnelle's production do not help a Lear, as Verdi's scores do a Macbeth or an Othello, toward an arresting interpretation; rather, they create awkwardnesses of diction, timing, and characterization. Mr. Stewart strove to overcome them. The other principals were Emily Rawlins (Cordelia), Rita Shane (Regan), Jacque Trussel (Edmund), William Lewis (Kent), Robert Lloyd (the Fool), and Chester Ludgin (Gloster). All had worked hard. Gerd Albrecht conducted. —ANDREW PORTER

MOST FASCINATING WEDDING ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE WEEK

[From the Philadelphia Inquirer]

HARRISON—PENDERGRASS

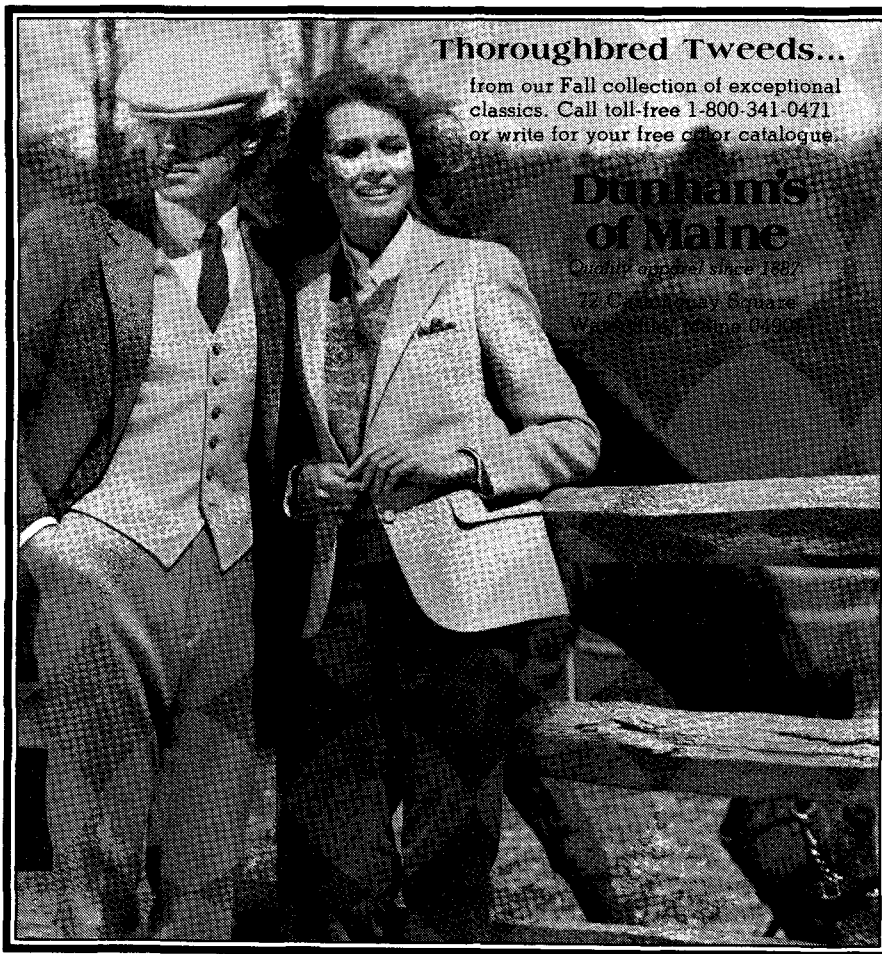
Exchanging vows are Mademoiselle D'Lyvonnée Harrison and Monsieur Theodore Pendergrass. The ceremony shall be held Sat., June 13, 1981, 11 a.m. at the Gladwyne manor. The bride and the groom's birth state is So. Carolina. They were formerly introduced Aug. 1980 in Raleigh, N.C., during their Southern tour.

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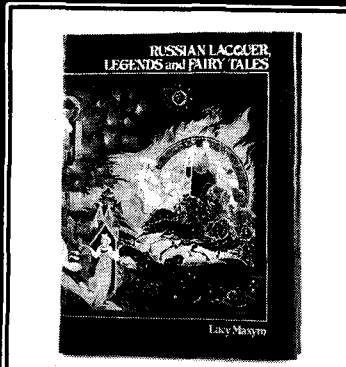
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Portrait of the Artist as a Young Gadgeteer

AT forty, Brian De Palma has more than twenty years of moviemaking behind him, and he has been growing better and better. Each time a new film of his opens, everything he has done before seems to have been preparation for it. With "Blow Out," starring John Travolta and Nancy Allen, which he wrote and directed, he has made his biggest leap yet. If you know De Palma's movies, you have seen earlier sketches of many of the characters and scenes here, but they served more limited—often satirical—purposes. "Blow Out" isn't a comedy or a film of the macabre; it involves the assassination of the most popular candidate for the Presidency, so it might be called a political thriller, but it isn't really a genre film. For the first time, De Palma goes inside his central character—Travolta as Jack, a sound-effects specialist. And he stays inside. He has become so proficient in the techniques of suspense that he can use what he knows more expressively. You don't see set pieces in "Blow Out"—it flows, and everything that happens seems to go right to your head. It's hallucinatory, and it has a dreamlike clarity and inevitability, but

you'll never make the mistake of thinking that it's only a dream. Compared with "Blow Out," even the good pictures that have opened this year look dowdy. I think De Palma has sprung to the place that Altman achieved with films such as "McCabe & Mrs. Miller" and "Nashville" and that Coppola reached with the two "Godfather" movies—that is, to the place where genre is transcended and what we're moved by is an artist's vision. And Travolta, who appeared to have lost his way after "Saturday Night Fever," makes his own leap—right back to the top, where he belongs. Playing an adult (his first), and an intelligent one, he has a vibrating physical sensitivity like that of the very young Brando.

Jack, the sound-effects man, who works for an exploitation moviemaker in Philadelphia, is outside the city one night recording the natural rustling sounds. He picks up the talk of a pair of lovers and the hooting of an owl, and then the quiet is broken by the noise of a car speeding across a bridge, a shot, a blowout, and the crash of the car to the water below. He jumps into the river and swims to the car; the

driver—a man—is clearly dead, but a girl (Nancy Allen) trapped inside is crying for help. Jack dives down for a rock, smashes a window, pulls her out, and takes her to a hospital. By the time she has been treated, and the body of the driver—the governor, who was planning to run for President—has been brought in, the hospital has filled with police and government officials. Jack's account of the shot before the blowout is brushed aside, and he is given a high-pressure lecture by the dead man's aide (John McMartin). He's told to forget that the girl was in the car; it's better to have the governor die alone—it protects his family from embarrassment. Jack instinctively objects to this coverup but goes along with it. The girl, Sally, who is sedated and can barely stand, is determined to get away from the hospital; the aide smuggles both her and Jack out, and Jack takes her to a motel. Later, when he matches his tape to the pictures taken by Manny Karp (Dennis Franz), a photographer who also witnessed the crash, he has strong evidence that the governor's death wasn't an accident. The pictures, though, make it appear that the governor was alone in the car; there's no trace of Sally.

"Blow Out" is a variation on Antonioni's "Blow-Up" (1966), and the core idea probably comes from the compound joke in De Palma's 1968 film "Greetings": A young man tries to show his girlfriend enlarged photographs that he claims reveal figures on the "grassy knoll," and he announces, "This will break the Kennedy case wide open." Bored, she says, "I saw 'Blow-Up'—I know how this comes out. It's all blurry—you can't tell a thing." But there's nothing blurry in this new film. It's also a variation on Coppola's "The Conversation" (1974), and it connects almost subliminally with recent political events—with Chappaquiddick and with Nelson Rockefeller's death. And as the film proceeds, and the murderous zealot Burke (John Lithgow) appears, it also ties in with the "clandestine operations" and "dirty tricks" of the Nixon years. It's a Watergate movie and on paper it might seem to be just a political melodrama, but it has an intensity that makes it unlike any other political film. If you're in a vehicle that's skidding into a snowbank or a guardrail, your senses are awakened, and in the second before you hit you're acutely, almost languorously aware of everything going on around you—it's the trancelike effect some-



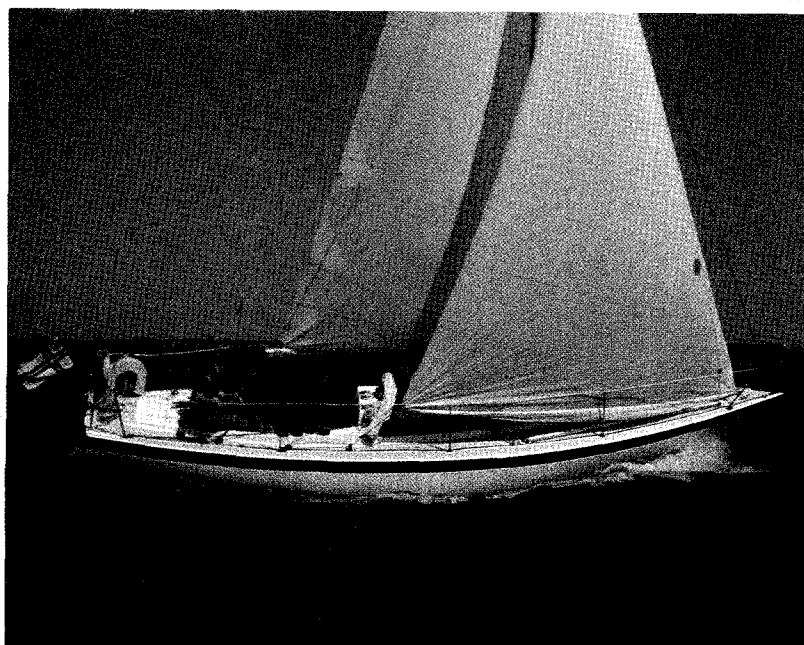
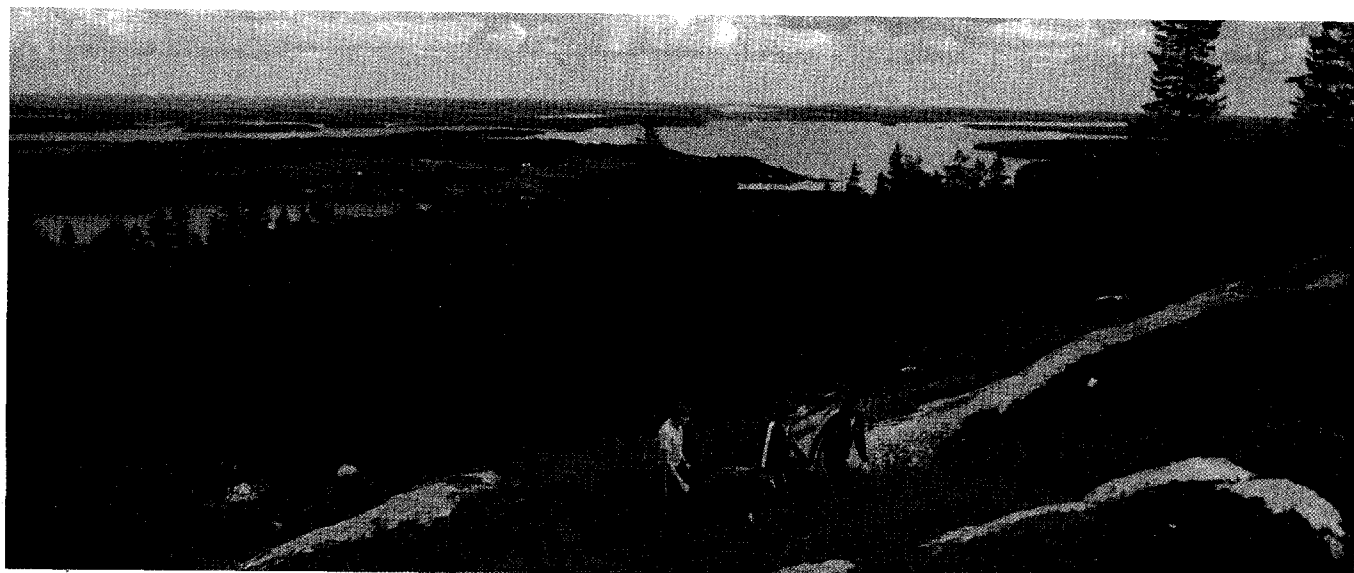
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times achieved on the screen by slow motion. De Palma keeps our senses heightened that way all through "Blow Out;" the entire movie has the rapt intensity that he got in the slow-motion sequences in "The Fury" (1978). Only now De Palma can do it at normal speed.

This is where all that preparation comes in. There are rooms seen from above—an overhead shot of Jack surrounded by equipment, another of Manny Karp sprawled on his bed—that recall De Palma's use of overhead shots in "Get to Know Your Rabbit" (1972). He goes even further with the split-screen techniques he used in "Dressed to Kill" (1980); now he even uses dissolves into the split screen—it's like a twinkle in your thought processes. And the circling camera that he practiced with in "Obsession" (1976) is joined by circling sound, and Jack—who takes refuge in circuitry—is in the middle. De Palma has been learning how to make every move of the camera signify just what he wants it to, and now he has that knowledge at his fingertips. The pyrotechnics and the whirlybird camera are no longer saying "Look at me;" they give the film authority. When that hooting owl fills the side of the screen and his head spins around, you're already in such a keyed-up, exalted state that he might be in the seat next to you. The cinematographer, Vilmos Zsigmond, working with his own team of assistants, does night scenes that look like paintings on black velvet so lush you could walk into them, and surreally clear daylight vistas of the city—you see buildings a mile away as if they were in a crystal ball in your hand. The colors are deep, and not tropical, exactly, but fired up, torrid. "Blow Out" looks a lot like "The Fury;" it has that heat, but with greater depth and definition. It's sleek and it glows orange, like the coils of a heater or molten glass—as if the light were coming from behind the screen or as if the screen itself were plugged in. And because the story centers on sounds there is great care for silence. It's a movie made by perfectionists (the editor is De Palma's longtime associate Paul Hirsch, and the production design is by Paul Sylbert), yet it isn't at all fussy. De Palma's good, loose writing gives him just what he needs (it doesn't hobble him, like some of the writing in "The Fury"), and having Zsigmond at his side must have helped free him to get right in there with the characters.

De Palma has been accused of being a puppeteer, and doing the actors' work for them. (Sometimes he may have had to.) But that certainly isn't the case here. Travolta and Nancy Allen are radiant performers, and he lets their radiance have its full effect; he lets them do the work of acting, too. Travolta played opposite Nancy Allen in De Palma's "Carrie" (1976), and they seemed right as a team; when they act together, they give out the same amount of energy—they're equally vivid. In "Blow Out," as soon as Jack and Sally speak to each other you feel a bond between them, even though he's bright and soft-spoken and she looks like a dumb-bunny piece of fluff. In the early scenes, in the hospital and the motel, when the blond, curly-headed Sally entreats Jack to help her, she's a stoned doll with a hoarse, sleepy-little-girl voice, like Bette Midler in "The Rose"—part helpless, part enjoying playing helpless. When Sally is fully conscious, we can see that she uses the cuddly-blond act for the people she deals with, and we can sense the thinking behind it. But then her eyes cloud over with misery when she knows she has done wrong. Nancy Allen takes what used to be a good-bad-girl stereotype and gives it a flirty iridescence that makes Jack smile the same way we in the audience are smiling. She balances depth and shallowness, caution and heedlessness, so that Sally is always teetering—conning or being conned, and sometimes both. Nancy Allen gives the film its soul; Travolta gives it gravity and weight and passion.

Jack is a man whose talents backfire. He thinks he can do more with technology than he can; he doesn't allow for the human weirdnesses that snarl things up. A few years earlier, he had worked for the Police Department, but that ended after a horrible accident. He had wired an undercover police officer who was trying to break a crime ring, but the officer sweated, the battery burned him, and, when he tried to rip it off, the gangster he hoped to trap hanged him by the wire. Yet the only way Jack thinks that he can get the information about the governor's death to the public involves wiring Sally. (You can almost hear him saying, "Please, God, let it work this time.") Sally, who accepts corruption without a second thought, is charmed

by Jack because he gives it a second thought. (She probably doesn't guess how much thought he does give it.) And he's drawn to Sally because she lives so easily in the corrupt world. He's encased in technology, and he thinks his machines can expose a murder. He thinks he can use them to get to the heart of the matter, but he uses them as a shield. And not only is his paranoia justified but things are much worse than he imagines—his paranoia is inadequate.

Travolta—twenty-seven now—finally has a role that allows him to discard his teen-age strutting and his slobby accents. Now it seems clear that he was so slack-jawed and weak in last year's "Urban Cowboy" because he couldn't draw upon his own emotional experience—the ignorant-kid role was conceived so callously that it emasculated him as an actor. As Jack, he seems taller and lankier. He has a moment in the flashback about his police work when he sees the officer hanging by the wire. He cries out, takes a few steps away, and then turns and looks again. He barely does anything—yet it's the kind of screen acting that made generations of filmgoers revere Brando in "On the Waterfront": it's the willingness to go emotionally naked and the control to do it in character. (And, along with that, the understanding of desolation.) Travolta's body is always in character in this movie; when Jack is alone and intent on what he's doing, we feel his commitment to the orderly world of

neatly labelled tapes—his hands are precise and graceful. Recording the wind in the trees just before the crash of the governor's car, Jack points his long, thin mike as if he were a conductor with a baton calling forth the sounds of the night; when he first listens to the tape, he waves a pencil in



the direction from which each sound came. You can believe that Jack is dedicated to his craft, because Travolta is a listener. His face lights up when he hears Sally's little-girl cooing; his face closes when he hears the complaints of his boss, Sam (Peter Boyden), who makes sleazo "blood" films—he rejects the sound.

At the end, Jack's feelings of grief and loss suggest that he has learned the limits of technology; it's like coming out of the cocoon of adolescence. "Blow Out" is the first movie in which De Palma has stripped away

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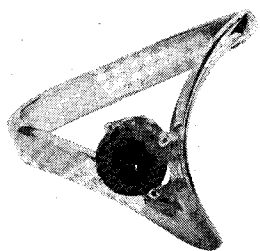
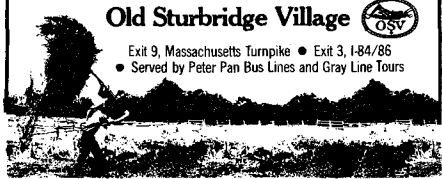
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the cackle and the glee; this time he's not inviting you to laugh along with him. He's playing it straight, and asking you—trusting you—to respond. In "The Fury," he tried to draw you into the characters' emotions by a fantasy framework; in "Blow Out," he locates the fantasy material inside the characters' heads. There was true vitality in the hyperbolic, teasing perversity of his previous movies, but this one is emotionally richer and more rounded. And his rhythms are more hypnotic than ever. It's easy to imagine De Palma standing very still and wielding a baton, because the images and sounds are orchestrated.

Seeing this film is like experiencing the body of De Palma's work and seeing it in a new way. Genre techniques are circuitry; in going beyond genre, De Palma is taking some terrifying first steps. He is investing his work with a different kind of meaning. His relation to the terror in "Carrie" or "Dressed to Kill" could be gleeful because it was Pop and he could ride it out; now he's in it. When we see Jack surrounded by all the machinery that he tries to control things with, De Palma seems to be giving it a last, long, wistful look. It's as if he'd finally understood what technique is for. This is the first film he has made about the things that really matter to him. "Blow Out" begins with a joke; by the end, the joke has been turned inside out. In a way, the movie is about accomplishing the one task set for the sound-effects man at the start: he has found a better scream. It's a great movie.

WHEN John Gielgud was young, he looked like a tortured aesthete; he was lean and gaunt-faced and literally a highbrow—you couldn't imagine him playing a part like Hobson, the valet in "Arthur," who is close kin to P. G. Wodehouse's Jeeves. Though Gielgud entered movies in 1924, he has rarely appeared in screen comedies, so his skill here has an element of surprise—he may be the most poised and confident funnyman you'll ever see. Gielgud can steal a scene by simply wearing a hat; it's so crisply angled that you can't take your eyes off him—you want to applaud that perfect hat. Gielgud has become more robust with the years, and he uses his hypercultivated tones—his speech is a form of trilling—as a supreme joke. As

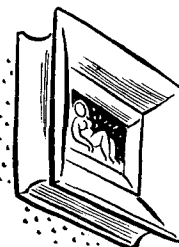
Hobson, he appears to be amused by his own astringency, his jowls, and the pursed mouth with which he can administer rebukes. Even when Gielgud gives the driest of dry inflections to his lines, his voice mellows them out. (For true dryness, you'd have to sit through "The Legend of the Lone Ranger" to hear another great comedian, Jason Robards, as President Ulysses S. Grant, rasp out at the end, "Who is that masked man?")

"Arthur," written and directed by

Steve Gordon, is about a drunken millionaire playboy; it harks back to the screwball comedies of the thirties, but its attitudes are vaguely contemporary. In the thirties, Arthur, the New York playboy (Dudley Moore), would have straightened out

once he fell in love with the working-girl heroine. But in this movie Arthur's childishness is endearing—it has saved him from the vices of hypocrisy and practicality—and Linda, the working girl (Liza Minnelli), loves him for it. There is no need for Arthur to grow up: Hobson has been his nanny all his life, and Linda is eager to take over. The rich, virtuous bore (Jill Eikenberry) whom Arthur's family decrees he must marry—or lose his fortune—is the one who wants to get him off the bottle and straighten him out. (You can't be sure whether the picture is pre-Freudian or post-Freudian or just anti-Freud.) Considering that Arthur—a top-hatted lush who's forever making whoopee—is a very thin comic construct, Moore does an amazing amount with the role. Arthur has a mad sparkle in his eyes and there's always something bubbling inside him; the booze just adds to his natural fizz. You don't want him to sober up, because he's such an amiable, funny drunk, chortling happily at his own nonsense. He picks up a hooker named Gloria (Anne De Salvo), takes her to the Plaza, and introduces her to his relatives there as Princess Gloria, from a domain so tiny that "they've recently had the whole country carpeted." He even laughs in his sleep—he's telling jokes in his dreams.

The picture doesn't make the mistake of letting Arthur renounce his seven hundred and fifty million dollars. (We would all have gone home feeling empty-handed.) But it makes a lot of other mistakes. Disrupted weddings at which everybody waits until the prospective bride or groom cancels



the festivities are among the least salvageable of old-movie rituals, and the one here goes on so long it had me whimpering. This is Steve Gordon's first time out as a movie director; he has the imagination to make giddy light comedies, but his pacing is ragged, he has a pretty feeble sense of structure, and he's a long way from being able to do with images what he can do with words. Still, the film has a friendly spirit, and, with some help from the young cinematographer Fred Schuler, it squeaks by; the city looks elegant even when the staging suggests a waxworks museum. Gordon plays a television-comedy trick: For the sake of a laugh line, he deceives us at first; he lets us think that Hobson despises Arthur. Then we discover that they are beatifically devoted to each other. (That's really the romance in the movie.) But Gordon also has inspired bits: There's a scene of Hobson ill, propped up stiffly in bed, wearing a cowboy hat and cradling a basketball. He's like an ancient Egyptian prepared for the next world. And there are low-comedy bits that are very satisfying: When Arthur goes to see Linda in Queens, he stumbles into the wrong building and gets involved in the marital mess of two complete strangers. (The episode is more entertaining than what happens when he finds the right building.) There are also spots where you can perceive a comic idea that doesn't quite work: Barney Martin, the Mr. Cellophane of the Broadway show "Chicago," who plays Linda's father and looks like a baggy-pants-comedian version of her, has a gentle quality that promises more humor than he gets to deliver.

A larger idea that doesn't work is the casting of Liza Minnelli. Moore and Gielgud bounce off each other like Bertie Wooster and Jeeves; they have a common ground. But when Minnelli turns up she doesn't bounce off anybody, and there's no common ground under the three of them. Gordon doesn't seem to know how to write for women. Geraldine Fitzgerald, who plays Arthur's grandmother, has scenes that I don't think anybody could get by with, and the zest she gives them goes peculiarly wrong. (She had similar problems in the forties when she played heroines: her intensity didn't quite seem to belong to her roles then, either, and for a time she was rather like the intellectuals' Joan Crawford.) I haven't a clue to what Linda is supposed to be, and I

doubt if Minnelli had much of a clue. It would have helped if Linda had had her share of the good lines, and if at our first sight of her she had done something so irresistibly charming that we were smitten at the same instant that Arthur was. But he becomes infatuated with her when he spots her shoplifting (a device that is somewhat short on enchantment), and he adores the rather shrill aplomb with which she attempts to outwit a store detective. There's no question but that Liza Minnelli is dedicated, talented, vital. But she's stylized—she's like a series of photographs of theatrical poses. (Gielgud is stylized, too, but he modulates; Minnelli has no small emotions.) She is said to be known in France as "*la petite Piaf américaine*;" if so, the French have got it wrong—she's the big American Piaf. Holding a stage by herself has enlarged her socko presence, and when she needs to be appealing she's electrifying: her gamine eyes pop open as if she'd just seen a ghost. Linda is supposed to be the one girl for Arthur, but even Princess Gloria, in her red stretch pants, has more going on with him. You feel Arthur would be better off marrying Hobson.

"ZORRO, THE GAY BLADE" is a joyously silly farce—a satire of the impracticality of swashbuckling heroes. George Hamilton, who has turned into a wonderful, slinky farceur, puts on a mock-Spanish accent and a magnificent leer of self-satisfaction, and Donovan Scott, as his plump, teddy-bear servant, Paco, brings off routines that I've been seeing all my life and that never worked before. (He's like a more innocent Roy Kinnear.) The picture must have been an actors' holiday: Ron Leibman, Brenda Vaccaro (doing a Madeline Kahn), and many of the other performers haven't looked this alive in years. The script, by Hal Dresner, is crammed with vintage jokes and a fair number of debutants; it's the kind of farce at which you laugh so hard that when something misfires it's just a little rest. The director, Peter Medak, parodies all those films that featured peons in outsize headgear, starting with Eisenstein's pictorial essays on the nobility of wearing a sombrero; Medak dispenses with the faces and just gives you a sea of hats.

—PAULINE KAEI

EDITORS' NOTE: Miss Kael will be on vacation for the month of August.

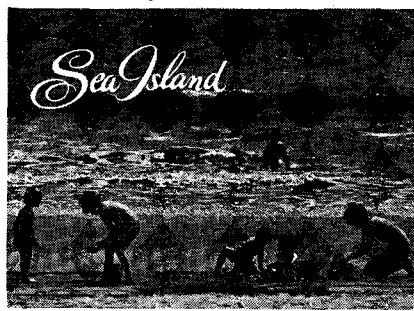


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DANCING

The Royal at Fifty

ARS longa, vita brevis. In ballet, that dictum could be reversed. Dancers outlive their creations. At the Paris Opéra, a special box is reserved for "*anciennes étoiles*," from which, presumably, they gaze in wonder and dismay at the transfigured glories of their youth. The perpetuation of a dance tradition is no simple task of preservation but, rather, a constant effort of modification and renewal guided by the estimation and reestimation of constituent strengths in the flux of time. The passion for the exotic was a constituent of the classical tradition into the twentieth century, but it was no longer a strength, and so, once the New World had contributed its cowboy and jazz ballets, it was discarded. Guardians of tradition are vigilant lest some real strength be surrendered before its time. Once a central feature has been eliminated, it is very hard to get it back. It is especially damaging to eliminate features of style, since the way a company dances is the result of conditioning both conscious and unconscious. At peak expression, the conscious elements of style are absorbed by the unconscious; this has an almost moral force of persuasion in performance. It is, in fact, the only kind of style to have, because the collective force of it is always greater than the cumulative details of a regimen or the sum of individual talents or the scope of choreography. Looking at the Bolshoi, one sees certain traits of style that we in the West reject; one sees, in fact, a whole different gamut of stylistic permissiveness. Yet these traits aren't lazily selected, and the Bolshoi's style exists above and beyond the terrible ballets it dances; it's a unanimous expressive urge that is there to respond to, whether you like the ballets or not, or even whether you like the technique or not.

If a company has the grand style, has this collective moral elegance, chances are you don't think about the technique, so unconscious and unwilling is it. Watching the Royal Ballet do the great classical ballets it brought to New York this season, my eye was repeatedly drawn to the dancers' technique, because it was always

just beginning to disappear into style. And though some dancers, like Merle Park and Lesley Collier, could force it out of sight, they gained no conviction from having done so. The technique simply wasn't doing what the dancers needed it for. Like dancers everywhere, they tried to make up for it with extroverted performing; the result was that they were both vivacious and dim.



In a fiftieth-anniversary year—the company was founded in 1931—one doesn't want to have to talk technique about the Royal Ballet. Technique—the means by which dancers gain their effects—is the quantitative,

style the qualitative source of the impression a company makes. Each company sets its own standards of technique and style, though for companies that play in opera houses the technique as a general rule conforms to opera-house scale. I don't think—near-capacity audiences obviously disagreed with me—that the Netherlands Dance Theatre has enough technique to play the Metropolitan Opera House; its means are insignificant on the great stage. And though there were full houses for the Royal Ballet, which preceded the Netherlands company at the Met, I didn't think the Royal made the total impression it should have; it couldn't control and harmonize its means in the service of its style. It was sad to see how far the company had wandered from its sense of the grand style in the classical tradition. In that style, formed by Frederick Ashton out of Petipa and brought to a pitch of perfection in the sixties, the company used to dance "*The Sleeping Beauty*" and "*Swan Lake*." In these same pieces this season, the corps was still a model of uniformity but no longer a model of strict discipline. It wasn't the corps that danced "*La Bayadère*." And how many of the soloists struggling to come to terms with *Aurora* or *Odette* or *Florestan* or the *Bluebird* could have been mustered for a performance of "*Monotones*" as crystalline as the ones we used to see? Even without the two great signature pieces of the sixties, the repertory chosen for New York was a constant reminder of the grandeur that was. Former dancers

were missed, but the collective authority with which they danced was missed even more. Memories of Margot Fonteyn were inescapable in "*Daphnis and Chloë*;" otherwise, the ghost has been laid. But the loss to a great company of its stylistic sense is a loss of—not identity, precisely, but something critical to it. The Royal, in the last ten years, has lost its superego.

Ashton and Ninette de Valois were present for the season. The third of the trio of founders, Constant Lambert, died in 1951, leaving a vacancy as musical director that has never been adequately filled. (His protégé, Robert Irving, went to New York City Ballet.) But now, with both Ashton and de Valois in retirement for more than a decade, the artistic policy of the Royal Ballet shows signs of revolution. The directors of the seventies—first Kenneth MacMillan and now Norman Morrice, with MacMillan as principal choreographer—have turned English ballet away from its native classicism and toward the turgid expressionism in force on the European continent from Stuttgart to Amsterdam, from Paris to Hamburg. In her foreword to a commemorative volume, "*The Royal Ballet: The First Fifty Years*," by Alexander Bland (Doubleday), de Valois writes of the need for periodic change, and recommends that change be carried out "with a detachment producing a calm contemplation of any temporary moments of stagnation." Is this her attitude as she sits nightly in her box watching the institution she created drift into the Stuttgart whirlpool? Is detachment what Ashton feels as he contemplates the stagnation—temporary?—of the style he forged? It may be that expressionistic tendencies were always implicit in English ballet. They were there in some of MacMillan's early work with Lynn Seymour. John Cranko, who mobilized the Stuttgart Ballet, was a Royal alumnus. Morrice is a product of Ballet Rambert. Marie Rambert, who in the sixties turned her company into a workshop for the Continentals and their followers, had sponsored the first efforts of Frederick Ashton and Antony Tudor, the two choreographers whose work may be taken to symbolize the historic directions in English ballet. It was Ashton who proved to be the more fertile of the two, and it was his pearly classicism, descended from Franco-Russian models, that shaped the Royal Ballet. Ashton has often spoken of the effort he felt he

had to make, in "Symphonic Variations," to get the ballet back to classical principles after the war. One of the wartime hits, Robert Helpmann's "Hamlet," was revived this season. Perhaps it stands as an example of the kind of thing Ashton was getting away from, but its compressed pantomime is so futile and at the same time so juicy that it appears quite harmless. At any rate, English ballet is not now being threatened, as it may have been then, by actors rampant in tights. The danger is from this new religiose preoccupation with the human body and its contortions which I wrote about in relation to MacMillan's ballets a couple of weeks ago. Although MacMillan has shown his winged abilities as a classicist in traditional academic terms, he seems to have abandoned that whole side of his career. As the leading artistic influence on the Royal Ballet, he could not have made a more drastic decision. It wasn't supposed to, but the Royal season showed the effects of that decision.

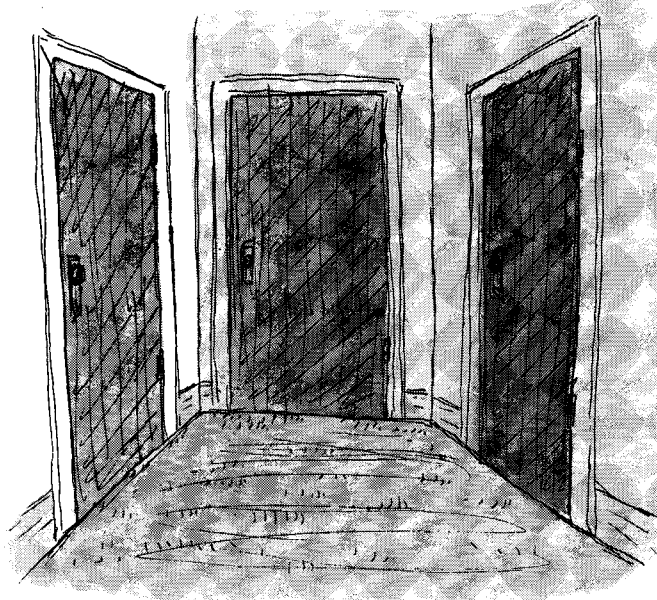
What might be called the Tudor strain—thick, dark, Teutonic, quasi-dramatic—is now in the ascendant in MacMillan's work, and it has claimed the Royal dancers and their technique. Ashton was represented by five ballets, ranging from "Symphonic Variations" to his newest piece, "Rhapsody." His fourth act of "Swan Lake" was also shown, along with his interpolations in that ballet and some of his choreography for "The Sleeping Beauty." The company danced it all with a shaky gentility, whereas the performances of MacMillan's three ballets seemed to come from a core of strength. The Ashton retrospective was lavish but badly timed, a case of too much too late. "Daphnis" and "Symphonic Variations" had deteriorated even under Ashton's own regime (and had been superseded by "The Two Pigeons" and "Monotones"). "Scènes de Ballet," a 1948 piece to the Stravinsky score, seemed not to have deteriorated but to have ossified. The terse phrases, the veneer of chic, the enigmatic wit of the groupings, with dancers facing in different directions—all this was fascinating high-style, if not grand-style, invention. But it looked un-lived-in, a chunk of the past without organic connection to the present. (There is a strong resemblance to sections of "Cinderella," Ashton's other 1948 ballet that is still being danced at Covent Garden.) "Scènes de Ballet," which hadn't been seen here since 1955, was given a wary

two performances. The dancers made a special effort, but their blank, soldierly correctness didn't tell me much. In "Rhapsody," the corps work was more relaxed, more confident, but no more polished than it was in the première performances I saw in London last fall. And Anthony Dowell was uncomfortable and artificial in the role created for Mikhail Baryshnikov. Dowell alternated with Stephen Beagley, on whom part of the role had originally been worked out. It seemed unfair to both dancers that none of the virtuosic bits had been adjusted to their abilities. "A Month in the Country" depends a good deal less on virtuosity, but it, too, was compromised by casting. Ashton, it appears, has become a guest choreographer of marginal utility. A "Rhapsody" that really belonged to the Royal Ballet would have shown a resplendent Dowell (or a rising Beagley) leading his company to the summit. But Ashton's strategy—guarded exposure for Miss Collier and the corps; spectacular, custom-tailored choreography for Baryshnikov—does not convert to the purpose of a company showcase. Ashton's triumph was the fourth act of "Swan Lake;" the choral spread of it looked beautiful on the Met stage. Earlier, though, we'd seen his Pas de Quatre, and even his Tarantella, vanquished by inadequate performance. The Pas de Quatre comes from the high sixties, but the decay of the Tarantella—one of those perennial Royal highlights—was quite unexpected. (A comparable shock in

"The Sleeping Beauty" is the Puss-in-Boots episode: the sweetness is gone. The divertissement is now a series of painful descents—Florestan pas de trois, Bluebirds, cats.)

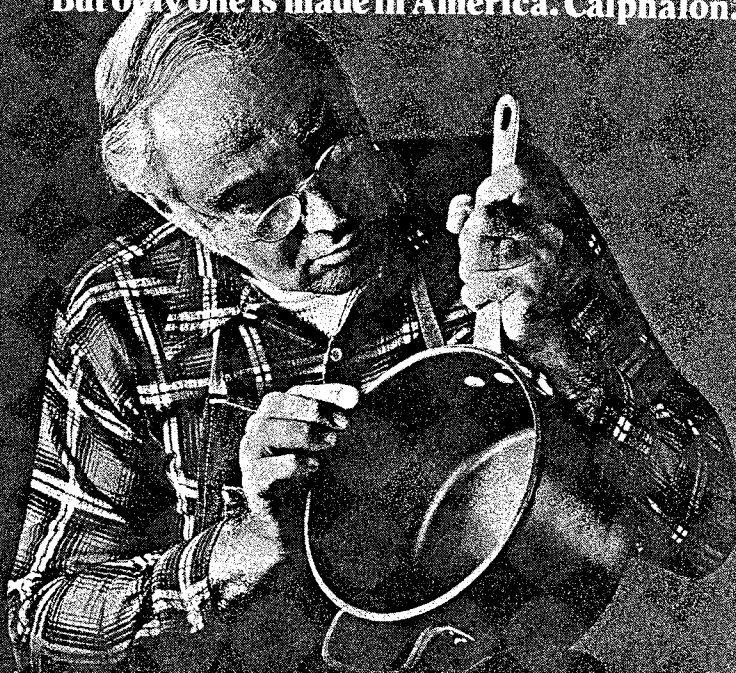
Why should the Royal be failing in the standard items of its classical repertory? To an American observer with three weeks of ill-served Petipa and ill-chosen Ashton to guess from, the answer must be that it is no longer a classical company. No group of dancers in the world, no matter how strong their tradition has been, can remain strong unless the tradition is forwarded and renewed by their artistic direction. The MacMillan ballets, with their gymnastic contortions, their squirmy plastique, are actively hostile to the maintenance of sound classical technique. Royal technique used to be faulted for its rule-book moderation and lack of scale. Although it hasn't changed a lot, it's not so much small as it is incomplete. One sees partial turnout, lazy thighs, unstretched knees, sketchy footwork. The lower body is underworked while the upper body is exaggeratedly braced in épaulé. The "Petipa" ideal of épaulement was to oppose head to shoulder and shoulder to spine with the continuous tension of a garland wound around a turning column. The Royal produces a wide chandelier-like yoke hung with bunchy ornamentation, all twisting fervently around a vertical axis of tallow. The eel plastique of the MacMillan ballets influences "classical" épaulement in alarming ways. One Florestan trio

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yanked itself about so wildly that it swam out of focus. There have always been certain features of Royal ballerina style that I've found unappealing, like the excitability in allegro. It's fine for fairies and coquettes but not for serious women, unless, as in "A Month in the Country," it has a dramatic motive. And with the loss of firmness and fullness in the technique a kind of blowsiness has crept in. Genesia Rosato and Rosalyn Whitten managed to make this quality attractive in the small parts that they were given, but, again, it isn't serious. The beauties of the English style are almost all in adagio. The lift up and out of développée in Odette's variation, especially when it unfolds into arabesque, has always made a heroic image when the English do it. But the marvellous poetic understanding that Fonteyn brought to the Rose Adagio hasn't been passed on to the current generation. And the current production of "The Sleeping Beauty" is a heart-twisting disappointment. It has been revised a couple of times since the première, in 1977. Act II is now decently concluded to the music that Tchaikovsky wrote, the egregious "Awakening" pas de deux has been dropped, and there is only a brief pause before the house curtain reopens on Catalabutte posed in silhouette in the throne room. Is it madness to go on insisting on an on-stage transition when the sequence following the Panorama, which involves several onstage transitions, is still a dismal failure? In the old days, it was seen as if from the Prince's point of view. Now it's from the point of view of a stage manager with a stopwatch in his hand. Considering how little importance is attached to the Prince, the Sarabande he does in the second act seems a conspicuous waste of time. The intrada to the bridal pas de deux, which involved a unison mime speech by the courtiers, ought not to have been omitted. The lesser of Ashton's two Garland Dances is still the one being used.

Shall I go on with this? It's like straightening the pictures in a room that has been bombed. When you've seen all the Auroras and they're either sturdily dull or helplessly weak, when the best performance in the Prologue is given not by the dancing fairies but by Monica Mason's Carabosse (her stentorian presence was fine, too, as Gertrude in "Hamlet"), when the first thing you see in Act III—Leslie Edwards' Catalabutte—is also the last thing that will remind you of third

acts gone by, why suppose that "The Sleeping Beauty" is anymore the symbol of Royal Ballet excellence? I find myself newly curious about the production I never saw—the 1973 MacMillan one. It was so disdained that it was withdrawn after two years. Could it have been MacMillan's attempt to possess the company's classical style by way of modification and renewal of its chief masterpiece? Nothing now remains of MacMillan's dances; even his vestigial Tom Thumb has been deleted from the current production. Staged by de Valois and revised by her in what seem to have been ever more wishful attempts to recapture a lost vitality, this "Beauty" starts gloriously, but the evening goes on and the vision keeps receding. It's a mirage. We never do reach the castle.

JIRI KYLIÁN, who went from the Royal Ballet School to the Stuttgart Ballet to the Netherlands Dance Theatre, has acknowledged a debt to MacMillan, but though his "Soldiers' Mass" came three months after "Gloria," I don't think there's a direct connection between the two pieces. The only way in which they're alike is that they both ask you to believe in what you read in the program rather than in what you see on the stage. Expressionism in dance has traditionally been movement that has emotion built into it. The MacMillan-Kylián school is not concerned with drama or psychology; it is non-situational and ritualistic. The relation between the movement and its emotional source is highly cryptic; one must be a believer. Kylián's dance ideas are extremely limited. In just two New York seasons, he has exposed them all and pushed some to the point of mannerisms. In his new pieces, especially in "Overgrown Path," he now and then breaks clear of formula calisthenics, but soon he's back to some well-worn device. Kylián satisfies the public's love of stunt work and its craving for significance. It may be part of the ritual to keep on doing it in the same old way.

—ARLENE CROCE

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BOOKS

Two Novels

IN Salman Rushdie, the author of "Midnight's Children" (Knopf; \$13.95), India has produced a glittering novelist—one with startling imaginative and intellectual resources, a master of perpetual storytelling. Like García Márquez in "One Hundred Years of Solitude," he weaves a whole people's capacity for carrying its inherited myths—and new ones that it goes on generating—into a kind of magic carpet. The human swarm swarms in every man and woman as they make their bid for life and vanish into the passion or hallucination that hangs about them like the smell of India itself. Yet at the same time there are strange Western echoes, of the irony of Sterne in "Tristram Shandy"—that early nonlinear writer—in Rushdie's readiness to tease by breaking off or digressing at the gravest moments. This is very odd in an Indian novel! The book is really about the mystery of being born and the puzzle of who one is. Rushdie's realism is that of the conjurer who, in a flash, draws an incident out of the air and then makes it vanish and laughs at his cleverness. A pregnant woman goes to a fortune-teller in the Delhi slum:

The prophet in the check shirt... began to circle, his eyes still egglike in the softness of his face; and suddenly a shudder passing through him and again that strange high voice as the words issued through his lips (I must describe those lips, too—but later, because now...) "A son."

Silent cousins—monkeys on leashes, ceasing their chatter—cobras coiled in baskets—and the circling fortune-teller, finding history speaking through his lips.

And the fortune-teller goes on, singing:

Washing will hide him—voices will guide him! Friends mutilate him—blood will betray him!... Jungle will claim him... tyrants will fry him... He will have sons without having sons! He will be old before he is old! *And he will die... before he is dead.*

Outside the room, monkeys are throwing down stones on the street from a ruined building.

This is pure "Arabian Nights" intrigue—for that son, Saleem Sinai, now thirty, is writing of what he is making up about his birth; he is dramatizing his past life as a prophecy, even universalizing his history as a mingling of farce and horror and matching it with thirty years of the

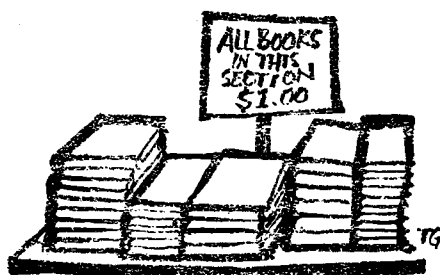
Indian crowd's collective political history. The strength of a book that might otherwise be a string of picaresque tales lies in its sense of design. Saleem Sinai claims that it is he who has created modern India in the years that followed Indian independence—has dreamed into being the civil strife and the wars—as a teller of stories, true or untrue, conniving at events and united with them. Central to this is the fantasy that the children born at midnight on the day of liberation, as he was, have a destiny. The Prime Minister himself pronounced this: they were the seed of a future that would genuinely differ from anything that the world had seen at that time. Children born a few seconds before the hour of what Saleem calls Mountbatten's "ticktock" are likely to become the revelling band of conjurers and circus freaks and street singers; those born a few seconds after midnight, like Parvati-the-witch, whom Saleem eventually marries, will be genuine sorcerers. Saleem himself, born on the stroke of the hour, will be amazingly gifted but will also embody the disasters of the country. The novel is an "autobiography," read by a ruined man to a simple but shrewd working girl in a pickle factory—to this Saleem's fortunes have fallen. (She is addressed from time to time as if she were Sterne's "dear Eliza.") The fortune-teller's words "washing will hide him" point to Fate. The prophecy was not a joke.

The rich Muslims who raise him are not his parents: he is a changeling, and not their son. His mother, the wife of a common street singer, had allowed herself to be seduced by a departing English sahib, and the wrong ticket was tied to the child's toe by a poor Goanese nurse, as "a private revolutionary act." Saleem is ugly, with a huge snotty nose, and is brought up rich; the rich parents' real son is Shiva, brought up poor. Years will pass before the nurse confesses.

The point of the political allegory becomes clear. Shiva, like the god, will become the man of action, riot, and war—the bully, cunning in getting to the top. Saleem's gift will be the passive intellectual's who claims the artist's powers of travelling into the minds of people. The rival traits will show in their school days. Proud of being midnight's children, the boys form a privileged gang. Saleem sees the gang as a gathering of equals in which every one has the right to his own voice. Shiva, brought up on the streets and refusing to be a whining beggar, rejects Saleem's democratic dream:

"Yah, little rich boy: one rule. Everybody does what I say or I squeeze the shit outa them.... Rich kid," Shiva yelled, "you don't know one damn thing!... Where's the reason in starving, man?... You got to get what you can, do what you can with it, and then you got to die."

The effect of Indian independence on the rich family is to give them the opportunity to buy up the property of the departing British cheaply, and speculation drives Saleem's "father" to delusion. He shuts himself up, and frets about getting the words of the Koran in the right order. Then the riots of partition begin. Gandhi is assassinated. There is the war in Kashmir; identifying himself with mass-consciousness, Saleem declares it occurred because he dreamed it. There is the war between India and Pakistan. In West Pakistan, where Saleem's "family" have migrated, the bombing smashes their houses and kills off several of them. These events are evoked in brief news-flash chapters, in parodies of news flashes from All-India Radio. Saleem, indeed, sees his mind as a private radio sending out his satirical reports; once they are issued, the narrative returns to his story. He has a strange sister—who is not, of course, his sister—a delightfully mischievous girl, known as the Brass Monkey, whose main sport is setting fire to the family's shoes. When Saleem discovers the truth about his birth, he falls in love with her; she turns him down and becomes pious, and Saleem henceforth believes all his failures in love are due to the sin of a metaphysical incest. The girl eventually becomes a superb coldhearted singer and the darling of the troops. Failure in sexual love haunts all the family. The more his "parents" disappoint each other sex-



ually, the more they apply themselves to loving each other. Failure is a gift.

In his attitude to love, Saleem is very much the ever willful, inventive, teasing Scheherazade, prolonging the dreams of his people and puncturing them at the point of success. For example, his Aunt Pia, notorious for making emotional scenes, may be seen wantonly going through the motions of seducing Saleem—who is only ten at the time—but the act is a physical charade: her extreme sexual provocation is put on as a “scene” in which she rids herself of a private grief. Love is a need and custom, sexuality is play-acting. Toward the end of the book, Saleem will refuse to consummate his marriage to the witch Parvati (who has saved his life and who loves him), but not because she is pregnant by another man—in fact, his opposite, the womanizing Shiva. Saleem pretends he is impotent. Why this self-love? Is it possible that—too entranced by his fantastic powers of invention—he is the artist in love with storytelling itself? Or do all such episodes spring from a fundamental sense that India is a chaos in which no norm can be realized? What a Westerner would call Saleem’s self-pity is a devious and somehow energizing passivity and resignation. It is, at any rate, the obverse of Shiva’s grossly self-seeking Western attitude to life. Shiva is not a man to spend himself in a breathless stream of words.

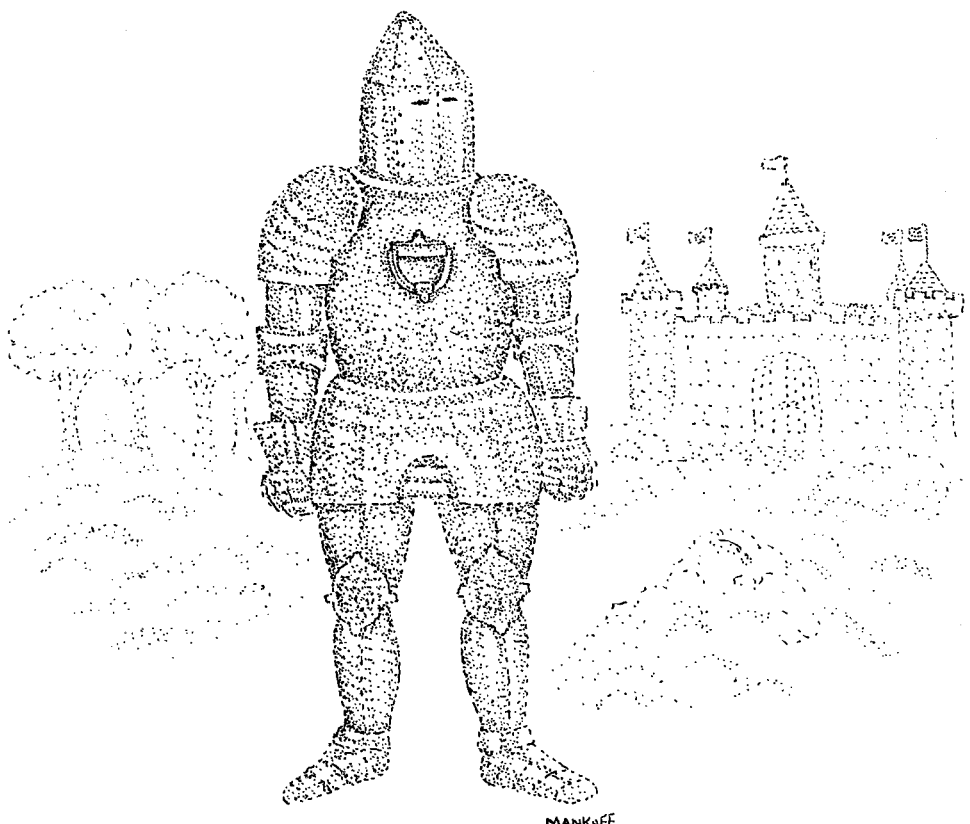
All this is brought to life by Rushdie’s delight in ironies of detail—the smallest things, comic or horrible, are made phenomenal. But when we come to the war in East Pakistan the narrative takes on a new kind of visionary power. Saleem is a soldier, and in flight he leads a tiny group of boys into the jungle—see the sorcerer’s prophecy!—where he sometimes calls himself “I,” sometimes “he” or “buddha,” as if desperation had become a fever that burns out his identity. The soldiers are diminished by the rain forest, which has become a phantom personage who arouses in them all the guilt they have hidden, and punishes them for the horrors they have committed:

But one night Ayooba awoke in the dark to find the translucent figure of a peasant with a bullet-hole in his heart and a scythe in his hand staring mournfully down at him. . . . After this first apparition, they fell into a state of mind in which they would have believed the forest capable of anything; each night it sent them new punishments, the accusing eyes of the wives of

men they had tracked down and seized, the screaming and monkey-gibbering of children left fatherless by their work . . . and in this first time, the time of punishment, even the impassive buddha with his citified voice was obliged to confess that he, too, had taken to waking up at night to find the forest closing in upon him like a vice, so that he felt unable to breathe.

The forest permitted a “double-edged” nostalgia for childhood, strange visions of mothers and fathers. Ayooba, for example, sees his mother, who suddenly turns into a white monkey swinging by her tail high up in a tree; another lad hears his father telling him and his brother that he had sold his soul for a loan from his landlord, who charged three hundred per cent—“So it seemed that the magical jungle, having tormented them with their misdeeds, was leading them by the hand towards a new adulthood.” But there are worse tests to come: in a ruined temple the soldiers are deluded by lascivious dreams of houris, evoked by a statue of a savage multilimbed Kali. They wake up discovering the meaninglessness of life, the pointless boredom of the desire to survive.

The experience of these very ordinary men is a purgation but not a salvation. As in an opera—and perhaps that is what “Midnight’s Children” often is—the next grand scene



is of comic magic. The conquering army enters Dacca with a vast company of ghetto minstrels, conjurers, magic men:

There were acrobats forming human pyramids on moving carts drawn by white bullocks; there were extraordinary female contortionists who could swallow their legs up to their knees; there were jugglers who operated outside the laws of gravity, so that they could draw oohs and aahs from the delighted crowd as they juggled with toy grenades, keeping four hundred and twenty in the air at a time. . . .

And there was Picture Singh himself, a seven-foot giant who weighed two hundred and forty pounds and was known as the Most Charming Man In The World because of his unsurpassable skills as a snake-charmer. . . . He strode through the happily shrieking crowds, twined from head to foot with deadly cobras, mambas and kraits, all with their poison-sacs intact. . . . Picture Singh, who would be the last in the line of men who have been willing to become my fathers . . . and immediately behind him came Parvati-the-witch.

Parvati was rolling her magic basket along as she marched, and—would you believe it?—eventually helped Saleem to escape by popping him into it. After her magic, the allegory: it is Shiva who seduces Parvati and deserts her, and Picture Singh who makes Saleem marry her, in the ghetto where Picture Singh draws the crowd with his snakes while Saleem, the man of conscience, goes into partnership with him

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and shouts political propaganda. (Mr. Rushdie has already told us that the magicians are Communists of every known hue and schism.) This episode, like so many others in the book, is almost delicately touching, but, of course, there is disaster in the next act. In India, Saleem is made a political prisoner and is forced to submit to testectomy. The man who lied when he said he was impotent is now truly impotent as he reads this long story to Padma, the working girl, at the pickle factory. He loves inventing chutneys—they have the power of bringing back memories.

The novel is, in part, a powerful political satire in its savaging of both political and military leaders. Saleem's hatred of Mrs. Gandhi—the Widow (that is also to say, the guillotine)—is deep. But I think that as satire the novel is at variance with Mr. Rushdie's self-absorption and his pursuit of poetic symbols: the magic basket in which one can hide secret thoughts, and so save oneself, is an example; another is "the hole in the sheet," which recurs, and suggests that we see experience falsely, because a little at a time. These symbols are rather too knowing; he is playing tricks with free association. Padma pities Saleem's wretchedness but often suggests that he is lying or piling it on, and is suspicious of his evasiveness. So much conjuring going on in Saleem's imagination *does* bewilder us. But as a tour de force his fantasy is irresistible.

THE taste for satirizing bureaucracy has a long tradition, varying in character from country to country. In Central Europe, the spiritual home of the Ph.D., there is a natural taste for mocking intellectual claustrophobia. One can read "The Hangwoman," by Pavel Kohout (Putnam; \$14.95)—the well-known Czechoslovakian novelist, now, inevitably, in exile—as a sardonic sendup of technological education, as an attack on capital punishment and the institutional history of human sadism. And have the satisfaction of noting once more that the systematically wicked are the droll, respectably domesticated citizens. This insinuates comic relief in a dreadful subject. Dr. Tachezy, a philologist working in the Language Center of the Academy of Sciences, has a domineering wife and a pretty daughter, called Lizinka, who is so mindless that she cannot get into any high school. How can she grow

into a woman if she does not find a "field" and get the indispensable state diploma? The Municipal Career Selection Advisory Commission puts the mother on to a Professor Wolf, who specializes in a training school for executioners, a subject in which he has enthusiastic historical knowledge. The role of executioner is indispensable to society; why should a woman not be trained for the job? "Wasn't it women who comprised the largest audience to the executions at the guillotine?" Professor Wolf asks. Lizinka is a flirtatious, if phlegmatic, Lolita-ish child and is just the girl to understand, for example, the delicate psychological, indeed erotic relation between victim and executioner. Professor Wolf is eloquent on the history of torture and its techniques; he is, as they say, wedded to his studies. The students at his school pass through a long course of theory and then move on to carefully prepared practical courses with dummies. The curriculum is divided into categories known by code names, such as TOWAT (Torture: Water), HAN (Hanging), GENTO (General Torture), with corresponding computerized numbers, from 0001 to 9001. These are indispensable, because the purpose of technology is to eliminate any lingering traces of the private moral sense. Professor Wolf easily convinces Mrs. Tachezy that Lizinka's graduation from his school will be the culmination of a century of emancipation. Satire is the art of laughing hatred; it depends on going to extremes of robust savagery, on unearthing the passions we do not like to acknowledge. It is made sharper by distracting us with farce and the appearance of dolts on the scene. Pavel Kohout is a master in this and also in malignantly comic humdrum domestic dialogue. Lizinka is an engaging little dropout, clever with the sentimental young men who yearn for her. She is as sly as her mother and lazily makes circles round her admirers. There is a crowd of minor characters very much alive in this insane world, which, I fear, is the one we inhabit. My chief criticism is that Mr. Kohout's mad logic exhausts the subject long before he gets to the macabre scene at the end.

—V. S. PRITCHETT

BRIEFLY NOTED FICTION

TRADE WIND, by M. M. Kaye (St. Martin's; \$15). M. M. Kaye's latest novel, like its two predecessors, is

thick (five hundred and fifty pages) and wrapped in a lavender dust jacket depicting lovers in an exotic landscape. But a chain gang of black slaves plodding along one edge of the scene suggests, accurately, that there will be more brutal facts than usual blended in. This time, the setting is not British India (where Miss Kaye grew up) but Zanzibar (where she spent some time in the nineteen-fifties with her husband, a British major general, who was posted there). The plot concerns the mid-nineteenth-century African slave trade, which had its central exchange on the "Isle of Cloves;" the ferocious cholera epidemic that served as little more than a brief intermission in the age-old trade; and the island's palace intrigues, which were complicated by the schemes of the British, American, and French consulates established there. As usual, Miss Kaye's heroine and hero (this time, an orphaned American socialite and an English-born, Anglophobic smuggler) are outsiders and iconoclasts; while they despise the arrogance of Victorian talk about "progress and the millennium," they cannot adopt the cold-blooded resignation of some of their Eastern friends; the difference between intervention and interference must be learned by trial and error. Miss Kaye's ideal reader would be an amateur of British colonial history with a weakness for romantic fantasy; most readers will enjoy her novels for one of her specialties and in spite of the other.

TURNAROUND, by Don Carpenter (Simon & Schuster; \$13.95). A Hollywood morality tale in triptych. Mr. Carpenter, a former screenwriter and an admirable novelist, shows us a middle-aged production chief at the peak of his enormous power, a younger producer with a solid hit to his credit and a beckoning future, and an innocent young man who wants to write for the movies. There are also the women who figure in and somehow exemplify their lives: a rich and beautiful wanton from Back East, a beautiful Eurasian, and a motherly health nut who works in a jewelry store. Almost at once, Mr. Carpenter fills our cup to overflowing with sex, with drugs, with alcohol, with every sort of hangover, and this for a time seems to be what he has principally in mind. But then, by some crafty

sleight of hand, the aging production chief, the younger producer, and the young writer stand fully alive before us in their weird and workaday world—stand eagerly awaiting their doom.

GENERAL

ANNE THACKERAY RITCHIE, by Winifred Gérin (Oxford; \$29.95). A brisk and competent account of a long and busy life. Anne Thackeray Ritchie (1837-1919) was a three-year-old in Paris when Napoleon's body was brought back from St. Helena for reburial, and she was an old lady in London when Edward VII died. In the intervening seventy years, she came to know and charm dozens of celebrated writers, from Charles Dickens to Henry James. Her own eight novels were never very popular, even during her lifetime, but her witty essays on friends and mentors—Tennyson, Ruskin, the Brownings—as well as her biographical introductions to a thirteen-volume edition of her father's works prove that she inherited his genius for verbal sketches. In more practical respects, too, she was her father's daughter: she wrote on commission and spent her earnings at a frantic pace, never able to resist the impulse to help out needy friends or to buy a bigger and better house. She was always more comfortable with her father's generation of writers than with her own, or her children's (she bore her first child when she was forty-one); after her father's death, in 1863, she would retreat at times of crisis to a cottage near Tennyson's house on the Isle of Wight. Virginia Woolf was one of her younger admirers, as well as one of her nieces (Leslie Stephen's first wife was Anne Ritchie's sister); in "Night and Day," published in 1919, Anne Ritchie can be found in the character of blue-eyed, aquiline Mrs. Hilbery, "raising round her the skies and trees of the past with every stroke of her pen." Photographs, bibliography, appendixes; and an appalling number of typographical errors.

THE FLOWERING OF IRELAND: SAINTS, SCHOLARS, AND KINGS, by Katharine Scherman (Little, Brown; \$16.95). A popular account of Celtic Christianity in Ireland. Miss Scherman begins with Ireland's pre-Christian culture, into which Christianity gradually infiltrated from Wales, until, in the fifth cen-

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tury, with pagan barbarians over-running Western Europe, Ireland became a refuge for Christians, who brought learning of all kinds along with their faith. By the sixth century, Irish priests were migrating to convert pagans in England, Scotland, Scandinavia, and Central Europe; Miss Scherman also believes that St. Brendan very possibly reached North America in the sixth century. She does not think that the Viking invasions of Ireland, which started at the end of the eighth century, were the sole cause of its decline; rather, she stresses the lack of political organization, which made civil war endemic and guaranteed that Ireland could never unite to repel a common threat. The book concludes with a survey of achievements in art, letters, architecture, and crafts in Ireland's early-medieval heyday.

PHILADELPHIA: PATRICIANS & PHILISTINES, 1900-50, by John Lukacs (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; \$17.50). A noted American historian, born in Budapest, who teaches in Philadelphia charmingly catches the peculiar qualities of a great American city that has never resembled any other. One reason is physical: the city swallowed an entire county—sprawl, suburbia, and farmland alike—and was so spacious that a photograph of its downtown taken in 1905, when Philadelphia was the third-largest city in the United States, shows a small herd of sheep ambling unmolested down Broad Street. In his opening and closing chapters, Mr. Lukacs makes several useful generalizations, but he prefers to suggest Philadelphia's nature through portraits of seven Philadelphians whose careers span his chosen era—Boies Penrose, Agnes Repplier, Edward W. Bok, William Christian Bullitt, George Wharton Pepper, Owen Wister, and Albert Coombs Barnes. His chapter on Agnes Repplier perfectly elucidates that essayist's intellectual sophistication.

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[From the Boulder (Colo.) Daily Camera]

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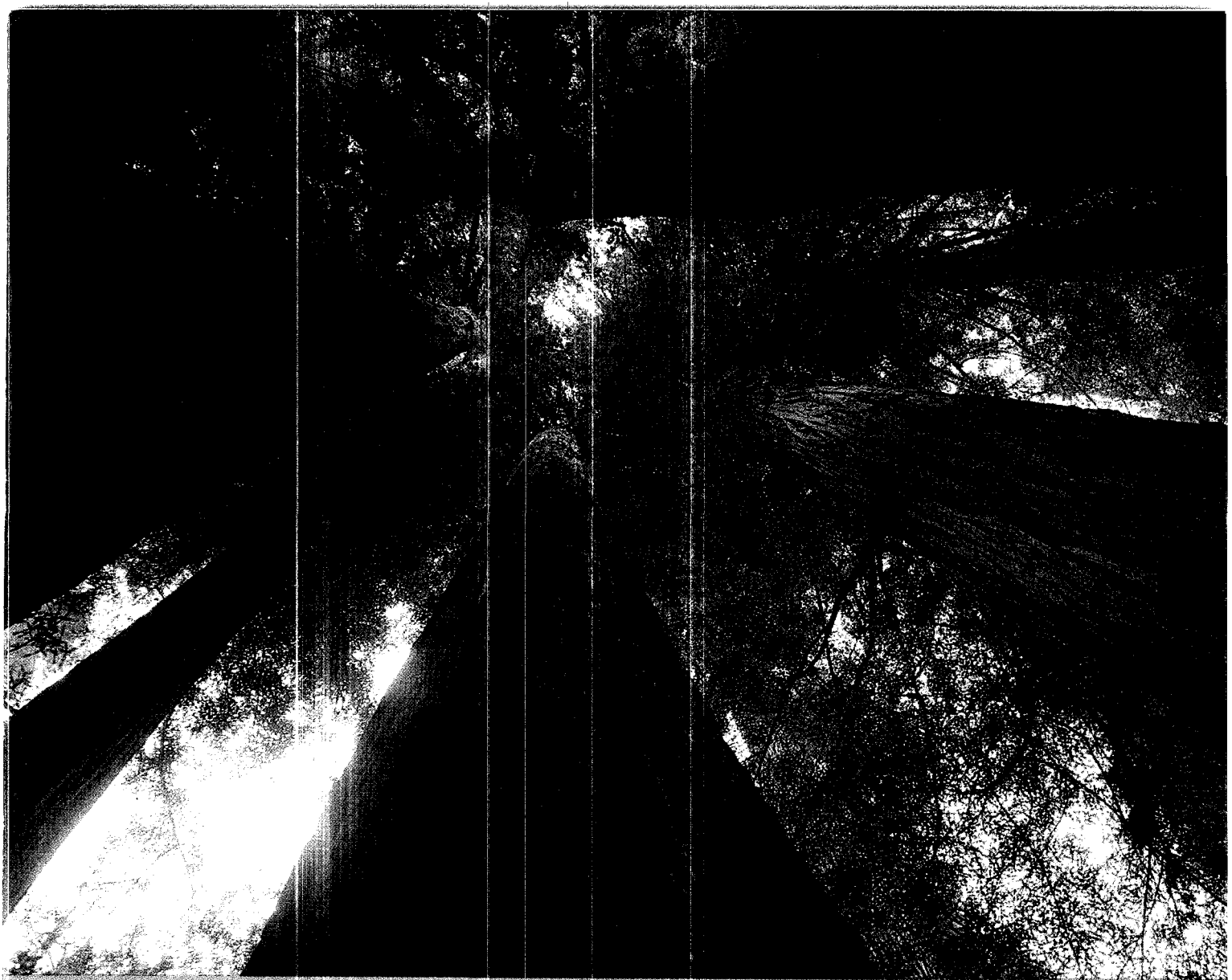
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